

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

ON WHAT issue or issues is the presidential campaign of this year to be waged? In a little over two months the national conventions of both parties will have been held. It is already fairly certain that Taft and Bryan will be the presidential candidates. On what issues are they to join battle? What are to be the rallying cries to which their supporters will respond? With several millions of patriots already girding themselves for a great contest, there should be, by this time, a pretty clear idea of the principles over which the two armies are to be at variance. Yet, as a matter of fact, not since "the era of good feeling" in Monroe's day has there been more difficulty at this stage of a campaign in defining the issues likely to emerge. The difficulty has usually been to select the dominant issue. The difficulty this year is to find any issue on which a clear-cut divergence of views is professed.

TWO state conventions were held last month that ought to throw light on this question. One was the Republican state convention of Ohio. The other was the Democratic state convention of Nebraska. These two conventions, it may be assumed, voiced the purposes of the two men who are reasonably certain to be the standard bearers this year. Each one was supreme in his own state convention. Each was supported for presidential nominee by a unanimous vote. Each is credited with having passed upon and having approved the platform. A comparison of the two conventions, their spirit and their utterances, ought to furnish a means of forecasting the coming campaign. Yet the truth is there was no more dissimilarity between these two conventions of opposing parties than is usually to be found in different

state conventions of the same party. "Bryan," says the *New York Press*, "has virtually written President Roosevelt's recent message into his Nebraska platform." And the Ohio platform was approved, according to several newspaper reports, by Roosevelt himself before it was presented to the convention.

ACCORDING to the Bryan platform, the "overshadowing issue at this time" is: "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." According to the Taft platform, he and his party stand, first of all, "for those ideals of government which mean justice, equality and fair dealing among men." On the immemorial battleground of the tariff, the difference observable in the platforms is not much more marked. The Bryan platform calls for "an immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of import duties." The Taft platform calls for "a revision of the tariff by a special session of the next Congress." The Bryan plank does, indeed, go on to declare for such a revision "as may be necessary to restore the tariff to a revenue basis," and the Taft platform declares for a revision "insuring the maintenance of the true principle of protection." But this "true principle of protection" is described as embracing simply "such customs duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit,"—a description which, if strictly adhered to in revising the Dingley tariff, would, according to the *New York Times*, make it look as if it had been blue-penciled by the free-trade Cobden club. "Secretary Taft's tariff utterances have already put him under the ban of the Tariff League," remarks *The Times*; "we fear this Ohio tariff plank will provoke our contempo-



DEMOCRATIC BROTHERLY LOVE
—Donnell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

rary, *The American Protectionist*, to stern and inharmonious protest. We confess to incredulity as to the calling of a special session of the next Congress to revise the tariff. But it is significant of the changing sentiment of the country that a Republican Convention in the State of Ohio should adopt such a tariff plank."

ON the currency question, the Taft platform is all rhetoric and the Bryan platform mostly rhetoric. The former is for "a sound financial system," and for such changes in the law "as will provide for the demands of commerce, satisfy the needs of all portions of the country and have at all times the quality of undoubted security." The Bryan plank is not quite so nebulous as that. It is against both the Aldrich and the Fowler bill. Beyond that it is for "better regulation of the banks," "the protection of bank deposits," and an emergency currency, "in so far as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency," that shall be issued and controlled by the federal government. It is quite definite, in other words, in what it opposes; but, beyond favoring postal savings banks, it is almost as indefinite as the Ohio platform in what it proposes. Both platforms favor an employers' liability act, both favor some limitations in the exercises of the power of injunction by the courts. The Bryan platform goes into details on these subjects at the greater length, but no issue is joined in the two platforms on either of these questions.

ON another important question, that of the exercise of federal powers, the Bryan platform seems to raise an issue with the Roosevelt administration; but it only seems to, for it favors the exercise by the federal government of "all its constitutional authority," to prevent monopoly and regulate interstate commerce, but insists "that federal remedies shall be added to not substituted for state remedies," and that centralization shall not be extended by "judicial construction" as "implied in the suggestions now frequently made." Equally indefinite is the attempt to make an issue out of the recent panic. The Bryan platform does not charge up the panic to Rooseveltism directly; but it charges it up to the watering of stocks and the shrinkage in value of such stocks, and then asserts that the Republican leaders "have so linked us to Wall street that the sins of the speculators are visited upon the entire country." On the subject of railway regulation and the requirement of a federal license for an interstate corporation, the Bryan platform says much more than the Taft platform; but what it says is in line with the policies already recommended by the Roosevelt administration and presumably favored by Mr. Taft.

BUT tho we fail to find any clear divergence of views on any subject treated in both platforms, there is in each platform one plank that indicates a clear divergence of opinion. The Bryan platform condemns our nation's "experiments in imperialism," and calls for "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established," such independence to be guarded by us as that of Cuba is, until neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaties. There is no doubt that Mr. Taft is opposed to any such declaration by the nation. There is here an issue squarely joined and one which eight years ago furnished the basis for wide discussion. It is practically certain that neither Taft nor Bryan nor both of them together could excite the nation over that question today. It certainly cannot furnish the basis for a presidential campaign, and of course is not expected to. There remains but one more chance of finding a real issue for the campaign in either of these two platforms. It is to be found, if found at all, in this unexpected plank in the Taft platform:

"The civil and political rights of the American negro in every State. Believing, as we do, that his

marvelous progress in intelligence, industry, and good citizenship has earned the respect and encouragement of the nation, and that those legislative enactments that have for their real aim his disfranchisement for reasons of color alone are unfair, un-American, and repugnant to the supreme law of the land, we favor the reduction of representation in Congress and the electoral college in all States of this nation where white and colored citizens are disfranchised, to the end that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States may be enforced according to its letter and spirit."

JUST how much significance is to be attached to this particular plank is a matter of doubt, judging from the sparse editorial comment it has elicited. Everyone who follows the course of politics even casually knows that one of the strongest objections against Mr. Taft as a candidate, on the ground of political expediency, is the opposition that is feared from the northern negro vote, on account of the Brownsville affair. The negro vote is, of course, largely Republican, and if it could be swung over to the Democrats bodily, half a dozen or more of the important northern states—Ohio among them—would find their political complexion entirely changed. The presumption is that this plank was put into the Ohio platform to prevent just such an event, and that it is to be viewed as a sort of life-saving device rather than as a settled purpose of future policy. The *New York World*, however, attaches much more serious importance to it than that. It says:

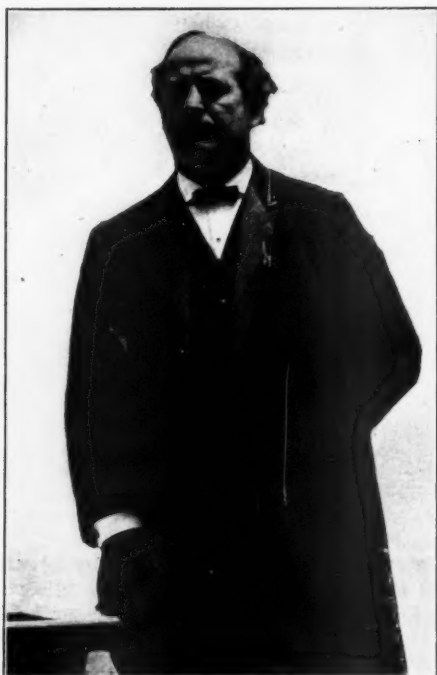
"This is another plain warning to the South. Back of this declaration of the Columbus Convention is something more serious than a shrewd political desire to conciliate the negro voters who have been disgruntled by the Brownsville order. It is the expression of a strong and growing Republican sentiment. The Republican National Convention of 1904 advocated Congressional action to determine whether special discriminations against the negro in Southern States warranted the reduction of representation. The convention of 1908 will undoubtedly declare boldly in favor of such reduction, and some day, if the Democratic party remains impotent, a Republican President and a Republican Congress will make this reduction an accomplished fact."

A SIMILAR plank was adopted in Ohio in 1903. When asked what the real purpose of it was, Senator Hanna, according to the *New York Evening Post*, frankly admitted that it was simply to catch the negro vote. "Some such motive," observes the same journal, "may be to-day in the minds of Taft's Ohio managers. But it is, nevertheless, a



WHAT TAFT IS UP AGAINST IN OHIO
—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

large and vital matter which they propound, and if Secretary Taft proposes to make that position his own, thus going far beyond any public utterance of his own, it will put an entirely new aspect upon his presidential candidacy." A call for a national conference of negroes, to be held in Philadelphia this month (April), has been issued by Bishop Walters and other negro leaders. Language is used in the call that denotes bitter resentment against the Roosevelt administration. It charges that "an open alliance between the President and the nullifiers of the Constitution in the South" exists, and claims that the discharge of negro soldiers because of the Brownsville shooting was "a denial of justice and constitutional rights visited upon colored citizens unprecedented in our country." The full force of the resentment thus expressed is directed not at Mr. Taft, but at President Roosevelt, who ordered the action in the Brownsville case. Nevertheless Mr. Taft, who, as secretary of war, carried out the orders, comes in for a considerable share of the hostility. "The mere candidacy of Taft," says the *New York Press*, a strong Hughes paper, "would give Bryan a large part of the colored vote in several of the Republican states of the North where the negroes are the balance of power." The Brownsville incident, the *Boston Herald* thinks, "has done more than anything else since the Civil War to alienate the negro from the Republican party." In Florida and other Southern states negro emissaries from the North have made an active canvass against



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UNRELENTING

the election of Taft delegates. At a big negro meeting in Brooklyn a number of weeks ago a resolution was adopted calling for "the nomination of some other candidate than Secretary Taft for President."

NOW comes this plank in the Ohio platform, and the question how much it means is the most interesting one so far developed in the campaign. It is recalled in this connection that Secretary Taft, who had been absent from Washington and returned to find the President's initial order in the Brownsville case ready to be issued, held it up for a day until he could communicate with the President, then on a trip South. *The Independent*, on the strength of this incident, warns the negroes against committing themselves too strongly against Mr. Taft. It says:

"Have our negro friends forgotten how warmly they praised the action of Secretary Taft in holding up President Roosevelt's initial order disbanding those soldiers, and could they not gather from that what his own views might be? Supposing that he should be nominated, and should then necessarily retire from the cabinet, and should then be free to let the whole story of his position and action be known, and it should then appear that he opposed to the end the dis-



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PATHETIC

missal of those soldiers, and that, when the President insisted, as he had the authority to do, Mr. Taft had to choose between submitting in silence or resigning from the cabinet, where would our over-hasty colored friends stand then? It would have been a flight from duty for Mr. Taft to resign, for let our negro friends remember that he had a tremendous and immediate insistent racial problem on hand, the dealing of justice to the ten million of colored men in the Philippine Islands, and lifting them to the position and rights of free men, possessing the ballot, which they never had before, and even yet did not know how to use, and giving them self-government, the possession of a legislature with the power of making laws."

The *New York Age*, a leading Afro-American paper, reprints the above, calling it "a sane and sober word," and denounces those negroes who are threatening to deliver the negro vote "to the party that is galvanized by a solution of one part Bryan to three parts Vardaman, Tillman and Dixon," as "incendiaries of our race." Even if the plank in the Ohio platform is, simply an effort to enable Mr. Taft to escape the political opposition which the Brownsville incident, in the hands of Senator Foraker, has produced, it may even so develop into one of the most important phases of the campaign. The race question



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AGGRESSIVE

always has dynamite in it, and in the remarkable absence of other issues between the two candidates this plank may be forced by campaign exigencies into a position of unintended prominence.

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NOTHING has happened in this country for many years that is more surprising—to most people at least—than the "tidal wave" of prohibition sentiment that has been sweeping with sensational speed over state after state. It is surprising because it has not been preceded by the loud public agitation that usually precedes such events. There was a tremendous movement of this kind in the fifties, that was just reaching its climax when events in Kansas and elsewhere that finally precipitated the civil war diverted public sentiment and changed the course of all our political currents. But that "tidal wave" in the fifties that swept even New York state into the dry column was preceded by a long series of emotional crusades beginning with the Washingtonian movement. There was another tidal wave in the eighties, less effective in a legisla-



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CONCILIATORY

tive way but more startling in a political way, that culminated in a series of constitutional amendment campaigns. But that was preceded by a series of movements of which the woman's crusade had been the most sensational, and which eventuated in the Prohibition Party with its rapid growth subsequently to the St. John campaign. The present movement has come upon the public at large almost unheralded, and the newspapers and magazines are treating it as a sensational feature of the first order.

FOUR states—Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, and Mississippi—have since the beginning of the year been added to the column of states with state-wide prohibition. In two others, North Carolina and Texas, amendment campaigns have already been determined upon, and the result does not seem to be in doubt. Not a state in the South, in fact, and but few in the North that have not felt the impact of the movement and responded to it. "No matter which way he rolls his eyes," writes Arthur Brisbane in *The Cosmopolitan*, "the Demon Rum sees former friends deserting, territory torn away, and eager statesmen rushing to

give him vigorous advertised kicks. He has fallen upon dry and evil days. The fatal handwriting 'to let' is written upon many saloon walls."

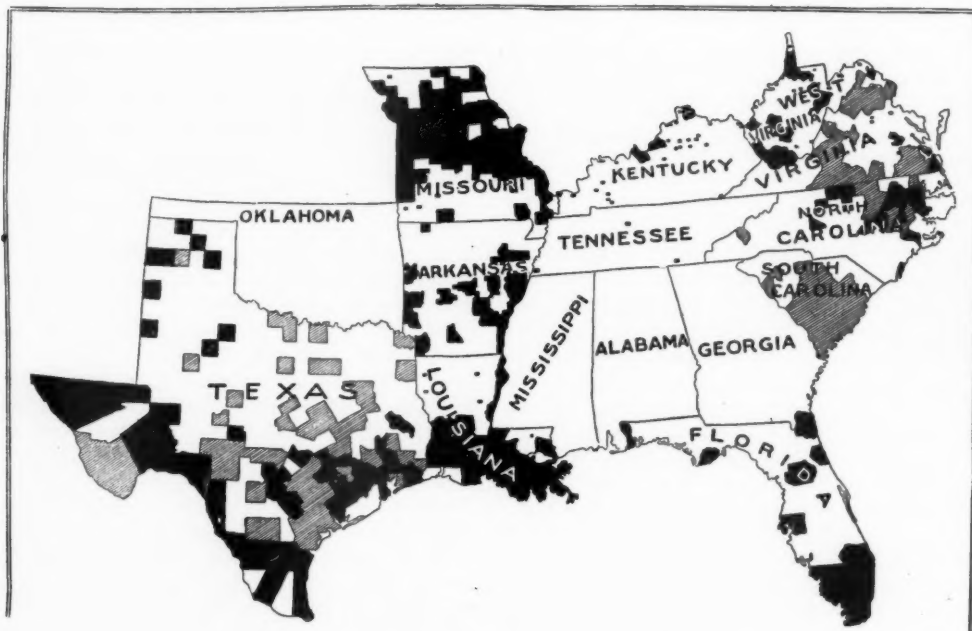
According to statistics compiled by the Anti-Saloon League and generally accepted, one-half of the population of the United States now live in territory that is technically "dry" by reason of either local or state prohibition. The liquor interests display signs of a panicky condition. *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* a few weeks ago admitted that "the great conservative element in society has placed the saloon, as it has generally been conducted, under condemnation," and went on to say:

"This is all wrong and it must not be in the future, or we are destined to the condition of outlaws, with all property confiscated in not only the South, but the West, and perchance in every State in the Union. To win in this fight, which has waxed so fierce and which grows more determined each day, we must bring every distiller, brewer, wine maker, wholesaler, importer, barrel maker, maltster, bottle manufacturer and all of the retailers who favor reform into one compact organization, and we must use this organization as a factor in society to urge and if possible to compel such a reform as is demanded, and prop-

erly, in the saloon business, by the great conservative element of the country."

Prohibition is spreading rapidly and surely northward as well as southward, according to the *Chicago Evening Post*, and "has become a great issue in states where a year ago dominance of saloons was not seriously opposed."

JUST what lies back of the present movement as its immediate cause is a matter of some dispute. In the South, where it has gained its greatest strength, the necessity of keeping liquor from the negroes is generally assumed to be the most potent factor. Booker T. Washington asserts that two-thirds of the lynchings and mobbings in the South are the work of bad whiskey drunk by blacks and whites, and he believes that prohibition will be a blessing to the negroes second only to Abolition. Yet the movement, as such, "has nothing to do with the race-problem," Mr. Washington is quoted as saying, being independent entirely of the color line and having come to stay. Another cause that finds popular acceptance is the anarchic course of the



WET AND DRY MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES

The white sections are "dry"; the black sections are "wet"; the shaded sections in Texas are partly dry and partly wet; the shaded sections elsewhere have no legalized saloons, but have dispensaries or hotels and clubs that can sell liquor. We are indebted for the map to the *Saturday Evening Post*, which obtained the data from the records of the Anti-Saloon League.

liquor dealers themselves. The South has for many years tried to protect itself in the rural counties by means of the local option system. The disregard shown by the liquor dealers for all restrictions thus enacted has compelled the inhabitants of the dry counties to force the fight for state action. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* (anti-prohibition) has explained the change in sentiment as follows:

"In Mississippi, when state prohibition was suggested at the meeting of the Legislature two years ago, the opposition was so strong that there was not the slightest chance of success. It is significant evidence of the change in public opinion that many of those who are now leading the prohibition campaign were then opposed to it. The change has been brought about by the eight recalcitrant counties. There are sixty-nine 'dry' and only eight 'wet' counties. There seems to be no way of reaching the latter under local option, and the prohibitionists in these counties want the state to step in and close their barrooms by a state law."

A SIMILAR explanation of the progress of the movement in Ohio is given by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"In Ohio as elsewhere it is not alone the actually or potentially demoralizing nature of the liquor traffic that has aroused a determination to curb it. An impelling cause hardly less potent may be found in the popular resentment against the impudent and law-defying methods which have been too generally adopted in furtherance of that traffic. The saloon has held no place sacred. It has forced itself upon rural communities and into the residential sections of cities, where its presence was not only not desired but where, as so many local option elections have shown, it was bitterly resented. It has opposed and done its best to nullify all restrictive legislation."

The same view is taken by *Collier's Weekly*. The liquor men, it thinks, have brought the trouble on themselves:

"Had the retail or the wholesale dealers, the distillers or the brewers, taken a more conciliatory attitude, the prohibition wave would have been at least longer in arriving. Their attitude has been defiant, unreasoning. Did a community start to combat dives along its water-front? Immediately it had to fight not only the owners of these dives, not only all the saloonkeepers of the region, but brewers, wholesalers, distillers. What matter that such places were headquarters for ruining girls! The process of ruin was good for trade; to one girl, eight glasses of beer or a pint of whisky. A community which did not want prohibition in the beginning would try every means of regulation.

"Beaten at every turn by the liquor interests

and their followers in politics, it would slowly be convinced that there was no way to fight the combination; outraged, it would rise and destroy the traffic."

EXACTLY the same tactics on the part of the liquor dealers that has been forcing rural communities to expand their fight for local prohibition into a fight for state prohibition is now beginning to force a still further expansion of the fight. For instance, Knoxville, Tenn., went "dry" last November. By February, the reform administration which, it is said, made an earnest effort to enforce the law, had to admit that the task of preventing the illegal traffic was too much for it. A daily "jug train" had been put on from Middleboro, Kentucky, and the Knoxville dealers had gone to Middleboro and under the protection of federal laws were shipping goods to customers in original packages which the Tennessee authorities could not molest. This same sort of thing has made a mockery of prohibitory law time and again, and it has once more started the cry, "On to Washington," and is threatening the next Democratic national convention with an invasion similar to that which made trouble for the Republicans in 1884. "For the first time since the close of the Civil War," says the *Atlanta Georgian and News*, "has an issue been made in the South which has affected or can affect the solid Democratic vote of this section. Prohibition is now regarded as essential to the protection of the best interests of the people of the South, and because of this fact it will in all probability play a wonderful part in the approaching national Democratic convention at Denver." In Kentucky a movement is being organized, as a result of recent political events there, to secure a prohibition plank in the next national Democratic platform. The election of William O'Connell Bradley, a Republican, as United States Senator by the Kentucky legislature last month was due to the defection of four Democrats in the legislature, three of whom, it is said, are engaged in the liquor business, and all of whom refused to accept Beckham, the Democratic candidate, because of his prohibition views. This has aroused deep resentment among the Democrats against the liquor dealers and they are fighting mad. There is even some talk, according to *Leslie's Weekly*, of a movement to nominate the new prohibition governor of Oklahoma, Haskell, for President if Bryan opposes a prohibition plank at Denver.

IN Washington, in the meantime, Tillman in the Senate and Littlefield in the House are striving to secure federal enactments that will enable prohibitory states to stop the interstate commerce in "original packages." Twenty years ago the Supreme Court decided that a state could not, without congressional warrant, interfere with the shipments of liquor from another state as long as the liquor was in the original and unbroken package. Thereupon Congress enacted the Wilson law giving a state the right to apply its laws to liquor shipments as soon as they "entered" the state. The Supreme Court then rendered another decision to the effect that a shipment has not entered a state legally until it has been delivered to the consignee. Senator Tillman, with the aid of Senator Knox and others, has now drafted an amendment to the Wilson law making shipments of liquor into a state subject to the laws of that state "upon arrival within the borders of that state *and before or after delivery to the consignee.*" On the fate of this measure, or some similar measure, will depend in large part the efficacy of the prohibitory enactments which the Southern states are piling up. The weakness of the whole prohibition movement, in the enforcement of the law, has been due to the ease with which it could be violated by means of shipments from a wet state into a dry or from a wet county into a dry one in the same state, and the helplessness of the authorities to prevent this. The argument, "prohibition doesn't prohibit," has derived ninety per cent. of its justification from this situation. If the constitutional objections raised against the Tillman amendment shall prevail, the movement already started in Congress for a prohibitory amendment to the federal constitution may acquire some momentum. There is no doubt, in the mind of the editor of the Salt Lake *Herald*, that such an amendment, if submitted, would carry even now. The adoption of such an amendment, with the federal courts and the federal power behind it, has always been the *ultima thule* of the prohibitionist's hopes.

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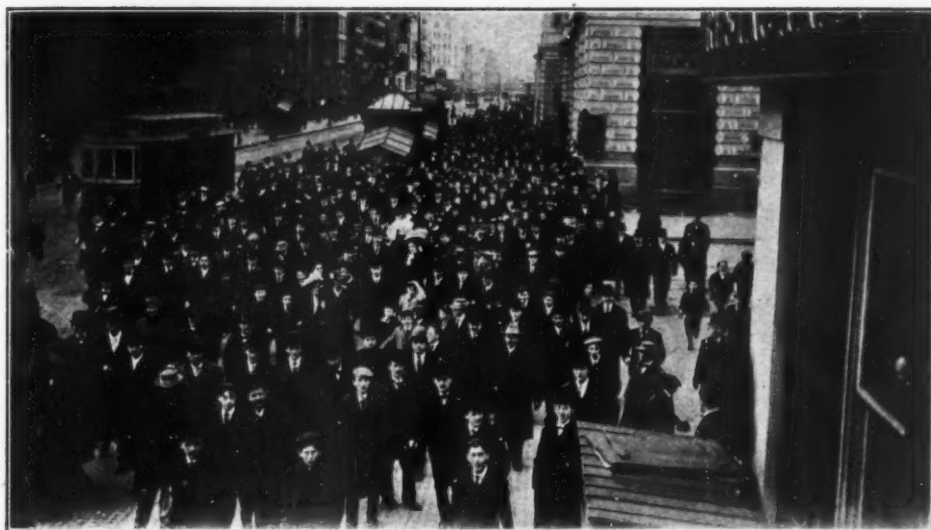
THE voice of the "suffragette" is heard in the land. The suffragette, it should be carefully noted, is something more than a woman suffragist. She is a militant woman suffragist. She does not merely want the ballot, she is determined to have it. Between the suffragettes—they have accepted the name first

given them in derision—and the mere woman suffragist there is something of a chasm. In England the Women's Social and Political Union, which is composed of "militant" women, does not exchange visiting cards, so to speak, with the London Central Society, which is not militant, altho its members not long ago marched through the streets of London for two hours in a procession headed by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. and Lady Strachey. Marching is tame work for the other organization. They invade the House of Commons and other places, get themselves arrested and go to jail jubilantly. And now, with their round yellow badges containing the words VOTES FOR WOMEN printed upon them; with their battle song

For the long workday,
For the taxes we pay,
For the laws we obey,
We want something to say

they have invaded America. Last month they organized in New York City, under the title Progressive Woman Suffrage Union, with permanent headquarters in Twenty-third street. They are here for militant work—open-air meetings, marchings, and a defiant attitude in general toward man-made laws that interfere with their "rights."

THERE is a disposition in the newspaper man, rarely resisted and never overcome, to treat the woman suffrage movement with jocularly. But the movement, as the least jocular of our newspapers—the New York *Evening Post*—points out, so far from being a joke, has in recent years assumed a world-wide character. Alice Stone Blackwell has lately counted over the record of its triumphs during the last twenty-five years. Most but by no means all of them have been obtained in the outlying provinces of civilization. Full suffrage, for instance, is now granted in Australia, New Zealand, Norway and Finland, and in our own states of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado. But in England and Scotland women have county suffrage, in Ireland they may vote for all officers except members of Parliament, and Russia gives them a proxy vote for members of the Duma. They have municipal suffrage in most of Canada and in Kansas. These are the major legislative achievements of the crusade; but the agitation is spreading over many other lands. A Liberal Woman's Party has been organized in Prussia, and the right of women to attend political meetings has been wrung from a reluctant



THE SUFFRAGETTE'S INVASION OF NEW YORK

The militant woman suffragists have established a permanent headquarters in the metropolis and in the picture are proceeding to defy the authorities by parading in the streets without a permit. Their numbers, however, were so few that they were not interfered with; but the size of the crowd indicates the interest aroused by the event.

government. The ministry in Holland has laid before both houses a law to abolish sex-distinction in government. In Russia the demand for full enfranchisement of women is an important part of the upheaval now going on. In Iceland petitions for full political rights have been presented to Parliament signed by more than half the women of the land. And in Great Britain a resolution in favor of woman suffrage was adopted not long since by the convention of English Liberals and the claim is made that 420 of the 650 members of Parliament stand committed to the cause by their pre-election pledges.

A DECISION rendered month before last by the Supreme Court has an indirect bearing upon the woman suffrage argument. A law was passed in Oregon forbidding the employment of women in any mechanical establishment, factory or laundry for more than ten hours a day. In nineteen other states the same sort of law has been passed, and when, consequently, the constitutionality of the Oregon law was assailed before the Supreme Court on the ground that it limits the right of contract, a question of national importance was raised. A prior ruling had been made by the court in the case of a New York law which limited employment in bakeries and candy factories to ten hours a day. That law

applied chiefly to men and the Supreme Court by a vote of five to four decided it unconstitutional. The only difference in principle being that New York law and the Oregon law arises from the application of the former to men and of the latter to women. Yet on this ground and this ground alone the Supreme Court unanimously decides that the latter law is constitutional while the former law is not. Justice Brewer, who was one of those deciding against the validity of the New York law, rendered the decision in the Oregon case. Woman, he says, is to be placed in a class by herself, "and legislation designed for her protection may be sustained even when like legislation is not necessary for men and could not be sustained."

IN other words, a law limiting the right of a man to contract away his labor is unconstitutional when the same law applied to a woman is constitutional. This is inequality of the sexes with a vengeance, but inequality in woman's favor. The basis of the suffrage movement has been the equality of the sexes before the law. The Supreme Court says that equality is impossible because of the woman's greater need of protection. Here is Judge Brewer's argument as sustained by the Court unanimously:

"It is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that she still looks to her brother and depends



"SELF-DENIAL WEEK" FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

These champions of votes for women are collecting money in the streets of London by serving as crossing sweepers. This is another of the now familiar expedients of the suffragettes to attract attention to their cause.

upon him. Even tho all restrictions on political, personal, and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with him, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in view not merely her own health, but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. The limitations which this statute places upon her contractual powers, upon her right to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all. Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long-continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate some of the burdens which rest upon her."

The argument may be made to cut either way in a woman suffrage argument. The philosophy of the decision is that woman must always look to man for protection. Hence, one may reason, man, upon whom this responsibility must ever fall, must continue to control the government and make and enforce its laws. Or one may reason that as woman is entitled to the greater share of protection, she is the more not the less entitled to the protection afforded by the ballot. Instead of settling

the question, therefore, the Court's decision is likely to stimulate controversy on the political side of the subject.

IN ANY event, it will take something more than a Supreme Court decision either to give woman the ballot or to keep it from her. It is a question that will be decided by a greater tribunal—the tribunal of public sentiment. Governor Hughes, of this state, thinks that the decision rests with the women themselves. In response to appeals on this subject a short time ago made by representatives of woman suffrage bodies, he said: "I firmly believe that the decision of this matter will ultimately rest with the women themselves. What the women in this state really want, and I do not mean by that a numerical majority, but I mean the force of opinion among the intelligent women of the state, they will have. The question is simply, What do the women want?" Next year, the quinquennial convention of the International Suffrage Alliance is to be held in this country. That fact and the fact of the new organization of the "suffragettes" in New York ought to be a sufficient notice to all our legislative bodies to set their ideas in order and be ready with their life-preservers. The one above used by Governor Hughes may be recommended. It has done duty before and seems to have given complete satisfaction to all those who have used it.



RAISING MONEY TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The object of the leaders of this movement is to raise about a hundred thousand dollars within the next four months to continue their campaign. The device of a mechanical piano, a platform speaker and the singing of suffrage songs comprise the choice bits in the program.

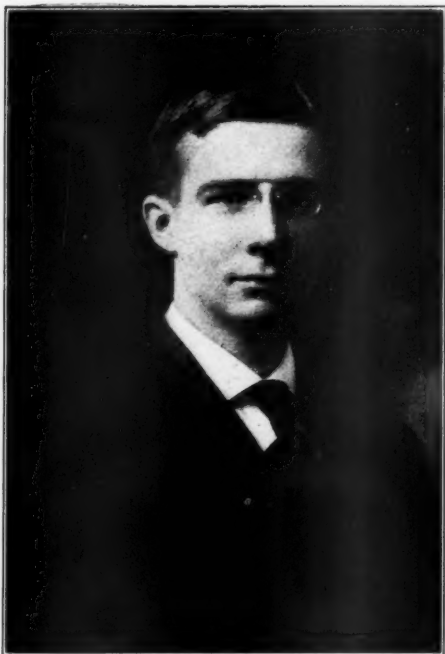
F nowadays nobody in the South seems to be much interested in anything but prohibition of the liquor traffic, in New York state nobody has been taking much interest in anything that has been going on at Albany except the fight to abolish race-track gambling. Delegations from the race-track associations, from agricultural societies, from church federations, commercial bodies, civic associations and women's clubs have packed the trains for Albany when hearings before the committees were on, and a flame of excitement has been kindled throughout the state. Governor Hughes started it. He is "a narrow minded man," is the Governor. So it is charged and he admits it to this extent, that he is narrow-minded enough "to operate within the limits of the state constitution." The constitution says no gambling shall be allowed. Here is the language:

Art. 1, Sec. 9: Nor shall any lottery or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State; and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section.

That reads like very plain English to Mr. Hughes, and, having taken an oath as Governor to uphold the constitution and finding that the legislature had passed no law "to prevent" pool-selling and book-making on race-tracks, he sent a recommendation to the legislature to pass such a law. There was no rhetoric in the message. The language was

as cold and business-like as most of the Governor's language. But if it was not itself rhetoric it has led to the production of much rhetoric—picturesque rhetoric in the case of the book-maker, satirical in the case of ex-Governor Black, passionately moral on the part of many of the clergy.

THE way in which that plain injunction of the constitution has for years been evaded is so simple that it makes one wonder why anarchists ever need to resort to bombs to attain their end. The Penal Code (Sec. 351) makes pool-selling, book-making, the receiving of bets, etc., a felony, *except when another penalty is provided by law*. Then the legislature, in the Percy-Gray act of 1895, proceeded to provide "another penalty" for race-track gambling, thereby removing it from the class of felonies. The "penalty" provided is recovery in a civil action against the persons with whom the wager is made. This, of course, in actual operation is no penalty at all, simply subterfuge. On one side of the race-track fence, betting is a felony. On the other side, the inside, it is not. There doesn't even need to be any fence, for that matter. A chalk mark or a cotton string would have the same potent charm to change a felony into a non-felony. Under that law, eighty million dollars have been invested in race-tracks in this state, and in this city alone during the racing season 20,000 to 40,000 persons daily attend the race-tracks, a very large proportion of whom go to bet and would not go if



A YOUNG LEGISLATOR WHO HAS MADE A
BRILLIANT START

Assemblyman Hart, who has fathered the anti-race-track gambling bill in the lower house of New York's legislature, has seen an apparently hopeless fight changed into a victorious one in the last few weeks.

they could not bet. And, of course, they all pay an admission fee, and five per cent. of that fee invariably goes to the agricultural associations for their county fairs. When the attempt was made last year, in the Jerome bills, to carry out the mandate of the constitution, the agricultural societies raised an almost unanimous protest. This year the bills

have been again introduced and are spoken of as the Agnew Senate bills and the Hart Assembly bills, and another bill has been introduced providing for a direct appropriation of \$250,000 by the state to the agricultural societies. This year, consequently, less than one-half the county fair associations are opposing the bills.

NINETEEN civic and religious organizations in the city of New York got together to help the Governor and the constitution,—among them the City Club, the Merchants' Association, the Eastern Parkway Board of Trade, the Federation of Churches, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, the Federation of Catholic Societies, and the Board of Jewish Ministers. The jockey clubs marshaled in formidable array on the other side. Last year, according to their sworn reports to the secretary of state, eight of these jockey clubs and racing associations paid exactly \$29,421.60 to their attorney to defeat the Jerome bills at Albany. This year, according to a letter sent by a gambler to the Governor and by him made public, these and the other jockey clubs are ready to pay \$200,000 out to defeat the Governor's 100,000 arguments. The cry of the jockey clubs is: The breed of horses is improved by the race-track. The cry of the other side is: The breed of men will be improved by abolishing race-track gambling. In support of this latter claim documents are made public—human documents. Here is one of them, a letter written to the Governor by the principal of a public school in Brooklyn:

"I have had pupils, many of them less than 10 years old, gambling—led on by the tracks



COMING DOWN THE HOME STRETCH

This is a typical scene at the Saratoga race track, and the crowd that can be seen in the picture is a small part of the whole. At least nine out of ten of the crowd are there to bet as well as to see the racing.

close to my school. I have seen burglary committed by a boy less than 16 years old to get money to go to the race track. Surely, boys are worth more than well-bred horses, tho so many think otherwise."

Here is another letter—not an argument but, what is more potent, an appeal:

"I write this letter for the reason that I have suffered for the last five years. At times I had not the most necessary things of life, all through the race track. My husband earns a pretty nice salary, and we could live comfortably were it not for the race track. During the seven months of racing my husband draws his wages and goes to the track, and after losing one-half or three-quarters of same he brings the rest home, which is not much. I have a little crippled child whom I take to the hospital twice a week, but during the racing season I cannot do same, as I have not car fare at times. I trust that you will understand the rest, and may God help you in your undertaking."

A lieutenant of police in New York City writes:

"Permit me to thank you for the manly stand you have taken to abolish race track gambling. If it can be accomplished, you will do more good for the youth and homes in this State than any act of legislation that has been attempted in a generation. Race track gambling, as conducted today by a gang of notorious crooks from all over this country and Europe, is a disgrace to the fair name of the glorious State of New York."

GOVERNOR FOLK, of Missouri, also has had a word to say on the subject of race-track and horse-breeding. Being in New York City while the battle was raging and having gone through just such a fight in Missouri, he took occasion to speak as follows:

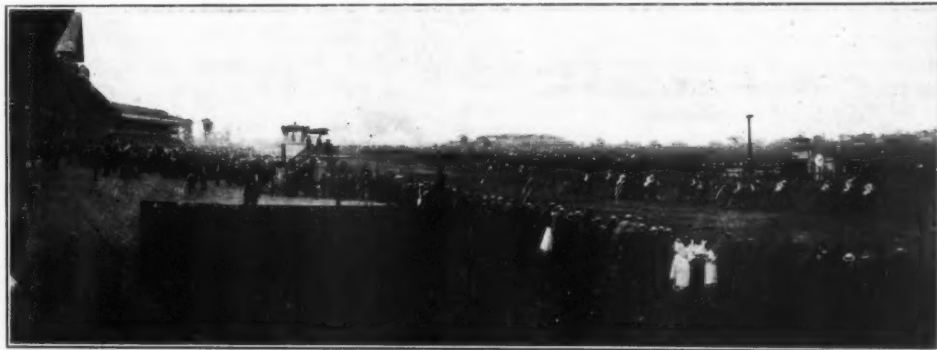
"When I was a prosecuting attorney of St. Louis I saw a constant stream of young men passing through the criminal courts on their way to the penitentiary, made embezzlers and thieves by the alluring gambling of the race track. The



THE SENATE LEADER IN THE FIGHT AGAINST RACE-TRACK GAMBLING

Senator Agnew, who has led in the fight in the upper house of the legislature of New York to make the penal code square with the constitution is a young man in politics, but he has made the "Old Guard" sit up and take notice and has made a promising future for himself in public life.

state was in partnership with this gambling and licensed it, the proceeds going to the State Fair. One of the first things I did when I became Governor was to recommend that the state support its fair by proper appropriation, that the law licensing this form of gambling be repealed, and in its place a law be enacted making the registration of a bet on a horse race a felony.



THE THIN LINE OF THE NON-BETTERS

Those who bet stay back by the grand stand where the book-makers are. There the crowd is densely packed. The spectators at this end are probably not betting. They are there just to see the race.

After a hard fight this law was enacted, and it has been enforced since it became a law three years ago. The results have been so satisfactory that no one would dare attempt to bring back the days of the state race-track gambling rake-off.

"It was said when this law was recommended that its passage would destroy the breeding of fine horses in the state. Those who favored its passage urged that the breeding of horses did not depend upon gambling. That they were correct has been demonstrated by the fact that there have been more fine horses raised in our state without gambling than when gambling on horse racing was licensed. However that may be, it is more important to breed men than horses, and all the blooded horses in the world are not worth the ruined life of one young man. The public conscience has ended this form of gambling in our state, and is assailing it here in New York

the constitution is to be carried out literally, the legislature must enact laws making every kind of gambling down to penny-point euchre a crime. The college boy who bets on a football game, the minister's daughter who bets a pair of gloves on a boat-race would have to be sent to jail to be consistent. The proposed legislation was, in fact, a piece of humbug, wickeder than gambling itself. "I never have joined the humbug class," he remarked, "and I never will." But the argument most relied on by the ex-Governor, the Bishop and Dr. Slicer was that if the policy of regulation of gambling on the races be abandoned for the policy of prohibition, illegal pool-selling will



BACK TO THE BOOK-MAKERS

One race has just been run, and the crowd turn back to make their bets on the next race. The men in front, who are running, have won and are hastening to cash up. Most of the others have lost and are thinking hard.

and in all the other states where it is now permitted. In a short time this legalized vice will be a thing of the past from one end of the country to the other."

The Governor went on to add that if our stock exchanges do not purge themselves of gambling in stocks, something is going to happen to them. But that is another story.

TO THE relief of the cohorts thus assailed by two governors came Ex-Governor Black, Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Slicer. Mr. Black has the largest stock of epigrams to be found in the possession of any one individual in this country. His argument was that if

take the place of the present form of betting and the evil will become greater instead of less. Bishop Potter wrote:

"No one who knows anything of race-track gambling can do otherwise than deplore it. The question of its continued mischief is, as I think the Rev. Dr. Slicer has clearly shown, a question of regulation rather than suppression. Ideally, we would all rather have suppression; but driving a disease under the skin is not curing it; and we may wisely begin, at any rate, with enactments which are educative rather than more sweeping in their aim. From a deepening public conviction which does not invade private rights we may be able to advance to the higher ground up to which as yet public opinion is not ripe to ascend."

BUT the Bishop has a Coadjutor-Bishop, Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, and on the day after the Bishop had been heard, the Coadjutor preached in Trinity Church at the noon-day meeting. "The imperative duty confronting the American people to-day," he said earnestly, "is not merely to condemn gambling on the statute books, but to destroy it." Those who see no harm in a little social gambling fail to see it, he said, because they look no further ahead than a day's or a night's amusement. "Go further," said the Coadjutor Bishop earnestly, "and see its pathway strewn with wrecks, mental, moral, spiritual disgrace, insanity, suicide, purest loves, noble faces destroyed, its path with human ruins strewn.



WHILE New York state has been wrestling with gambling on the race-tracks, the nation at large seems to be getting ready to deal with stock-gambling. "When compared to the extensive, far-reaching and insatiate gambling in stocks, cotton and other products of the soil," remarks the *Atlanta Constitution*, voicing the opinion of many journals, "betting at the race-tracks assumes diminutive proportions. Race-track gambling is like the minnow dip net: the web of future gambling sweeps the stream from bank to bank." The President, it will be remembered, referred in his special message a few weeks ago to the desirability



WHERE THE BOOK-MAKERS DO BUSINESS

The crowd beneath the shed is packed so that one can hardly crook his elbow. That is where the betting is done. The extra stools are for the book-makers, who sit on them when placing bets and stand on them when viewing the race.

Grim and ghastly sight! Worse than any carnage seen on any physical battlefield after the fiercest fight. That is the way to see it. On that we take our stand as on an eternal law." In a further outburst he denounced all gambling, whether in the pool-room, drawing-room, stock exchange or on the race-track, as "the most insidious, strong and subtle of all human passions." And about the same time Bishop Doane, of Albany, was assailing social gambling in terms of equal severity. "Wherever it is done," said he, "in pool-rooms or in parlors, on the track or in public entertainments for charity, it is essentially wicked and full of evil consequences."

of finding some means of ending stock gambling by federal action—the prohibition, perhaps, of the use of the mails, telegraph and telephone for such purposes. He has now directed the Bureau of Corporations to investigate the subject thoroly, and to report on the possibility of reaching the evil effectively by federal enactments. Congressman Hepburn has introduced in the lower house a bill to tax the transfer of stock fifty cents on every share of a par value of \$100. On a *bona fide* purchase, this would amount to a tax of but one-half of one per cent. For a purchase on a margin of ten per cent. it would be a tax of five per cent. That is, a man buying 1000



SOLVED!

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

shares at the price of \$100, would pay \$100,000 for the stock and \$500 tax. If he bought on a ten per cent. margin, he would pay \$10,000 down for the stock and still pay \$500 tax. A similar bill (the Wagner bill) has been introduced in the New York state Assembly, which provides, in addition to the tax, that each dealer in stocks shall be required to take out a state license and make a full report each month to the secretary of state on all the stock transactions passing through his hands. Wall street, according to one of the New York papers, views these efforts with a sort of despairing resignation, convinced that it is to be made the scapegoat for all our recent financial troubles. In addition to the President's utterances, denunciations have been hurled by Mr. Bryan, who thinks that Monte Carlo and the Louisiana State Lottery are innocent diversions beside the dealing in futures. He says:

"When a group of men gamble at a wheel of fortune or a game of cards, the injury done is confined to them and to those immediately dependent upon them; but those who gamble in the grain pit or on the floor of the stock exchange deal in commodities or securities in which eighty millions of people are directly or indirectly interested. Farm products are juggled up or juggled down, stocks are boosted by the bulls or depressed by the bears, and the whole country feels the effect."

EVEN a journal that is as little open to suspicion of undue sympathy with stock gambling as is the *Springfield Republican* decries the forms of legislation so far proposed against stock gambling. It describes them as "simply one more of those vain efforts at suppression which are periodically stirred up by the abuses and tragedies of speculation." It adds:

"That these speculative markets perform important economic functions cannot admit of successful question, and we cannot better enforce this point than by noting that the *New York World* is agitating for a suppressive tax on the buying and selling of stocks while advocating a policy of state registration of land titles which would greatly facilitate and cheapen transactions and transfers of real estate. If it is desirable to promote mobility of capital invested in real property, it cannot be exactly a public calamity that great mobility should obtain for capital in personal property. Gross abuses obtain in the speculative markets. . . . But the same speculative element enters into general business quite extensively, and it is not to be eliminated without the complete destruction of the present industrial system. When we are ready for that we shall be ready to deal effectively with the abuse of 'margin gambling.'"

The same point is made by other journals, among them the *New York Times*:

"In truth, selling what you do not own instead of being the practice only of skilled professionals, is the commonest act of commerce. Every spinner who contracts to sell cloth not in store goes short of cotton as well as of cloth, and is perforce a buyer of the material to make the unwoven fabric. Every man who contracts to build a house goes short of labor, and obligates himself to become a hirer, and a buyer. An instant's reflection will show that bears are compulsory buyers, and that bulls are sellers in intention as soon as their foresight is justified. Short sellers are the strength of declining markets, when bears take their profits, and sales of bulls check advancing markets, when they take their profits. In all genuine speculation the goods actually change hands on the Stock Exchange, and theoretically do so on the Produce Exchanges. It is only bucket shops that merely register bets, and do not trade in real things."

THE Hepburn bill, in the opinion of the *New York Press*, would indeed kill a large part of the business on the New York Stock Exchange, but would do so simply by driving the formal record of sales out of this country to Montreal, London, Paris, or some other point. The speculator would put up his margin in those cities and wire his orders there. All the bill would do would be to drive money out of the country and change the place where the transactions were formally consummated. The *New York Evening*

Post's financial editor sees another objection to the Hepburn bill. He says:

"Stock Exchange operations unquestionably had a good deal to do with causing the mischief which culminated last October. But the Hepburn bill is barking up the wrong tree. The millionaire gamblers who played the game so jauntily in 1906 and who have been footing up their losses ever since, and whose crazy performances did much to topple over the whole unstable financial structure, would be hurt very little by a 50 cents per \$100 tax on sales of stocks. In undertakings planned on such a scale, a few thousands or hundreds of thousands dollars extra thrown into the expense account might be pleasantly ignored. But the host of smaller Stock Exchange operators, whose sales for the short account were the balance wheel which prevented the market from going wild under the impetus of the ring of 'inside' speculators, backed by a great railway's surplus funds, would have been crippled on the spot."

If every transfer of stock or produce were to be made a cash transaction, the same paper notes, there would be a partial paralysis in many lines of business, because there is not sufficient money to carry on the business of the country on a cash basis.

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HERE is the bard who will sing to the world in fitting measures the race of the automobiles from New York to Paris? Nothing less than an epic as long as the Kalevala will be sufficient to do the subject justice. There

was the triumphal parade of the twenty-one intrepid heroes in their six chariots, around Times Square, on Lincoln's birthday, and the confident start amid the cheers of fifty thousand onlookers. One of the foreign cars got as far as forty miles away before it broke down. But the other five, two French, one German, one Italian and one American, pursued their mad rush through the snowfields of New York, Ohio and Indiana, the breathless speed reaching at times nine miles in twenty-two hours. This was almost as rapid a pace as the prairie schooners used to make drawn by oxen. From out near Kendallville, the driver of one of the French cars wired back: "I am sure to win this race. I shovel very hard." And his compatriot, on the other French car, sent over the wire this pathetic cry: "We shovel snow for miles and then we ride yards. The automobile race has become a snow-shoveling trip. But we have only nineteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-five miles yet to go." Chicago was reached in two weeks' time by the swiftest of the cars, and after much dining and wining and speech-making, the automobiles proceeded on their way. If the cry in Indiana had been, "Every man to his snow-shovel," the cry in Iowa soon was, "Stand by to man the pumps," as with their lee scuppers awash and the driving spindrift flying in clouds across the face of the moon, the cars plowed through long canals that were down on the map as roads. Then the mud, two feet one way and hundreds



ON THE WAY TO PARIS

"Pardon, Monsieur, but you are in ze way of our automobile."

—Hy Mayer in *New York Times*.



BREAKING A WAY

This is the Thomas flier, but it isn't flying. It is two miles from a prairie in one of the western states and it still has about 18,500 miles to go to win the race.

of miles the other way, and then the snowdrifts again. And the ride through America was counted on as the easiest part of the trip.

THE route leads to San Francisco; then by boat to Valdez, Alaska; then across Alaska, not by the trail from Skagway to Dawson, but from Valdez to Fairbanks; then down the Tanana river to the Yukon, down

the Yukon to Kaltag, then across to the coast at Unalakleet, then north to Nome. This is a regular mail route. But after crossing Bering straits on the ice, the cars will have the interior of Siberia to cross, where a wheeled vehicle has never been known. They will follow the route up the Lena river and then to Irkutsk and then follow the route taken in the Peking to Paris race. If achieved, says the New York



THE ZUST CAR IN INDIANA.

This is the "Macaroni outfit" (as the Italian car in the New York to Paris race is facetiously called) when the pilot cars from the Automobile Club of Chicago met it. It looks like a wrecking outfit, but it has kept second in the race most of the way and stands at least as good a chance as any of going through to the end of the trip.



TOWING THE THOMAS FLYER

There were about six feet of packed snow in this place, in upper New York state; and the horse power that did the most service was not that in the engine but at the other end of the long chain.

Times, one of the two papers under whose auspices the trip is taken, it "will upset all ideas of the limitations of motor car travel and will show to the world that here at last is a power greater than any of the wonderful means of transportation which human ingenuity has yet given us." Since that was written, the cars have been towed by horses through innumerable snow-drifts, carried on stone-

boats over other drifts and dug out of countless snow-banks where they would be today if they had had to depend on their own power. The automobile is a wonderful achievement of mechanical skill, but the horse is still an important adjunct of civilization. The impression that the horse is disappearing from view is very erroneous. Ten years ago there were in this country 14,364,667 horses, valued



THE DE DION CAR IN INDIANA

"We are sure to win," said St. Chaffray, the French driver, after a hard day's work in the snow-drifts; "I shovel very hard."

at \$452,649.396. Last year we had 19,746,583 horses, valued at \$1,846,578,412. The average value of a horse had increased from \$31.51 to \$93.51. Apparently we do not need to write the epitaph of the horse yet.

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AS the sovereign pontiff scanned the lists of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics who are suspected of tendencies towards "modernism," his Holiness, say the month's despatches, sat dumfounded. The Pope has been in bed with the gout again, but the paroxysms of that ailment agonized him less, says the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), than the series of names, including theologians, bishops and even a cardinal or two, in the long catalog compiled by the faithful pontifical secretary of state, Mgr. Merry del Val. "The denounced modernists are legion," to quote the words of the well known Protestant leader, Paul Sabatier, on this subject, "and there is fear of creating a sort of intellectual panic in the great masses of a flock which is ordinarily very submissive, but which, once alarmed and dispersed, would not be easy to lead back again into the fold." There are today, adds Sabatier, in the clergy,



OLD TIMERS AND MODERNISTS

CHORUS OF JEWISH HIGH PRIESTS OF THE DAYS OF CALAPHAS: "We sympathize with you cardinals of the Vatican for we, too, once had to cry against our own modernist: Crucify him!"

—Munich Jugend.

in the episcopate and even in the bosom of the sacred college "souls in anguish and distress." Every fresh list of suspected modernists arriving at the Vatican is "terrifying" in its length. "Day after day, hour after hour, these priests and prelates ask themselves if they should raise their voices, if they should cry aloud before all men that which they had already murmured low." A band of mercenaries, according to M. Sabatier's view of the crisis, has succeeded in surrounding the father of the family, and has been able to set up between him and his most devoted children an insuperable barrier. The day must certainly come when the father of this family will be deserted by the mercenaries. He will recall those for whom today he has only looks of displeasure.

BOLD as must seem this prediction that so resolute a pontiff as Pius X will yet reverse his attitude towards the intellectual rebellion within his fold, it seems justified to many observers. Indications to the contrary have multiplied within the past few weeks, but they are thought superficial signs of the times, by no means reflecting the trend of feeling within the Vatican itself. True, the Vatican allows hardly a week to pass without launching new thunderbolts against modernism. Already more than one pontifical organ has actively combated the new review *Nova et Vetera* (Rome), which includes the suspended priest Father Tyrrell, arch-champion of modernism, among its contributors. The Pope himself condemned this periodical in a recent decree. The condemnation extends to all those who print or cause to be printed or read or sell the offending periodical. Those of the clergy who read its pages or who, receiving it, do not hasten to throw it away are immediately suspended from their divine functions. This is no isolated instance, either, the Pope having intimated some disposition to excommunicate readers of Italian Socialist dailies.

EAGER to make his own attitude as well defined as epistolary statements can render it, the Pope has been sending letters right and left to prelates in whose sympathy he feels confidence. Sovereign pontiffs are chary of affixing their own signatures to Vatican correspondence, but the Pope has departed markedly from tradition in this particular recently. His last note to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, a pillar of the church in Hungary, is character-

istic in its denunciation of "the depraved press" as "the poisoned and damnable source of the spreading evil of our time." The papal letters are precipitating sensations in the Roman Catholic nations of Europe. "It is deplorable," writes his Holiness, for example, to one bishop, "that the press has become mighty not as the aptest disseminator of truth and virtue but as a pernicious abuse which under the protection of law incites and augments hostility toward religion, engenders and spreads damnable morals, awakens hatred and unbridled passions among citizens and daily publishes abroad everything calculated to ruin the soul and spirit of man." This is interpreted as a tilt at the Socialist press, which retorts with venom.

MODERNISTS everywhere have long been curious to know what the Pope really thinks of the so-called "abuses," which, according to them, have developed in the administration of the church. On this point, insist clerical dailies, his Holiness has been maligned. His whole pontificate has been one consistent effort to reform in all directions. He believes, however, that the codification of the canon law, entrusted to the newly appointed Cardinal Gasparri, will accomplish all the Modernists have any right to expect. It will take nearly two years to complete this gigantic labor, including not merely the codification of laws already existing but also the incorporation into the code of rules necessitated by modern conditions. Let the Modernists be patient, contends the Pope, and the codification of the canon law will remove every legitimate grievance. Bishops and archbishops all over the world have been invited to submit their suggestions. The Roman congregations, which correspond in the church to cabinets in a civil government, are to be established upon a wholly new but unspecified basis if the Pope lives. This fact justifies, he thinks, his suspicions of all Modernists.

MODERNIST replies to the Pope point out that all his "reforms" are based upon what they call "Italianism." It is abundantly evident and quite natural that Pius X, who has spent his whole life in Italy, very much prefers the Italian element in the church, which he understands, to the foreign elements, which he does not understand. This is one reason for the scarcity of Anglo-Saxon cardinals. Tho his reign endure as long as his pred-

ecessor's, according to the *Rome Tribuna*, there will never be more than four English-speaking cardinals at one time—a red hat each for the United States, England, Ireland and Australia, for the Canadian cardinal, it seems settled, is always to be French. The church, complains the *Vossische Zeitung*, is to become more and more that of the Latin nations, as the recent elevation of the archbishop of Rio de Janeiro to the sacred college is taken to demonstrate. Fully half the cardinals are either in permanent residence at the Vatican or are connected with the pontifical court in one capacity or another, exclusive of the large number of Italian prelates upon whom a red hat has been bestowed. For a parallel to this state of affairs one must go back to the reign of the last Gregory.

THE only effect of the memorandum recently presented to the pontifical secretary of state with the object of demonstrating the importance of the Anglo-Saxon compared with the remaining elements in the Roman Catholic world was to strengthen the Pope's resolve to revive the rota. This is a sort of supreme court of appeal, the ancient tribunal of the rota instituted by John XXII in 1326 and regulated by decrees of subsequent popes.



THE ROMAN PERSECUTION

The Pope is throwing the modernists to the lions.
—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

The origin of the name *rota* is unknown, some thinking it to be derived from St. Catharine of the *Rota*, others ascribing the name to the marble floor of the room in which the tribunal is to sit and which was designed in the shape of a wheel (*ruota*). The Anglo-Saxons do not take kindly to this revival of a medieval institution which is thought to be alien to the Anglo-Saxon idea of what a court of appeal should be. The procedure of such a tribunal would inevitably increase the interminable complexities of litigation at the Vatican. The Modernists deem the revival of the *rota* a decided slap at themselves, for the church is thus to be made to go back to the past instead of fixing its eye upon the future. The Pope is subjected to much tactful suasion on this point.

MORE successful than might have been anticipated from the events of the past six weeks seems to be the effort to convince the Pope that the Modernism he dreads is "in no degree contained in an intellectual proposition." It is neither a system nor, to quote the words of Paul Sabatier, "a new synthesis." It is an "orientation." Modernism in its origin, its beginnings and its soul, is essentially Roman Catholic. "From a certain thrilling, one could perceive that religious societies which believed themselves always separated from Rome and without any contact with her still participated in her life." Among those who have striven to impress his Holiness in some such sense is said to be the venerable Cardinal Capececlatro, archbishop of Capua. His Eminence, Alfonso Cardinal Capececlatro, is, indeed, conceded the Rome *Tribuna*, "a man of whom any church or country might be proud." He is perhaps the most learned member of the sacred college, his life has been that of a saint, his speech that of an apostle and patriot. Born more than eighty-four years ago, he is the second of the cardinals in point of age and the third in point of seniority.

A MEMBER of a very ancient Neapolitan family is this Cardinal Capececlatro, for it produced in the seventeenth century a historian of Naples and in the eighteenth a liberal archbishop who was put in prison by Cardinal Ruffo in 1799 and was minister of the interior under Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. Cardinal Capececlatro has written history like the one and risen high in the hierarchy like the other. His "History of Catherine of Siena

and of the Papacy in Her Time" has received the honor of translation into French and German. His "Life of San Filippo Neri" is regarded as a masterpiece of its kind. He has written acutely on Newman and Renan, on Gladstone and the Vatican decrees. It will be remembered that he was among the eligibles for the papal throne at the time of the last conclave, and actually received votes at every one of the six scrutinies. Foggazzaro, the novelist whose works are prohibited, recently described him as the grand old man of the church. Capececlatro is the cardinal upon whom Modernists hopes have been most fixed. His Eminence was not in favor at the Vatican lately, but within the past few weeks the attitude to him there has changed.

IN striking contrast with the attitude of those prelates who send in "submissions" after each papal encyclical, has been the attitude of Cardinal Capececlatro ever since the beginning of the Modernist upheaval. "It seems superfluous to me," he affirmed in an address to his clergy last winter, "for Catholic bishops to assent in writing to a papal encyclical that teaches and condemns." The latest pontifical pronouncement seemed to be a matter of slight importance to his Eminence. "The teachings of the encyclical," he said, "can never be interpreted in opposition to justice and to the healthy intellectual liberty of the sons of God. Truth can have no bounds set for her, for she is the light and the guide of men." This language was deemed overbold at the Vatican. However, Cardinal Capececlatro is supposed to have ideas diametrically opposed to those of Pius X. The diocese of Capua, so long ruled by the liberal prelate, is in a sense the hotbed of Modernism. It has been denounced in one clerical paper as a citadel of rebellion within the community of God. Great was the astonishment, therefore, when Pope Pius was said to have begun the perusal of the cardinal's books.

IN consequence of what he has inferred from the writings of Capececlatro, Pius X has been brought to see, says the *Indépendance Belge*, that there can be such a thing as a blunder in tactics. His Eminence of Capua is one of the few Italian members of the sacred college who understand the workings of the Anglo-Saxon mind. His influence or rather the effect of his teaching upon the mind of the Pope was diminished at first by the praise he

has received from Modernists. At last, however, the Pope is beginning to realize that he may have misunderstood the Modernist mind. Communications from prelates all over the Anglo-Saxon world, and more particularly from the United States, are supposed, too, to be producing some effect. If a priest be led by his studies to have "new" views on the date or the author of certain Biblical books, it is not invariably wise to condemn or suspend him, least of all excommunicate him. His error may be "pernicious," but his martyrdom adds to his influence. The Pope has hitherto considered regard for this consideration a species of temporizing. Lists of the disaffected submitted to his Holiness within a month have revised his ideas on this point. His tactics were to drive the Modernists out of the fold. The Modernist regards the church as his traditional home. Life in it has become very difficult, "almost insupportable," as one Modernist proclaimed the other day, and yet the true courage is to remain in it. "It was heroism to endure the rule of terror and suspicion which reigned there." The whole papal policy of the past year has resulted not in freeing the church from what his Holiness condemns as error but in establishing centers of something more or less like heresy for the infection of the rising generation of the clergy still in the theological seminaries. This is a view of the situation which did not dawn upon any of the Pope's advisers until the compilation of lists of the disaffected "terrifying in their length." The entire Vatican campaign has been brought to confusion. The Pope sees that some other method must now be tried.

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UNWARNED by the least presentiment of the international upheaval that was so soon to ensue from what he was doing, Emperor William light-heartedly wrote one of his characteristically courteous personal letters a few weeks ago to his friend Lord Tweedmouth. The noble and right honorable gentleman, as he is called in Parliament, holds the responsible office of first lord of the admiralty in the cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, his Lordship being, therefore, the official representative of all that relates to the naval policy of the mistress of the seas. It happened by a coincidence that seemed most sinister in London last month that naval policy

formed the subject matter of his imperial Majesty's epistle to his noble friend. The letter, which was rather brief, gave an analysis of the German navy upon which was based the deduction that the fleet of Great Britain is five times as strong. His Majesty proceeded to argue that the German fleet cannot be deemed a menace to Great Britain. Consequently there is no need to increase the British naval program. The tone of the communication was delightfully personal, Lord Tweedmouth replying in the same spirit. Here the matter might have ended but for the military expert of the *London Times*. This journalist happens to be well known at a certain club much frequented by Lord Tweedmouth, who showed the Emperor's letter to a group of naval officers at luncheon one day. The matter formed part of the tittle-tattle of the club for some days before the outside world heard anything about it. The Jingo element for which the club is famous became greatly annoyed.

NOTHING beyond a desire to correct misapprehensions in the British mind regarding the naval policy of Berlin was in the mind of William II when he wrote Lord Tweedmouth, the world is assured authoritatively by the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*. Nevertheless, according to the detached impression of the *Paris Débats*, the German potentate has committed a blunder of the variety which has been denounced as worse than a crime. It has set all England ablaze with the fury of a suspicion that the head of the house of Hohenzollern has actually striven in secret to influence the development of British policy in a matter concerning which there have always been loud professions of British independence. The *Sddeutsche Reichs-correspondenz*, a paper in most intimate touch with sources of official information, says the Emperor simply "wrote a hasty intimate note" to Lord Tweedmouth, "as a sympathetic friend," offering to prove that the German fleet is a mere toy squadron compared with that which flies the British flag. "He had a perfect right as a naval expert, which he is recognized in England to be, to take this step." His Majesty repudiates all intention of influencing Tweedmouth.

LORD TWEEDMOUTH, who plays Faust to Emperor William's Mephistopheles in this epistolary tragedy, was very famous in the days when the world knew him as plain Mr. Edward Marjoribanks—pronounced Marsh-

banks. He married a daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough and his sister married the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Tweedmouth inherited his title—not an ancient one by any means—some fourteen years ago, acquiring with it an immense estate of some six thousand acres in Berwickshire, where he dwells in truly baronial splendor at Hutton Castle. His town house in Portman Square has witnessed little in the way of entertaining since the death of his wife some few years ago. Lord Tweedmouth is rapidly approaching the age of sixty. His close cropped beard has whitened, like the patch of hair above his ear on either side of the uncompromisingly bald head. His very great ability is somewhat obscured by his complete want of any showy quality, but his personal character is of the highest. It is said of Lord Tweedmouth that he is quite incapable of even the appearance of deceit. He is the hardest worker in the whole cabinet.

IT WOULD be technically inaccurate to affirm that the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, which Lord Tweedmouth has filled ever since the advent of the present Liberal ministry to power, corresponds to the office of Secretary of the Navy in our own cabinet.



GERMANY AND ENGLAND AFLOAT

"I can not see," said Admiral von Tirpitz in the Reichstag, "what ground there can be for the idea that differences could arise between Berlin and London."

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*.

Practically, however, the positions are administratively identical. Lord Tweedmouth, moreover, may be said to represent to the British navy the authority of the British ministry. He has no such power over matters of detail and no such right of interference in matters of administration as Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy enjoys. The great embarrassment of Lord Tweedmouth's career as first lord has been brought about by the two-power standard, as Britons popularly call it. Great Britain has always proclaimed to the world that her navy must equal the combined fleets of any other two powers. This is the so-called two-power standard to which Great Britain thinks she must conform—however unwillingly—if she would insure her own safety. Her navy, we are thus asked to believe, is a defensive one. The strategic delicacy of her insular position forces this two-power standard upon her.

ALTHO Lord Tweedmouth has assented in theory to the two-power standard, he has never shown appreciation, say his critics, of the fact that, if the standard be not maintained in fact as well as on paper, England becomes a mere island off the coast of Europe inhabited by some forty-five millions of helpless and starving people. Great Britain may be right or she may be wrong in this view of the size of the navy essential to her safety. Whether she be right or whether she be wrong, the important point to seize is that she has expressed this naval policy of hers in a formula comprehensible to the taxpayer who must pay the bills. Every Englishman can calculate for himself the strength required by the two-power standard. The standard itself is simply stated. It is admirably adapted to the popular intelligence. The result is the growth of a public opinion which sustains the admiralty in maintaining Great Britain's naval strength. One less felicitous result is the ease with which British public opinion may be infected with panic by paper calculations now filling opposition organs, to the effect that the British navy is hopelessly below the two-power standard.

NEVER, perhaps, has Great Britain been subjected to the shock of a naval panic with more skill than was displayed all last month in persuading the country that the fleet is imperiled by the policy for which Lord Tweedmouth is made official sponsor. Since Great Britain has a two-power standard, it follows, as the London *Telegraph* has been point-

ing out, that her standard of naval strength is virtually fixed by her rivals. This automatically fixes the naval appropriations from year to year. The British Empire is financially subject to the naval ambitions of neighbors who may be enemies. If she ceases to play the part she has adopted for years past, she may, says *The Telegraph*, be the victim of her enemies in a most serious sense. "The empire may be riven asunder, the British islands overrun by foreign troops, the food snatched from her people's mouths." The sums England spends on her navy are thus premiums paid by way of insurance against the perils which would immediately threaten her if she lost command of the sea. Now everyone knows that the enemies against whom the country strives to protect itself may be resolved into one—Emperor William.

VAINLY have Berlin dailies, with the *Kreuz Zeitung* at their head, striven to overwhelm this British hypothesis of Emperor William as a potential annihilator of the mistress of the seas in the floods of their ridicule. London dailies return again and again to the charge. Of the many young and growing fleets which, in their haste to take the sea, are such unheeded warnings of what the twentieth century has in store for all countries, as *The Army and Navy Journal* puts it, that of Germany is developing with the greatest speed and upon the most ambitious scale. The launching of the new German battleship—first of the big units to embody the all-big-gun Dreadnaught principle—in the presence of the Emperor himself last month, is the merest incident in the series of significant events. Armor plants and shipbuilding yards grow like weeds on a shore really destitute of naval traditions, the British say. Battleships, armored cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, even submarines, are restlessly and incessantly begun, launched or completed until the bosom of the deep is heavy with German fighting tonnage. In a land which has not in a thousand years produced one Decatur—to say nothing of a Perry or a Farragut—we behold the rise of a naval power of the first rank, justifying the boast, from the mouth of Emperor William himself, that "no great decision can be taken now at sea or in distant lands beyond the sea without Germany and without the German Emperor." The marvel of all this is not the loftiness of the aim but the measure of success that has already been attained.

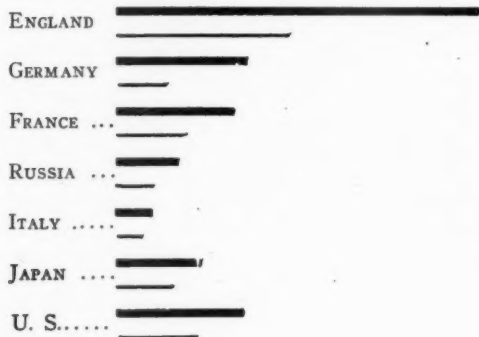
NO LESS than forty-seven battleships and nearly as many cruisers—all modern vessels, of which thirty-two in the battleship class will displace over 18,000 tons—will fly the German imperial flag by 1920, according to Colonel Gaedke in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. So bold and so successful a flight in the face of a nation's history, traditions and experience is receiving the benefit of Great Britain's closest scrutiny. It explains the sensation of Emperor William's letter to Lord Tweedmouth. For to the British mind, the most striking feature of William II's ambitious naval policy is its peculiarly dynastic character. Failure to realize at the outset that the new German navy is a dynastic navy, according to the *London Post*, means groping without a key in any study of its future. We Americans, for whom this swelling fleet constitutes a portent, in the opinion of the British daily just named, have lagged behind Europe in drawing distinctions between the German navy and the motive of its creation. But Lord Tweedmouth has lagged behind even the Americans, if his critics be not too severe. In the matter of battleships he has thrown all sound notions of the two-power standard to the winds.

HOW radical is the action which Great Britain ought to take when the ambitious naval bill just presented to the Reichstag becomes law is a theme upon which the *London Navy League Journal* expresses itself in a Jingo vein. That this bill will be passed by the Reichstag in its present form is taken for granted by our Jingo contemporary. There is a strong party in Germany, it declares, which would like to see the navy expanded even more rapidly and a fleet provided with extreme speed "capable of challenging Britain's position." This, retorts the *Kreuz Zeitung*, is "sheer obsession." "The navy is a most popular force in Germany," answers the British service sheet, "and the German people are prepared to make any sacrifice to increase it." If the British fleet be correctly expanded, peace, it says, "will be preserved." If the British fleet be not expanded there will be "a double temptation" to war and "a double risk" of war—"first on Germany's part, where there has always existed a strong Jingo party, which has so far been restrained by the knowledge that the German fleet has been distinctly inferior in force to the British; secondly, on England's part, where, as the forces of the two navies move, the German force up

and the British force down, there may be risk of ending an intolerably dangerous situation by an appeal to arms before the British navy has become too weak to fight." This is only another way of arguing, according to the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten*, that no power except Great Britain has even the right to aspire to a position of equal strength on the seas with any other two powers combined.

GERMANY has every prospect of soon taking the second place as a naval power immediately behind Great Britain, according to the estimates analyzed by the famous expert, Colonel Gaedke, in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. The significant naval event or rather development of the past year has been the assumption by the United States of the position of the world's second naval power. That is the rank assigned to our country in the current issue of Brassey's Naval Annual. Colonel Gaedke, whose predictions are confirmed by the rather Jingo Leipzig *Grenzboten*, is convinced that in the forthcoming competition for second place the United States will be seriously hampered. It is a great mistake, he argues, to imagine that Great Britain and the United States will maintain the advantage they now possess over Germany. He states, as so many German writers have been pointing out lately, that both the United States and Great Britain, especially the latter, are fettered by circumstances which do not enter into German calculations. These include the difficulty of obtaining crews for the new vessels and the far greater costliness of the army and navy. In the case of the United States "an efficient national intention" is lacking.

A GRAPHIC diagram illustrating the naval strength of the great powers last month has just been presented in the London *Navy League Journal*.



The thick line indicates approximately the total tonnage of the battleships (less than twenty years old) in the several fleets and the thin line the aggregate tonnage of the modern armored cruisers.

AS IS invariably the case with a naval debate in the German Reichstag, the second reading of the bill to accelerate the building of Emperor William's fleet developed a few weeks ago into consideration, as the London *Telegraph* complains, of the probable future relations between Great Britain and the fatherland. Herr Bebel, the venerable leader of the Socialists, was alone among the orators in suggesting that the expansion of the Emperor William's fleet afforded any ground for the uneasiness now inspiring London organs. His remarks, as the official report of the debate shows, were received with incredulous exclamations from all except his own following of Socialists. In phraseology of even more intense emphasis than is his wont, the head of the naval department, Admiral von Tirpitz, utterly repudiated the idea that there is any intention or even possibility of Germany's emulating Great Britain's supremacy on the seas. "It is quite incomprehensible to me," said the Admiral, "how this navy bill of ours can occasion uneasiness in England." Emperor William was at the same time conveying similar assurances to Lord Tweedmouth.

GERMANY, declared Admiral von Tirpitz in one of the most exciting sessions the Reichstag has recently lived through, is building her fleet against no other power whatever. "We have no occasion to build our fleet against any definite state." Germany occupies precisely the position of the orator in the French chamber of deputies who said with regard to the navy bill of the French government, which at one stroke called for six large battleships: "the relations of nations to one another are too changeable for it to be possible to build a fleet against any specific enemy. The friends of to-day may be our enemies to-morrow." All nations, said Admiral von Tirpitz, provide themselves with sea power commensurate with their circumstances. Germany is doing nothing more. "As far as England is concerned, I must say that I have seen a good deal of the world and I know of no conflict of interests between England and us on the entire globe that would in the slightest degree justify a recourse to arms." British fears of Germany's naval rivalry he called "fantastic imaginings."



ROVOKED to the quickest resentment by Lord Cromer's recent indictment of his rule in the Congo, King Leopold of Belgium is understood to have made official responsibility so irksome to the Prime Minister at Brussels that rumors of this statesman's retirement survive all denials. Even greater than the shock of Lord Cromer's denunciation was the direct intimation from Washington to his Majesty that the United States will not sanction terms of annexation of the Congo by Belgium which, while nominally placing the control of the African empire in the hands of official Brussels, will still leave real power in the hands of the King. Washington would appear to have delivered a kind of ultimatum relative to any possibility of future exploitation of the Congo Free State for the personal profit of the sovereign thereof. Since Prime Minister Schollaert was put at the head of the ministry last January for the express purpose of thwarting any Anglo-American accord on the Congo question, Leopold deems that statesman a failure and is rumored to have employed language to that effect. In the amenities of diplomatic phraseology our own government has but echoed the British representations of last February, that the Congo Free State must cease to be regarded as a crown domain and must be brought absolutely under the government of the Belgian parliament, which is alone to have the disposition of its revenues. King Leopold's theory that wealthy American investors in his rubber enterprises would prove sufficiently influential to hold Washington aloof from London in the Congo has thus been exploded. The *Paris Temps* believes President Roosevelt would be "quite capable of sending a warship to the mouth of the great river" should Leopold fail to yield "with the essential grace."

NO CONGO sensation of recent years has had effects so prodigious as that caused by the appearance of Lord Cromer—who ranks as the greatest proconsul of the age, the highest living authority on the question involved in the continuance of the rubber monopoly—in the capacity of champion of the Congolese. Lord Cromer has spent the best years of a long life in an administration of Egypt which has lifted that land from bankruptcy to an era of material prosperity unexampled in its long history. His reticence of speech, his conservatism of statement and the facilities he has al-

ways had of obtaining information at first hand impart peculiar weight to what he has just said. When it became known that he meant to take part in the Congo debate to which the House of Lords had set apart one whole day, King Leopold is said to have exclaimed: "England means to act alone!" His Majesty had not calculated upon the United States, which he now suspects of being under Lord Cromer's influence because of that great administrator's attitude to the Spanish fleet in the Suez Canal at the time of the war over Cuba. Lord Cromer, then omnipotent at Cairo, upheld the American contention that the squadron under Admiral Camara should get no more coal than would suffice for a journey back to Spain.

THE very first words of Lord Cromer's address in the Lords showed, the *London Times* thinks, that King Leopold's days as independent sovereign of the Congo are numbered. "I have seen something and I have heard more of maladministration in backward states in the hands of despotic, irresponsible rulers," began his Lordship, "but I assert without hesitation that never in my experience have I seen or have I heard of misrule comparable to the abuses that have grown up in the Congo state. There has been a cynical disregard of the native races and a merciless exploitation of the country in the interest of foreigners for which I believe a parallel can not be found in the history of recent times." Lord Cromer did not base his severe condemnation merely upon the cruelty and oppression of King Leopold's system—"altho on this charge," he said, "an unanswerable indictment might be made." The great Egyptian regenerator founded his whole indictment upon the disregard of three fundamental principles of administration.

IN ALL regions on the footing of the Congo territory three essential principles must be accepted as preliminary to the establishment of anything like good administration and all these principles, Lord Cromer charged, have been flagrantly violated by King Leopold. The first principle to which his Lordship referred is that the duties of administration and the commercial development of the country shall not be vested in the same individuals. "The opposite principle of associating the two functions we tried ourselves years ago with the old East India Company and altho we had at the head of it many men who were not only

merchants but statesmen, the system of government, if not a failure, was at the best a very modified success." But in the Congo the officials employed have been commercial agents rather than administrators and it cannot be doubted, Lord Cromer averred, that the value of their services has been estimated in terms of the amount of money which, "by any means, justifiable or the reverse," they have poured into the personal treasury of their sovereign. "The first principle has thus been flagrantly violated." The second principle is that by the establishment of a civil list the amount placed at the personal disposal of the ruler of the region shall be a fixed amount and that the revenue of the country shall be applied by properly qualified and responsible authorities to objects in which the subjects of the state as distinct from the ruler have an interest. "A despotic ruler," said Lord Cromer, "always demurs to this." Thus is the second great principle violated by King Leopold.

THE third great principle of administration to which Lord Cromer referred is that the crown domains shall be settled and administered in the general interest of the community. In the Congo State, however, he affirmed, almost the whole country has been handed over to speculators "and the head of the state is the chief speculator among them." "These speculators have ruthlessly exploited the resources of the land in their own interest." A very similar state of things existed in Egypt, added Lord Cromer, some twenty years ago. Ismail Pasha, then Khedive, had managed to accumulate in his hands a million acres of the best land in Egypt by arbitrary and illicit means under a thin, transparent veil of legality. When the powers of Europe came to deal with the subject of finance they considered it an abuse of power to acquire this as private property for the ruler. The whole was converted into property to be administered by competent hands for the good of the country, and it was sold to native proprietors. Lord Cromer is quite sure no satisfactory solution is possible in the Congo unless a similar course be followed and one class of interests sacrificed. There are to be considered the interests of the Congolese, the interests of the Belgian tax-payers and the interests of the holders of concessions in King Leopold's innumerable corporations formed for the purpose of the development of rubber.

FROM the point of view of the Belgian monarch's sovereignty, it follows, according to Lord Cromer, that the natives of the Congo have no proprietary rights in the soil of their country or its products and that the whole of these rights are vested in the ruler of the Congo state. In the next place the ruler hands over the whole of these rights to certain "specified landlords," he himself being the first specified landlord. With the help of armed forces which could not be at the disposal of a private individual there is introduced "a barbarous system of collecting the revenue" which "necessarily leads to the enslavement of the greater part of the population." The next link in the chain of this reasoning is that anyone, not being a "specified landlord," who buys from the natives of the country the only product they have to sell—rubber—is to be treated as a thief and as a receiver of stolen goods. Yet this is the system described not long ago by a representative of King Leopold as one which gave everybody unlimited right to buy and sell. The legality of King Leopold's monopoly is based upon the contention that the Congo State can "alone" dispose of all the products of the soil, prosecute as a thief anyone who takes from the land "the least of its fruits" or as a receiver of stolen goods anyone who receives such fruits. The British maintain in reply that until unoccupied land is reduced to individual occupation and so long as the product can be collected only by the native, the native should be free to dispose of the product as he pleases.

THAT international pact to which King Leopold owes his position as sovereign of the Congo provides for freedom of trade there. It condemns the creation of monopolies. Lord Cromer believes that this question of freedom of trade is the real problem now facing the world. King Leopold claims that the freedom of trade exists. Critics of his rule describe his system as a mockery of legality. It is well to remember that under international agreements now in force Great Britain has the right not only to appoint consuls but to establish consular courts. Lord Cromer urged that this right be exercised. "I cannot help thinking," he observed, "that if consuls were appointed and at the same time if means of locomotion were provided to enable them to move freely up and down the river, and if consular courts were established, and if at the same time we insisted upon the

unquestioned right of all nationalities to trade throughout the Congo, some effective pressure would be exerted upon the Congo administration and a considerable step in advance made." Lord Cromer still clings to the hope that what is called the Belgian solution may be possible. That is, there must be full and complete control by the parliament of Belgium over the Congo. The personal rule of Leopold himself must be ended forever and absolutely. Unfortunately, a considerable portion of the Belgian public, as Lord Cromer is inclined to think, has been misled regarding the facts. Belgians are reluctant to assuming the responsibility of ruling the Congo directly because, if the region be properly administered, the revenue, which depends so much upon the rubber, is certain to fall off. The Belgian press is too much under King Leopold's control, Lord Cromer adds, to stand for the right.

IF THE unanimity of leading organs of Belgian opinion be any indication, King Leopold will receive the support of his subjects generally in the attitude of hostility he has assumed to all the suggestions made by Lord Cromer. The only effect of the speech of his Lordship is to intensify the suspicions expressed by the *Etoile Belge*, the *Journal de Bruxelles* and the *Indépendance Belge* of the motive actuating those Englishmen who are now insisting upon precisely the policy which Lord Cromer's speech seems to have made inevitable. The criticism of the British proceeds side by side with reflections upon the attitude of Washington. Our own country is affirmed in the three influential Belgian organs named above to have been completely misled by British sources of information. The American Consul-General in the rubber region whose reports tend to confirm the allegations of forced labor indefinitely prolonged for next to no reward is said to have investigated the facts hastily or else to have derived his impressions from the British consul at Boma. At the time such reflections were appearing in the press of Brussels the United States Minister to Belgium was acting in harmony with his British colleague in the diplomatic corps, a circumstance leading the Belgian organs to denounce Anglo-American "prejudice." The charge that the agitation is fomented by Protestant missionaries as a means of checking the spread of the Roman Catholic religion among the black Africans has been offset by the participation of prom-

inent Roman Catholic Belgians in the Congo reform movement. Moreover, the representations of the British parliament gain weight from the adhesion of the Irish members, who are mainly Roman Catholics. Of the actual conditions upon which King Leopold is negotiating with his ministry for a "Belgian solution" as opposed to a "British solution" it is still too soon to speak. It would seem that rather than go before the chamber of deputies in Brussels Prime Minister Schollaert offered to resign. That would have meant a dissolution or at least a cabinet crisis and his Belgian Majesty is thus left pausing like Buridan's ass between the two bundles of hay.

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N the verbiage addressed by the Mikado's minister in Peking to that most suave of mandarins, Yuan-Shi-Kai, on the subject of a steamer loaded with rifles and ammunition, some European observers find confirmation of the idea that Japan means yet to pick a quarrel with China by way of making good the indemnity Russia refused to pay after the late war. Tokyo, at any rate, took up last month's incident of the seizure of the *Tatsu Maru* with all the truculence of Cortez when he "negotiated" with the Aztecs. The Japanese steamer, it now appears, put out of Kobe with a hold given over to muniments of war. The ship's papers were all right. The activity of insurgents in the interior of China, however, renders the Taotai of Canton suspicious of all craft laden with weapons or gunpowder that approach the Asiatic mainland. Chinese officials came aboard and acted summarily, altho whether the vessel was within or without their jurisdiction or to whom the cargo was actually consigned remains matter of dispute. In an astonishingly short time the fate of the *Tatsu Maru* involved a question of peace or war between two ancient Asiatic empires. Viscount Hayashi sent an ultimatum from the Foreign Office in the capital of Mutsuhito. Yuan-Shi-Kai, engrossed by schemes to remain in command of the garrison about Peking until the demise of the aged Empress Dowager, pleaded for leisure to investigate the circumstances. The Mikado's minister in the Chinese capital went personally before the Wai-wu-pu, which is Peking's organ of communication with diplomatists, and broached the possibility of a resort to the most extreme measures.



JAPAN'S GREATEST NAVAL EXPERT

Admiral Gonnohyoe Yamamoto is the adviser on strategy and tactics to the Navy Board at Tokyo, and like all the men connected with the general headquarters staff of the Mikado's sea forces, he has gained his experience in Europe and partly in this country. He is a Jingo in the sense that he thinks the Japanese fleet should be as large as any two combined squadrons which it would be possible for other powers to assemble in Japanese waters.

IT may be the merest coincidence that between Tokyo and Peking, when the *Tatsu Maru* was seized, a long and sullen quarrel over the proper interpretation of the treaty of Portsmouth had come to a head. The compact framed under President Roosevelt's auspices has much to do with railways. Japan commands or rather thinks she has the right to command the traffic not only from all the Manchurian ports but also to the trans-Siberian line to the north and southwest to Peking. She secured besides, or she claims to have secured, a promise from China not to compete with her Manchurian railway. The mandarins would seem to have been granting concessions inconsistent with the pledge Japan thinks she received. Now, the railway is the capital means for that Japanization of all Manchuria to which Tokyo is looking forward. A line parallel with that of the Japanese and in some places a very few miles from it would undo

the work of Tokyo thereabouts. Viscount Hayashi's strong objection to the proposed rival line is based upon a pledge to which his government, he said a few weeks since, will hold Peking "to the extent of an ultimatum."

WORDS of acrimonious tenor have likewise passed between Yuan-Shi-Kai and the Japanese minister in Peking relative to that region just north of Korea to which China lays claim and which Japan actually controls. The Chinese, that is, have the boundary pillars in this disputed region, but the Japanese have the soldiers. The members of the Wai-wu-pu have been in session over this puzzle at such interminable length that Baron Hayashi, the Mikado's minister to Peking (who must not be confused with Viscount Hayashi, the Mikado's minister of foreign affairs), went the length of calling the mandarins "half civilized." The expression has stuck altho the diplomatist himself repudiates it. The story is characteristic of much gossip from Peking reflecting, recently, the psychology of the existing strain. All this, however, might have been lived through without friction but for the efforts of young hot heads from Japan to establish a sort of domination in China. Among the many thousands of Chinese students who are going every year to the University of Tokyo, an active revolutionary propaganda is suspected of developing all the time.

THE dispute which has raged for the best part of a year between the grand mandarins at Peking and the local dignitaries in the Chinese provinces of Kiang-Su and Chekiang is suspected of deriving much vigor from the machinations of the Japanese. Yet here a reservation must be made, for many close students of China think the Japanese influence an exaggerated factor. The fact remains that the writers for the native press now so active in fomenting that rebellion which is growing too aggressive for Peking's military resources have for the most part received a Japanese education. The strongest party in the grand council of the Chinese empire is said in recent despatches to London to be fiercely anti-Japanese. Yuan-Shi-Kai and his adherents at the capital involve themselves in fierce disputes with provincial officials who meet requisitions for taxes with protestations that their coffers are empty. Concessions to foreigners for the construction of new railway lines in the interior are made so many foun-

dations upon which to build states of civil war. There is no longer even a pretense at effective central government. —

ALTHO the agitation in the interior provinces was at first organized upon the issue of sovereign rights and was ostensibly directed against the contracting of foreign loans repaid through additional taxes, the question seems now to have resolved itself into a concrete issue between the authority of the Empress Dowager's government and that of the local viceroys. The Peking mandarins claim the right to grant railway concessions. Such concessions are void, according to the provincial rulers, unless they be locally made. Peking has been inundated with memorials and petitions. Officials sent out by the central power have been put to death. A high dignitary who has in his time been Chinese minister to England was sent to his home province to reconcile his fellow provincials to the prevailing railway policy of the capital. His compliance with these instructions resulted in open threats of assassination and the desecration of his ancestral tombs. The somewhat truculent Japanese minister to China is accused of having fomented every disorder of this nature. His attitude in the case of the seized steamer is said to have been inspired by Tokyo's fury at the frustration of a scheme to keep the insurgents well supplied with the material means of revolution. No one acquainted with genuine Japanese sentiment or observant of the engagements assumed by her in her alliance with England could seriously suspect the good faith of Tokyo in the crisis of last month according to more or less official British organs like the *London Times*. Nevertheless, the *Paris Temps*, in somewhat closer touch with continental European ideas of the situation, is insisting that Japan's attitude has been unduly provocative, pointing clearly, in fact, to something very like a systematic effort to bring about a general Chinese crash. The explanation, our French contemporary insists, is not that Japan wants war but that she needs money.

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* *

BOMBS thrown from the roof of a house in Teheran fell all about the Shah's automobile as his Majesty was speeding from the palace to his favorite shooting lodge the other day. The Persian potentate escaped. Several of his suite lost life or limb. Just six months had elapsed since the assassination of the

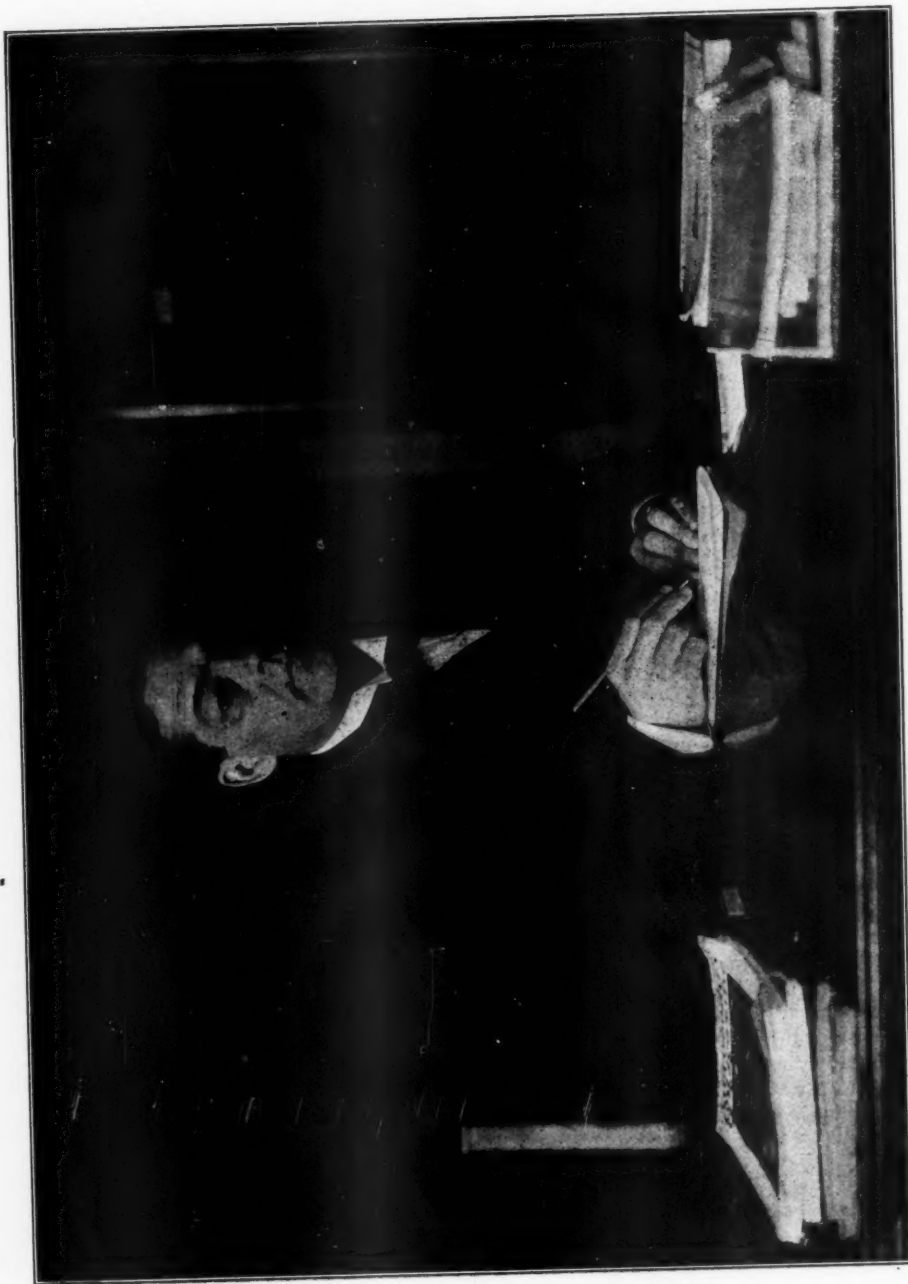
Shah's Prime Minister, the reactionary and suspected Atabeg Azam, who had been summoned from exile to put in force the newest of the various constitutions with which Teheran has been edified within recent months. Liberty of the person, of the press, of speech and of conscience are flourishing on paper in Persia with all the documentary vigor they enjoy in the capital of the Czar. It is to the largest and most powerful of the many secret societies which are springing into being like fungi throughout the north of Persia that the attempt to make away with Mohammed Ali Shah is attributed by the well informed. The assassin of the late Atabeg Azam had been formally recognized as a national hero by his fellows in conspiracy. "Every young man amongst you," said the leader of the opposition or rather of the movement which would be the opposition in a less Mohammedan land, to his brethren, "must remove in the same way all obstacles in the path of our national liberty and progress." The words were spoken several weeks ago and were supplemented with the assurance that it would be quite unnecessary for the assassin on any future occasion to commit suicide afterwards, as the killer of the late Atabeg Azam was impulsive enough to do. The Shah has sworn no less than four times to uphold the constitution but the bombs indicate to the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) that his Majesty's good faith is suspected.



THE SPECTRE OF ASSASSINATION

He sounds on his trumpet the blast of constitutionalism.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.



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THE CHEROKEE SENATOR FROM OKLAHOMA

His white name is Robert Latham Owen and his Indian name is Oconostota. He has a reputation for eloquence and has already begun to participate in the discussions on the Aldrich currency bill in the United States Senate. Some of his personal financial transactions in the purchase of lands in Oklahoma are under investigation by the Secretary of the Interior and the Senator is likely to have a fight on hand in the courts to hold his possessions. But he is a good fighter.

Persons in the Foreground

THE PICTURESQUE SENATORS FROM OKLAHOMA.

THAT was an interesting little incident that occurred the other day in the United States Senate. The Indian Appropriation bill was up for consideration. Two of the Senators had special reasons for being interested in such a bill. Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, rose to his feet and began to assail the policy of the committee. Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, rose to his feet to take issue with the Senator from Oklahoma. They had it back and forth with considerable earnestness, and then Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, rose to his feet. "Mr. President," he shouted, "I move that the Senate recognize the belligerent rights of these two Indians."

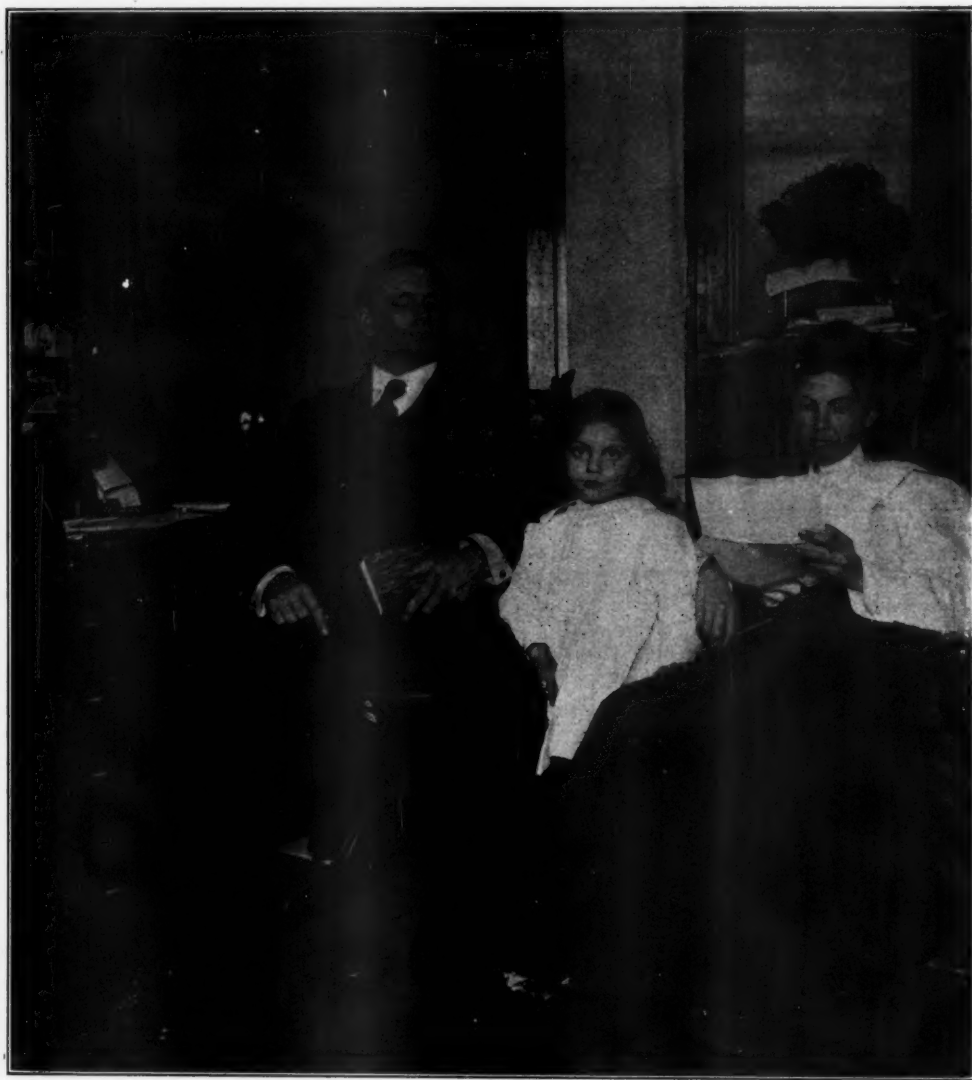
The three men thus on their feet at the same time in the staid old Senate formed a picturesque group. Gore is totally blind, the first blind man who ever sat as a member of that body. Curtis and Owen are sure-enough Indians. That is to say they have Indian blood in their veins and maintain personal relations with the Indian tribes.

Curtis hails from Kansas, of course, but the members of his tribe—only about 100 of them are left—live in Oklahoma and he goes there every year to share in their tribal festivities. He and his children were allotted 3000 acres of land in that state by virtue of their Indian ancestry. For the purposes of this sketch, therefore, he may be included among the Senators from Oklahoma. The amount of Indian blood in his veins is variously given all the way from one-half to one-sixteenth. Some say his mother was a full-blooded Kaw, others say his grandmother was a quarter-blood Kaw. He is not a new figure in public life, tho he is new to the Senate. He has served eight consecutive terms in the House of Representatives, and he was supported for the Senate by all the Republican factions in Kansas. As a boy, he was, in turn, a newsboy, a bootblack, a horse-jockey, a peanut-vender, a cab-driver, and an office-boy in a lawyer's office. He studied law and then he went to Congress, and his tall, straight figure, his coal-black hair, his copper-colored complexion, have become familiar to the residents of Washington. He was the first real Indian—tho they used to say Logan had

some Indian blood—to take his seat in the Senate, and he was pointed out, until Owen's more recent advent, as the only simon-pure American in that body.

Owen is a different kind of an Indian. Where Curtis has Kaw blood, Owen has Cherokee blood, and there used to be a fierce blood-feud between the two tribes, a fact which was recalled when they got into that wrangle in the Senate the other day. Then Curtis is a Republican and Owen is a Democrat—a Populistic Democrat at that. Curtis has spent his whole life in Kansas and was raised on the memories of Ossawatimie Brown and the border raids. Owen hails from the South, being born and reared in Virginia. The two men are not likely, therefore, to pull together very often in the Senate. Where Curtis is logical, Owen is oratorical, and the debates of the future ought to be enlivened more than once with their forensic warfare. Their mere presence adds a beautifully picturesque splash of color to the Senatorial canvas. There is a foundation for a good drama in it as well.

Senator Owen—Robert Latham Owen is his full white name and Oconostota is his Indian name—is said to look like a leading man in a society drama and "accentuates his pulchritude by careful and youthful dressing." He is not so youthful, however, as his dress, for he passed the fiftieth mile-stone two years ago. The story of his boyhood days is not as romantic as that of Curtis's. Owen's father was a railway president, and the son, instead of selling peanuts, blacking boots and driving a cab, went to private schools in Lynchburg, Va., then to Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, and then became in succession a teacher, an editor, a lawyer, a banker, a business man, a political leader and a spell-binder. He was a member of the National Democratic Committee for four years, and was on the sub-committee that drew up the platform for the Democratic national convention in 1898, when Bryan's cross-of-gold speech swept the party into Populist ways. The Senator's voice is described as his most potent asset. "Liquid and soft in quality when he is talking dispassionately, it is as harsh and rasping as a file when he is aroused. He has a manner of re-

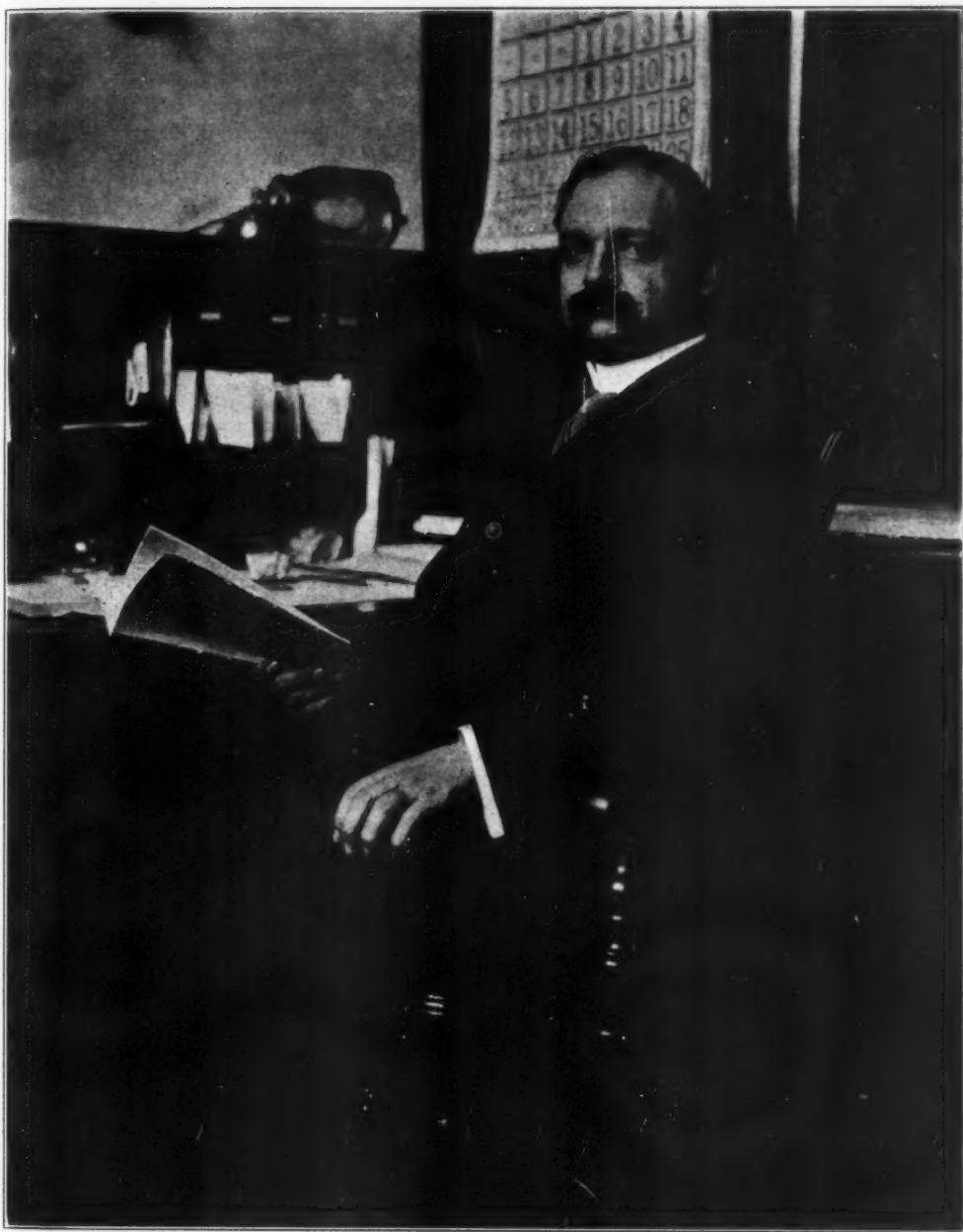


THE BLIND SENATOR FROM OKLAHOMA AND HIS FAMILY

Thomas P. Gore has been totally blind ever since he was sixteen and is the only blind man who ever sat in the United States Senate as a member of that body. Yet one of his passions is for books, and he wants to have one in his hands whenever he thinks and whenever his wife, whom he calls "My Eyes," reads to him, as she is doing in this picture. He can interest an audience in a political speech for hours at a time.

ply that is brusque to the point of rudeness and so blunt at times as to be almost insulting. His admirers hope that this mannerism will wear off in time. It is not becoming in a body so dignified as the Senate. It is the relic of the days when the Senator conducted his cases in the frontier courts or engaged in rough and ready debate with candidates on the hustings. It is a violation of the ethics."

The other Oklahoma Senator, Thomas P. Gore, is not an Indian, but he is as tall and straight as one, so straight that he leans over backward. He was elected to the Senate on his thirty-seventh birthday. He can talk, it is said, four hours at a stretch, having once made a stump speech one night in Muskogee for that length of time in order to hold an audience for Mr. Bryan, who was delayed on the train. He



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THE KAW SENATOR FROM KANSAS

Charles Curtis was the first man of Indian ancestry to take his seat in the United States Senate. He has enough Kaw blood in his veins to entitle him and his children to allotments of thousands of acres in Oklahoma and he goes every year to the festivities of his tribe. There was a blood feud for years between his tribe and Senator Owen's and the two men have already clashed in debate on the Indian appropriation bills. But no war whoops have yet disturbed the tranquillity of the upper house.

held them all right. Senator Gore was born in Mississippi, moved to Texas, and took up his residence a number of years ago in Oklahoma. He lost one eye by an accident at the age of eight and the sight of the other was ruined by another accident at the age of eleven. He could see outlines of objects for several years afterwards, but he has been totally blind ever since he was sixteen. But he got "book-larnin'" despite his loss of sight. He went through the public schools, then through a normal school, then through the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee, being valedictorian of his class and one of the six graduated with the highest honors. Of course he had to have somebody with him to read the lessons to him. That is the way he has done all his reading. He once tried to learn reading with his fingers but quickly gave it up. His one dissipation today, according to his wife, is books. He doesn't smoke or drink, but a book-store draws him as irresistibly as a saloon draws some other men, and he buys and buys. He loves to have a book in his hands. When he is being read to he wants to have his hands on a book, and when he is thinking out a speech he goes into a room by himself and takes a book to hold. He is particular as to bindings, for he knows books by the feel of them and if he doesn't like the feel he can't learn to love the book.

He is described as a man whom it is distinctly pleasant to meet. Says a Washington journalist in *The Independent*: "He likes to be met. His strong hand gives you the real Southern grip. The face lights up with a pleasant smile and an exceptionally musical voice convinces you at the start that you are *persona grata* until you prove yourself unworthy. The smooth-shaven face is decidedly classic. The head is large, covered with light

brown hair, well shaped for the vigorous machinery it contains and the material it turns out."

His appearance, moreover, has little of the pathetic about it. He doesn't go cautiously feeling his way about, but walks with confidence and courage usually. He travels alone as a rule, and campaigned in half a dozen states on one tour, going entirely alone. He goes to New York on business trips, unaccompanied. In fact, he doesn't seem to think of his blindness unless it is forced on his attention by some one else. His wife has the asthma in Oklahoma and her husband, urging her to go away for the winter, remarked: "Your asthma is the only misfortune we have." "Why," said his wife, "most people would think your blindness was our great misfortune." "Oh!" he replied, "I never think of that." He loves trees and flowers, especially roses and honeysuckle. Their home in Lawton has more trees and shrubs about it, it is said, than any other place in the town, and most of them were set out by the Senator himself. But he doesn't like cats or dogs, or animals of any sort. Trees and flowers will "stay put." Cats and dogs will not. That is probably why he dislikes them. They add an element of uncertainty to his life.

He was a Populist in Texas, bolting the Democratic party in one of the Cleveland campaigns. He assailed Senator Money on the stump. Money had made a long speech in defense of his record at Washington, and when he had finished Gore arose and quoted from the *Congressional Record* to refute the Senator's assertions. Money grew angry. "I'd whip you," he shouted, "if you were not blind." "Blindfold yourself and come on," was Gore's challenge. It was not accepted, so neither Money's gore nor Gore's gore was shed.

THE LONGEST SENATORIAL TERM IN AMERICAN HISTORY.



IN LENGTH of service in the Senate, William Boyd Allison, the Senator from Iowa, has broken all records. Last month, on his seventy-ninth birthday, he could look back over thirty-five years of continuous service in the upper house of congress. Prior to that time he served eight years in the lower house. There was an interregnum of two years between the two periods. His first entry into Congressional life dates back, therefore, to the direful days of 1863,

when Abraham Lincoln was in his first term and many were wondering whether there would be any nation left for him or any other President to rule over for a succeeding term.

And yet, with this unparalleled length of service, and with a prominence in political affairs that has made him a lively presidential possibility in half a dozen national conventions, the personality of Senator Allison is less intimately known than that of any other important man in the Senate, with the possible exception of Aldrich. He is never interviewed.

He is seldom written up. You can find ten times as much material in the magazines and newspapers about any of the new men in politics—Taft, Hughes, Bryan, Tillman, for instance—as you will find in the way of intimate personal sketches about Allison for all the forty-five years of his career. "Even less is known of his real personality," said one of the Washington correspondents recently, "than of Levi Aukeny, the irreducible minimum of the Senators." Allison has never understood it as a part of his duty to furnish material for good "copy." Senator Gear, of Iowa, once said to him: "Allison, if you had ever kicked anyone down stairs or had a great quarrel with any man or made a lot of enemies, you would have been President."

The three most important committees in the Senate are the committees on rules, appropriations and finance. Allison is on them all. He is chairman of the second and has been a member of the third for thirty years. What is, perhaps, even more important, he is a member of the unofficial steering committee of the Republican majority. He and Aldrich and Hale are the wheel within the wheel, the gyroscope, so to speak, that keeps the Senate on an even keel. Senator Hoar admired him greatly and knew him well; but he was never able to discover in Allison any interest or accomplishment or special knowledge that did not pertain directly to his senatorial duties. The Massachusetts Senator, in his published reminiscences, thus refers to his Iowa colleague:

"I do not know that he has any interest in history or literature or science or music. What he does in his time of recreation—if he ever has any time for recreation—I cannot tell. He never seems to take any active interest in any of the questions which determine the action of the party or the destiny of the State, except those that relate to its finance. I use the word finance in the largest sense, including means for raising revenue and maintaining a sound currency, as well as public expenditures. He is like a naval engineer regulating the head of steam, but seldom showing himself on deck. I think he has had a good deal of influence in some perilous times in deciding whether the ship should keep safely on or should run upon a rock and go to the bottom. . . . He has controlled more than any other man, indeed more than any other ten men, the fast and constantly increasing public expenditure, amounting now to a thousand millions annually. He has been compelled in

the discharge of his duty to understand the complications and mechanism of public administration and public expenditure. This is a knowledge in which nobody else in the Senate except Senator Hale of Maine and Senator Cockrell of Missouri can compare with him. He has by his wise and moderate counsel drawn the fire from many a wild and dangerous scheme which menaced the public peace and safety."

It is Senator Hoar also who tells this story of Blaine. At the time of Thad. Stevens's death, Blaine was talking about the event with a friend, in the rotunda of the Capitol. "Whom have you left for leaders?" the friend asked. Blaine replied: "There are three young men coming forward. There"—pointing out Allison—"is a young man to be heard from. James A. Garfield is another." Then there was a pause. "Well, who is the third?" was asked. Blaine gazed into the dome of the Capitol and said: "I don't see the third."

Allison is called—behind his back—"the Old Fox," to indicate his subtlety and craftiness. And he is called "Uncle Billy"—also behind his back—to indicate a friendliness which everyone feels for him. "Nobody really knows Mr. Allison," says one writer, "yet everybody is his friend." The same writer, Edward Lowry, in *The Evening Post* (New York) describes the Senator as follows:

"A little man, below the medium height, with bowed shoulders, a bushy shock of dry white hair, and a neatly upholstered beard, the veteran Iowan may be seen any day in his seat, giving close heed to the business proceedings. A man who seldom talks and never by any possibility commits himself to a definite statement, he yet contrives to be one of the most important of the inner circle of Senate managers. He is a prince of counselors and advisors, cautious, prudent, conservative, temperate, unhasty in speech or action, never making a false move or any move that is not necessary. A Ulysses for craft, he moves soft-footed as a cat to his designed and appointed destination. . . .

"He never tells inquirers any facts about the legislation in which he is interested, yet he is constantly besought for information. Whenever he calls at the White House, which is not infrequently, those stationed there for the purpose ask him about his business with the President. His reply is invariably the same, 'I called to pay my respects.' Apparently it is a debt that will never be finally discharged.

"Mr. Allison ever dresses in solemn blacks, clinging consistently to the long 'frock coat of statesmanship.' In summer he makes slight concession to the rising temperature by wearing a straw hat. Nobody ever saw him hot, or cold either for that matter. Whatever may be the temperatures, physical or mental, of those about him, the senior Senator from Iowa is always normal."

Another Washington correspondent, Thompson, of the *New York Times*, describes Allison as "the sage old pilot of the Senate." He says further:

"They say that no man who has ever been in the Senate knew so much about it as he does. He is the political forecaster, the compromiser, the weather prophet, the man who brings irreconcilable things together. It is said that the oldest inhabitant cannot recall having heard Allison give utterance to an opinion on any subject whatever. Doubtless he does give utterance to them, but never except in the inner councils of the Caesars. . . . He looks the solon, with his massive leonine head and its immense forehead and mass of gray hair. When he rises in his place in the

Senate, he disdains to talk as if he were making a speech; he leaves all that to the youngsters, whose sum of knowledge does not equal all that he has forgotten. He never rises except to shed light on some knotty point, and when he does it is always as briefly as possible, and in a conversational voice that is almost an undertone. Then he drops back into his seat and, with sublime indifference, lets the talk go on."

One of the things said about Allison that has become a sort of classic little description in newspaper circles is: "he could walk from Washington to Dubuque on a piano keyboard and never strike a note." And one of the stories that has been handed down in Washington for many years is to this effect. Allison and a friend were sitting at a window when a flock of sheep were driven down the road. Said the friend: Senator, they have cut the wool pretty close on those sheep, haven't they?" Allison is notorious for caution in committing himself to a positive and definite opinion on anything. He replied after some hesitation: "It appears so—from this side."

THE HEIR APPARENT TO THE BRITISH THRONE.



WITH the arrival in Canada of that gracious prince who, if he lives, is to ascend the throne of England as George V, the coming celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Quebec will assume imperial proportions. The government of the Dominion and the various provinces have appropriated all told something like a million dollars in one form or another for the tercentenary festivals at Quebec and for the purchase of the battlefield there, including the famous Plains of Abraham. Thus has the scheme to celebrate the three hundredth birthday of Canada evolved from a suggestion to raze the gaol which actually stands on the spot where Wolfe gave up his life. The only existing memorial to Wolfe is a small column erected by the rank and file of the British regiments quartered in Canada some sixty years ago.

From the very first, the Prince of Wales has been enthusiastic over the proposal for this consecration of the Quebec battlefields. He has contributed to the fund for the removal of the gaol and other buildings which now deface the battlefields and for the erec-

tion of a museum in which can be exhibited the relics and records of the past. He has interested himself in the construction of a driveway from the famous citadel along the edge of the cliff overhanging the St. Lawrence to the place where Wolfe's forlorn hope climbed the heights—the task which Vaudreuil, the Governor of Quebec, pronounced impossible until the English had been provided with wings. The driveway will run along the road over which Wolfe marched his men before they deployed to take up their line of two deep on the Plains of Abraham, the first occasion on which this formation had ever been adopted. A national pleasure ground, to be called King Edward's Park, including the more conspicuous portions of the fields of battle, will be formally dedicated by the Prince.

To the performance of his share in the elaborate program of events, the Prince of Wales will bring not only the tact and affability for which all the members of his family are noted, but a positive genius for informality that entails no loss of dignity and a keen sense of humor and the human. He has all the characteristics of a sailor born, heartiness of manner, bluntness of speech and facility in min-



A MODEL HUSBAND AND FATHER WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who will be in Canada this summer, is the most domestic of dynasts. The Princess of Wales holds in her arms the little Prince John Charles of Wales. The girl is Princess Victoria Alexandra, the only daughter of the Prince of Wales. She is given the name of Mary in the intercourse of the family. The eldest son, Prince Albert Edward, who is at the opposite side of the chair from his only sister, is called "Bertie," just as his brother, Prince Albert Frederick, who stands beside him at the extreme right of the picture, is known familiarly as "Davie." Prince Henry William, the third son, is seated in the chair upon which stands the fourth son, Prince George Edward, in a sailor's suit.

gling on equal terms with all sorts and conditions of men. His one social drawback is undeniable shyness. The Prince is said to suffer from what is called stage fright to an extent that makes him quite nervous just before getting up to make a speech. For a British royalty he is somewhat indiscriminate in shaking hands.

It is as a pattern of every domestic virtue and as a model husband and father that his royal Highness may lay claim in this forty-third year of his age to the admiration of mankind. He is, in these respects, a veritable reincarnation of the highly respectable if dull George III. The Prince of Wales is the well nigh inseparable companion of his fond wife and of his no less fond five sons and one daughter. Home life, varied by the sport he loves in the shooting season and by an occasional tour to the outlying dominions of his father's immense empire, is the only life he leads. In a domestic aspect, he is somewhat like his cousin, the Czar, between whom and himself there exists a physical resemblance often commented upon. But the Prince of Wales has never manifested that indecision of character for which the Russian autocrat has been so severely condemned. The Czar is naturally melancholy and of the brooding temperament. The Prince is gay by disposition, with no trace of the introspective cast of mind. The Czar is reserved. The Prince is said, as noted already, to be shy. But the absence of a smile so characteristic of the Czar's countenance contrasts with the loud and healthy laugh with which the Prince unbends. The Czar is something of a student, disposed to sit up late over his books and papers. The Prince has never displayed profound interest in literature. Nor is the Prince in any sense brilliant or witty or profound. He is a splendid shot and fond of the outdoor life without being what is called a Nature student. He understands a ship from stem to stern. Seamanship is his one preoccupation outside the scope of an English country gentleman's life. No one can without flattery praise the originality of his ideas or the fineness of his insight or the impressiveness of his manner. He does not even look particularly princely.

Blue eyes, clear complexions and hair of a golden tinge characterize physically every one of the six children of the Prince of Wales. He is now as he has always been their companion in pastime and even in study. There is only one girl among five boys, as has been noted—a decided contrast, this circumstance, with the

case of the Czar, who has one son among four daughters. His royal Highness passes many an hour playing soldier with the little ones. All the children of the Prince seem to have an intense love of everything military—swords and flags, drilling, marching and saluting—and that, we are assured by the London *Throne*, from which these particulars are in the main extracted, because they like the things and not because their toys must be military as in the case of the children of German royalty. The young princes are adepts at infantry drill, knowing all the commands and movements by heart. They take turns at being officer of the day with their father, who puts on a paper cocked hat and parades to and fro at the head of the column or in the rear with the rest, often beating a drum or blowing a horn. The three-year-old Prince John Charles is just able to toddle in line with the rest. The boys were once disposed to exclude their sister from these diversions. Prince Edward, the future King of England, even said to Princess Mary of Wales, as she raised her hand to salute: "Stop. Only men do that." Her father, however, would tolerate no such attitude towards the weaker sex. She parades and trumps and marches with the rest.

As the children mature they receive from their father the instruction or much of the instruction which would ordinarily be left to others. The Prince regularly puts his children through their French, their German and their Latin. He has taught the oldest boys to skate and to ride and to swim, to say nothing of the use of the bicycle. He plays tennis and cricket and golf with them by the hour. Little Princess Mary was taught to ride her pony by her father. This future princess royal of England is called Mary, although she received in baptism the name of Victoria Alexandra. Prince Edward Albert, now a fourteen-year-old stripling, is called Bertie because his grandmother, the Queen, associated the name "Eddie" with her ill-fated first born son. The second son is called "Davie" in the family circle, although his name is Albert Frederick. All the six children wander in their father's company about the fields at Sandringham in clothes that are often quite soiled. An amateur photographer took the picture of Bertie and Davie one day while the pair were in swimming and was immensely surprised when he learned from a village inn keeper who the children were.

Bertie, Davie and Mary receive from their father two shillings a week pocket money. Of

this sum they are required to give an exact account before any further instalment is forthcoming. The Princess Mary has chosen to open a personal account in the postal savings bank at a London sub-station, being often seen in the line of waiting depositors, where she must take her turn with the general public, as required by statute. The account is entered in the name of "Mary of Wales." Bertie has gone into the retail candy business on more than one occasion. He did a roaring trade at Sandringham until his father put an end to his enterprise by insisting that all profits be devoted to the local sewing society. He is an adventurous spirit, causing his mother, the Princess of Wales, much alarm by a habit he has formed of wandering about London streets without a companion. It is a strict rule of the family that the princes must be accompanied in all walks by at least one tutor, but Bertie evades the regulations. He has had some severe fist fights with Davie, in which his father refused on one occasion at least to interfere. "Let them have it out," said the Prince. They did.

The stamp collection of which the Prince of Wales is so proud is now jointly supervised by Davie, Bertie and Mary. It contains many rare specimens, for his royal Highness became a philatelist early in life and has been constant to the craze. Another craze with the Prince and his children is diablo. He deems it an ideal game for young people, since it is of absorbing interest, keeps the players in the open air, exercises many muscles simultaneously and does not tempt to over-exertion. Nor must it be forgotten that the two oldest boys are kept busy with their work as naval cadets. Having been reared as a naval officer, himself under the severest discipline, the prince is the most competent instructor in naval architecture, naval tactics and engineering. In neither play nor work is there anything of the nature of cold etiquette. At Sandringham as at Frogmore there is a total absence of that military element which is so conspicuous a feature in the nursery of the Czar's household. Nothing could suit the heir to the British throne better than the unaffected simplicity of the mode of life led by his large family.

In the course of their unrestricted wanderings hither and thither the family of the Prince have met with what might be called adventures. Not many weeks have passed, for instance, since the Prince of Wales and two of his children might have been seen superintending in a London thoroughfare operations hav-

ing for their object the freeing of a fallen horse which had got one of its legs hopelessly entangled in an overturned carriage. Fortunately, the occupants had managed to escape without sustaining any hurt, but the horse, which had fallen heavily, got a hind leg fast in one of the wheels and appeared to be suffering some pain. It was at this juncture that the Prince of Wales, out for a stroll with his wife and two eldest sons, happened along. In another minute his royal Highness was at work with crowbar and axe, borrowed from a loitering laborer. The wheel of the carriage was soon taken off by the younger princes. Next the Prince chopped a paling from a near-by fence and with the assistance of Bertie and Davie, raised the body of the vehicle from the limb of the prostrate animal. Not until the Prince was walking away with his sons did the spectators, composed principally of cyclists and school children, learn the identity of the bearded gentleman in a gray sack suit, who had manifested such a practical interest in the dilemma of the prostrate horse. Then they set up a rousing cheer.

The geniality of the Prince was most severely tested, no doubt, when a housemaid threw the contents of her dust pan upon him as he chanced to be passing beneath a window in the neighborhood of the British Museum. The Prince was aided in the process of brushing his clothes by a policeman who had no idea whom he was helping until a private of the Coldstream Guards came up on a bicycle. Recognizing the Prince, the soldier dismounted and saluted and rendered what help he could, greatly to the amusement of the housemaid in the window above, who professed the utmost solicitude, suggesting, indeed, the calling of an ambulance. Meanwhile, the soldier had told the policeman who the unfortunate gentleman was, whereupon all three burst into laughter and went their respective ways.

In one important respect the Prince of Wales has differentiated himself from his father. He dislikes being aped in costume or to seem to set the fashion in coats, hats or sticks. The mere suspicion of being an imitator of his royal Highness in dress, speech or manner is fatal to the influence of any aspirant for social distinction. Nor is there today any such thing as a Prince of Wales's set. The Prince of Wales mingles quite freely in the society known on the continent of Europe as "bourgeois." He does not affect the company of literary men or of artists, but he goes a good deal to informal dinners.

THE TRIUMPHANT TALKER OF THE ANTIPODES.



AUSTRALIA has no doubt whatever that her Prime Minister, the tall slender, scholarly and somewhat retiring Alfred Deakin, will induce the Washington government to authorize a visit of the battleships under Admiral Evans to the waters of the island continent. The spectacle of so huge a squadron in an Australian port will promote that scheme for an antipodean navy which has long been cherished in the imperialist bosom of Alfred Deakin. More important, however, than any other bit of information concerning him is the news that he means to visit the United States with a totally new project for the final elimination of the Japanese problem from the politics of the Pacific. Mr. Deakin is among the first—he might be called the first—to urge anti-Japanese legislation of the kind desired by San Francisco's labor unions. Thanks to Alfred Deakin, the yellow man gains no admission to the Australian continent today unless the circumstances be very special indeed. Mr. Deakin's life has been defined as a succession of triumphs. His champions deem his settlement of the Japanese problem, once so pressing throughout Australia, the masterpiece of his constructive statesmanship. This is high praise, seeing that to him more than any other living man is due the existing federation of the Australian states into one commonwealth. His coming to our shores would mean the advent of the finest orator now living among men who use the English language. That is the deliberate verdict of Winston Churchill, himself a judge of talkers.

This Mr. Deakin, the greatest colonial statesman in the history of the British empire with the solitary exception of the late Sir John MacDonal, is in many respects, notes the *London Mail*, the very opposite of the typical bluff, hearty, rough diamond of pioneer communities. He is above all a bookman and a scholar, an indefatigable reader of fiction. George Meredith is to him as great a figure in contemporary England as is the Prime Minister. Mr. Deakin has been good enough to say that the best writers of short stories today are all Americans. We excel the French in the art, he affirms. When he first entered political life, he was hampered by an open and avowed devotion to spiritualism. He went in for mediums, rappings, table turning. He was supposed to have seen the ghost of Alfred the

Great once upon a time. He is quite out of the way of that sort of thing nowadays.

Of his special claim to distinction, that of being the most finished orator now in political life among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, much has been written. There is no doubt, writes that brilliant Australian journalist, Alfred Buchanan, who knows the Australian Prime Minister well, that nature, when she conceived the idea of giving Alfred Deakin to the world, intended him to be much disliked.* She specially designed him for that purpose, Mr. Buchanan thinks. To begin with, he says, she gave Alfred Deakin all those agreeable and outwardly attractive qualities which make a man suspected by his fellows. As in the case of Byron, all the fairies were bidden to his cradle. They came in smiling fashion, but they had a malignant purpose:

"So it was that the future Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth was loaded with gifts and graces intended to drag him down. He grew up tall and straight and comely to look upon. A quick-minded receptive, intelligent man of ideas, he was voted a most agreeable person to talk to. No one could quote the romantic poets more aptly or talk the language of culture with better accent and discretion. When he went upon a platform words flowed from him in a silver stream. When he stood for Parliament, audiences felt that they were being honored above their deserts. He was a member of the Victorian legislative assembly at twenty-three, Minister of the Crown at twenty-seven, senior representative of the imperial conference in London before he was thirty-one, member of the National Australian Convention four years later and Prime Minister of the Commonwealth when he was forty-seven. His flatterers have combined with nature to do their worst. There is nothing upon which he has not been complimented from his management of the affairs of a nation to his smile or from his oratory to the way in which he holds the hand of a lady at a dance. When he made his first official visit to London the late Queen Victoria inquired, in a sentence that became famous, whether there were many men like Alfred Deakin in the Australian continent.

"He has been belauded impartially and comprehensively as an Adonis and a Marcus Aurelius, as a Caius Gracchus and a Demosthenes, as a Beau Brummell and a William Pitt. It is no wonder that newspaper men, knowing him only by repute, and seeing him for the first time rise in his place in Parliament, have shuddered inwardly to think what manner of insufferable and awful person such a petted individual must be."

Yet Alfred Deakin, to do him justice, has struggled manfully against these "disadvan-

* THE REAL AUSTRALIA. By Alfred Buchanan. George W. Jacobs & Co.



AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST ORATOR, GREATEST STATESMAN AND GREATEST SOCIETY MAN

Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister of the great commonwealth of the Pacific, is eager to secure the presence of Admiral Evans' squadron of battleships in one of the ports of the island continent. Mr. Deakin led the movement to give Australia a federal constitution based upon that of our country.

tages." Nature intended him to be disliked, perhaps, but our authority concedes that it is well-nigh impossible to dislike him. He has fought a great and on the whole a successful battle against the load of adulation that has been pressed upon him. This circumstance must always stand to his credit while it explains a great deal that would otherwise, it seems, be incomprehensible. With every inducement to develop into a snob he has made conscientious efforts not to become one. Any unknown and undistinguished person, aware of the blighting effect of success on the average temperament, would hesitate to approach Alfred Deakin. He would say that such a man could not retain his sense of proportion, could not judge except by appearances. As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister is at his best when talking to obscure people. If you happen to be a newspaper reporter traveling in the same train with Mr. Deakin—and Mr. Buchanan has been in that position—you need not bother either to entertain him or to keep out of his way. It is more than likely, unless circumstances keep him otherwise occupied, that he will make it his business to entertain you. There are certain qualities he recognizes. He has always time for a man who is intelligent and earnest and anxious to get on. He does not worship success. Because he has had too much of it, he knows how to value it.


Mr. Deakin is said to have wearied of all the talk about himself as a silver-tongued orator, somewhat fearful that his prestige has been won by gift of gab. If someone could convince him that he is no orator at all and has only an amateur's familiarity with the fine points of the King's English, he would be intensely grateful. It is that sort of oratory which went out among ourselves when Webster died. There is inexpressible dignity in the phraseology of it, boundless wealth in the metaphor of it, entrancing felicity in the apt allusiveness of it, yet infinitely more than all these combined in the contagious and graceful emotionalism of it. An Australian atheist confessed that he actually believed in the flames of Hell while Alfred Deakin was describing the heat and brimstone of the place in connection with some tariff devils. The Prime Minister can put the howling of hungry wolves into his stateliest periods. He makes all hearers realize the loneliness of night in the dark woods by a mere gesture. More remarkable than anything about his oratory is the pause of it. Alfred Deakin achieves with his pause what Frederick the Great accom-

plished by the use of cavalry. The Australian orator crowds into a single pause the roar of the cannonade, the call of trumpets, the beat of the drum, the wails of men wounded in battle and the sympathetic voices of comforters. It is a mystery of eloquence akin to those sudden flows of tears preceding any emotional idea sufficient to account for them, analogous, to borrow an illustration from a totally different sphere, to that one silent look with which in his palmy days John L. Sullivan knocked many an antagonist out of the prize ring before he had actually laid a finger upon him. It is because he pauses when he does and as he does that Alfred Deakin is the triumphant talker of the antipodes.

It is necessary to get away from the glamor of Alfred Deakin's oratory, says Mr. Buchanan (whose words we plagiarize) and the shining white light of his character in order to arrive at some reasonable estimate of his value as a politician. On the latter subject a great deal has been written—and a great deal could be written—not all of it in language of extravagant eulogy. It is said that the tempers of the man of words and of the man of action are necessarily distinct. That may be so and then again it may be otherwise. What is certain would seem to be that there is no instance on record of a politician combining such a gift of speech as Deakin's with an equal faculty for wise, clear, vigorous and resolutely determined action. As a state minister this darling of the gods was chiefly remarkable for what he wished to do but failed to do in connection with Australian immigration. He had a great poetic conception of what might be achieved in the arid regions of northern Victoria by letting in healing streams of water and causing wildernesses to rejoice. He constructed channels, built reservoirs and expended public money. The channels ran dry. The reservoirs became barren. The local bodies repudiated the debt. It was a splendid failure on Mr. Deakin's part. There was, none the less, no getting over the failure of it. As an advocate of federation Alfred Deakin was a complete success. Eloquence was required. Alfred Deakin supplied it. He supplied more. He had got that American classic, "The Federalist," by heart. He had pored over the Madison papers. He sat up night after night over many a history of the convention that framed the present constitution of the United States at Philadelphia in 1787. He unified the old Australia into the commonwealth of to-day.

Literature and Art

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT LITERARY STATUS IN AMERICA

NE of the encouraging signs in the present literary development of this country may be found in the fact that our novelists for the most part are restless, aspiring, and in an attitude of hopeful discontent. We took occasion to record in these pages two months ago the spirited protests of Gertrude Atherton and David Graham Phillips against the "tameness" of much of the contemporary literary output. Their remarks have been widely reprinted and discussed, and seem to reflect a very general attitude.

In a "Survey of Contemporary American Literature" lately published in *The Arena*, Mr. Francis Lamont Pierce expresses views similar to those held by the two novelists mentioned. "When we escape from our self-satisfied provincialism," he declares, "and disregard the predilections born of patriotic enthusiasm, we find that in the eyes of European criticism American literature consists chiefly of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, Hawthorne and Emerson. We find that in the opinion of candid, unprejudiced, cultured observers, contemporary America has practically no real literature at all." Mr. Pierce recalls the flood of "historical romance" that deluged the country a few years ago, and asks: Who now remembers its multitudinous products? Or in that field of economic portrayal and analysis in which, it might be supposed, the American novelist would be supreme, what has been accomplished? We have Frank Norris's "Octopus," but it cannot be ranked among the masterpieces. Upton Sinclair and Jack London have made a beginning in the right direction. "London's 'Sea Wolf' and Sinclair's 'Jungle,'" says Mr. Pierce, "with all their faults upon them, are literature. And this because there is no triviality in them, because they are novels of convincing power." Mr. Pierce continues:

"The truth is: most of our American writers have not lived enough. They have not experienced enough. Their spiritual life is not rich and deep enough. To look at the 'studies' and

'dens' of literary men as pictured in *The Bookman* and in *Putnam's* is to understand in large measure the flabbiness of American literature. These men, with their ease and luxury, do not know life,—life in its nakedness and harshness and bitterness, life the grim and unfeeling reality of which caused Matthew Arnold to cry out that

the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"American literature today reminds one of a saying of Oscar Lovell Triggs, sometime professor of English literature in Chicago University. It was in relation to the university of the present, and, if memory serves, went something like this: 'The world sweeps by, with its passion and its pain, and the university heeds it not; it is busy poring over the musty pages of forgotten books.' We may alter this and say: 'The world sweeps by with its passion and its pain, and American literature heeds it not; it is busy telling to childish intelligences the puerile, worn-out story of calf-love.'"

Substantially the same attitude is taken by William Marion Reedy, editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*. Our contemporary American novelists, he asserts, lack power and an individual point of view. And it will not do to blame Mr. Howells for this. "Mr. Howells is an artist supreme in his milieu. He has observation, imagination, sympathy and exquisite literary skill." Moreover:

"His work has a poise and a tone that make it permanent. He writes of life as his temperament apprehends it. The other writers of America, whether Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Atherton, Robert Chambers, Charles Major, Booth Tarkington or others, write too often what they imperfectly apprehend or imagine they apprehend. They bring to their work, so far as we have heard, not such long and arduous apprenticeship as Howells underwent. They bring to it nothing of the seriousness which English workers put in their novels. They do not take pains. They strike for the obvious, the immediate effect. They take views neither long nor broad. They don't try really to know life, to catch its vaster meaning, before writing about it. The things they do, therefore, may be brilliant, but never big nor broad nor deep."

Purely negative criticism, however, is not of much service. The constructive thinker is more interested in asking, What can be done to improve the present literary status? and in testing the value of the different answers to that question.

It may be replied that, lacking the requisite imagination and inspiration, nothing can be done. In vain does Mr. Pierce appeal to American authors to saturate themselves in elemental experience—the life of the slums, the marts, the factories—if the impulse to do so is lacking. In a pregnant paragraph in *The Sewanee Review*, Prof. George Rice Carpenter has recently pointed out how evanescent is literary inspiration. He says:

"Any grown person can express himself clearly or can learn to do so; but only certain very rare individuals have the innate ability of employing that peculiar dynamic form of expression which we call literature, and these few individuals have the power only on rare occasions. The process involves, as a rule, an emotional state almost precisely parallel to that so well described by Professor James in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience.' It is analogous to the psychological phenomenon of conversion. Succeeding a long period of unrest and perturbation, of ill-coördinated impulses toward expression, comes at last a moment of illumination, as it were, in which the imagination bursts into flower. A new, an individual form reveals itself; the architecture of the whole work becomes clear; and the author composes to the bidding of an inner voice. Then

follow months or years of patient labor in adjustment and readjustment, and at last a new work of literature is added to the world's store, a new instrument for the interpretation of life, a new message from man to mankind."

But, granting this, there is yet a certain amount of routine work to be done in the development of even the highest powers. Professor Carpenter agrees with Walter H. Page, the editor of *The World's Work*, in feeling that the universities ought to take a larger share in literary education. "Some means must be found," he says, "in every university in the land for a more vitalizing study of literature, and a wiser and surer method of training the teachers to whom we commit this important function."

Possibly our literary condition in America is not so dire as some of the writers quoted would have us believe. In Professor Carpenter's opinion, "there are fewer real authors than profess themselves as such—more real authors than we imagine who are ignorant of their power." And Dolores Bacon, a writer in *The Book News Monthly*, says: "As matters stand, the Road to Yesterday will lead us to certain supreme performances, but never to such *universal* excellence in art and literature as now exists. The contempt for literary performances of the present may be classed with several other painful illusions of progress."

THE TRAGIC IRONY OF HEINE

HEINE'S last and dearest woman friend, Camille Selden, has borne witness to the fact that as she ministered to him in his sick-room, during his years of torture and confinement in Paris, his smile reminded her of the sardonic grin of Mephistopheles on the face of Christ. If she ever described her impression to Heine himself, he must have recognized its appropriateness. From early youth through all the tumultuous experiences, the soaring idealisms, the inevitable disenchantments of life, this man whom a recent writer in *The Edinburgh Review* calls "the greatest of artist-jesters" alternated between Christ-like tenderness and an almost delivish cynicism. The ironic note that appears in his work was the irony of tragedy. It represented the reverse side of his idealism—an idealism defeated and thrust back upon itself. "His songs," we read, "are

one long cry of distress, broken with anger, vibrating with mockery; they are threaded with a hopelessness that takes refuge in levity and a passion which, as if ashamed of its barren impotence, puts on the ribald cap and bells of the professed wit and licensed humorist."

Heine and life, says the *Edinburgh Review* writer, were ever at variance. Sickness, with all the thought-tendencies of a sick man, tainted his soul, and a constitutional melancholy dominated his poetry. Moreover:

"This constitutional melancholy was, one may conjecture, the true source of all those love despairs and love sorrows he chronicles. He was born without capacity for happiness.

'Verwundet dich nicht fremde Hand
So mußt du selber dich verletzen.'

['If a stranger's hand wounds not,

So must thine own hand wound thee.']

He entered the arena with dejection, grief, hopelessness, at his heart, and life provided—it is her wont—a sad soul with occasions for sadness. She fitted her shafts to his self-wrought wounds;

he held the burning glass in his hand to catch and concentrate the rays that scorch and shrivel and consume joy."

As a young man Heine fell under the spell of the great Romantic movement that swept over Europe and that led to the organization of all kinds of bizarre and mystic cults. For a while he was among its most enthusiastic exponents. But he lived to be called "an unfrocked Romantic" and to scoff at the "infinite yearning for the Blue Flower."

In his love-affairs he was no more fortunate. The first was with Sefchen, the executioner's daughter in Düsseldorf, a weird fantastic beauty of fifteen, with large dark eyes and blood-red hair; the second with Amalie, his uncle's pretty daughter in Hamburg. Both turned out unhappily. "Le mal amour" was henceforth to abide with him as a life-long and incurable malady.

Heine's one genuine love was for the sea, and even that was a love haunted by a sense of disenchantment. "I love the sea, even as my own soul," he cried; and yet, he added:

"As in the sea there are hidden water plants that only swim up to the surface at the moment of their bloom and sink down again at the moment of their decay, even so do wondrous flower-pictures swim up out of the depths of my soul, spread their light and fragrance, and again vanish."

During the summer of 1825, he lived for awhile on the little island of Nordeney, off the coast of Holland. Of that period of rest and dreams, and of its literary fruitage, we now read:

"Wandering on the shores of the North Sea, the poet views the long straight horizon line of water and sky, the ceaseless motion of wave and ripple, the drift of foam and spray. With eyes fixed on the measureless expanse, he focuses his imagination on the powers of elemental forces, and the conception of illimitable space. Hour by hour that solitary sea-watcher, 'le grand inquiet,' translates into his art the vision of the wide waters in their perpetual unity and their eternal instability. By sunlight and moonlight and starlight, in darkness and twilight, in storm and calm, he sits on the strand, paces the wet sands, lies in the prow of a boat, stands on the deck of a vessel. The sea is always before, around, beneath, the grey desolate sea of northern coasts, sullen and angry with the green lights and black gulfs or great surges, its shifting semblances and monotonous unrest. His sense-impressions of sight and sound are cut with the precision of diamond points on flint, in the carefully rhythmized lyrics. Each has its mental, imaginative or emotional, correlative; each impression is more than an impression—it is an evocation; each scene calls forth a thought, a memory, touches some secret spring of feeling, of irony—without irony Heine cannot be a poet—of fancy, of passion, venomous or mournful. His heart



(From an Etching by William Unger.)

"THE GREATEST OF ARTIST-JESTERS"

Such is the characterization applied by a recent critic to Heinrich Heine. The German poet died more than fifty years ago, but his influence in world-literature is stronger than ever.

makes response to the sea as the sea makes answer to the exigence of his heart. . . .

"Heine had sought health and healing in the sea-world, and it may have brought him, to some extent, as M. Legras affirms, an interval of comparative sanity of nerve, of heart and body. But happy with the light-hearted gaiety of a heart making holiday, it was not in Heine's power to be. If the old obsession of pain seems here and there to be held in suspense it is only intermittently dormant, and again and again it wails in its sleep. And here as ever the great artist's perception is acutely awake to the esthetic value of the note of personal suffering. There are few pages where some phrase, ironic or other, does not testify to the continuity of the sentiment of loss. Whether that sentiment were vital and active, or whether it were merely the sting of pain remembered, it was an abiding inmate of Heine's house of life, nor was its voice ever silenced."

In his earlier lyrics Heine may be said to have reached the zenith of an emotional expression of passions which, if not genuine, at least held him a dupe of their reality. His later Love-Lieder strike rather a "note of 'sentimental scepticism,' making its poor boast of unbelief, license, levity and egoism, arrogantly advertising the vulgar instabilities of passion." The tragic lover, ironist, sentimentalist, with a turn of the wheel of time, had

now announced himself the tragic libertine. To quote again:

"In his new part he is eager to discredit with jeers his old love—the love which, dead as he thinks it, is of those dead whose ghosts haunt every street-turning; he is eager to proclaim his new creed—the creed of the scoffer. 'Shadow kisses, shadow love, shadow life—and you, 'Fool—will you believe that all remains for ever true?' Not so; hearts forget, eyes sleep. . . . Why sigh at sunset? Be gay—it plays an old game, it goes down to come up again. Faith is not, trust is not. . . . Yet has any man ever enacted the part of the evil-doer with less pretence of enjoyment than does Heine? His vices are those of a soul lost in the night. The cup is empty, the strings are dumb, the lamps burnt out. As Wednesday, with its cross of ashes, succeeds Carnival. 'Woman, remember thou art dust.' Gross sometimes, witty, insolent, conscienceless and impenitent, defying the censorship of men whose sole homage to virtue is condemnation of vice, the uncomely confessions of 'Verschiedene' are threaded with lines of a profounder mournfulness than even the poems of his death agony. The irrevocable past, that which was and is not, returns no more; the black-sailed ship, the fatal sail of the Theseus as of the Tristan legend, carries him across dark seas; the waves rage, but, 'Was hilft uns das?' ('Of what avail is that?') Many fair loves have been his, many good comrades, 'Wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind, Es schäumen und wandern die Wellen.' ('Where are they gone? The wind whistles, the waves foam and wander.') And if here and there a woman's laugh rings through the dreary jesting of the verses, it is stifled in a sob, drowned by angry words, variants on the Salomo text 'das Weib ist bitter' ('woman is bitter'), hushed by muted memories which enter the barred door and locked gate, or is silenced for ever in death."

The irony of Heine was never so tragic or so bitter as in the days when he lay dying on his "mattress-grave" in Paris.

"As he jeered in the day so he scoffs in the dark. His prayers are jests. May God shorten his pains; he has no talent for martyrdom. To make a gay poet and then overcast his gaiety with misery, is surely a bad jest, and it is time it were ended, else he will turn Catholic and beset God with clamorous outcries, for 'O Miserere! Verloren geht Der beste der Humoristen.' ('O have pity! Doomed is the best of humorists.') So he jests—and yet is it jest? He had passed through many phases. He had proclaimed in his Saint-Simonian days the dying of the old gods, had pronounced that in Christianity 'il faut que Dieu achève de mourir.' ('It is necessary that God should finish dying.') But the dead rise, and in his very denials he re-created a faith, re-created a God, not of pantheism, or of Christianity, not of protestantism, or catholicism, but of despair. 'Ja, ich bin zurückgekehrt zu Gott' ('yes, I am returned to God')—so runs his confession of faith in the 'Nachwort zum Roman-cero.' And gaining a God, the immortality of the soul may be thrown in. And moreover Swedenborg has news to tell of a future existence

in accordance with human desires. In that other world . . . 'also the poor Greenlanders can feel at home who once, when the missionaries strove to convert them, asked if in heaven there were seals? Hearing there were not they were troubled—the Christian heaven did not suit Greenlanders, who cannot exist without seals! . . . But the Scandinavian seer has found a more homely afterworld—und in der anderen Welt werden wir auch unsere Seehunde wiederfinden' ('and in the other world we shall find our seals also')."

After the critics and the moralists have done their worst with Heine, he remains a strangely appealing, a unique, figure in world literature. To quote in conclusion:

"As a poet Heine bequeathed to the world—the world of Jew and Gentile—the treasure of his genius; the best he had to give he gave. From generation to generation his songs have touched countless hearts, have brought to the simple and to the wise, to the sad as to the happy, to youth with its onlooking eyes of eagerness and hope, to age with its backward gaze and spring-green memories, the greatest gifts art can bring: the sense of quickened emotion, the sense of a keener recognition of the pulses of tenderness and passion that beat under the gross material semblances of prosaic life-days. His words have relumed with imaginative fires many a smouldering wick and sent some warm breath of vital sweetness into hearts grown numb with years and sadnesses. He has raised—to their infinite gain—the sentiments and feelings we discard too lightly, from the level lands to set them in a sun-colored atmosphere where dust itself is transfigured and glorified. He has strewn the sandy and parched thoroughfares of desert places with the 'rot und blaue Blumen' ('red and blue flowers') which the reaper casts away as useless, but with which the little country girl—the winder of garlands—wreathes her head as she hurries to dance with her lover where the music sounds. And the beauty of art he attained, seeking perfection with infinite and patient toil of brain, is to myriads of men and women a living fount of delight, a well-spring of ever renewed emotional pleasure. All this and more also he has done; he had utterly ignoble, he had also noble passions; he had great unfaiths, he had also great beliefs. For those beliefs he strove vehemently, nor was it an idle boast when he wrote as refrain to the 'Hymnus,' in the 'Letzte Gedichte'—'Ich bin das Schwert, ich bin die Flamme' ('I am the sword, I am the flame'). He did amiss—all we as sheep (he rather in the guise of some less innocuous animal) have gone astray. Yet for some at least of his sins he atoned. His courage, the heroic triumph of spirit, intellect and sympathy over the martyrdom of nerve and sense, may go far to expiate the misliving of earlier days. It gives in truth to the famous exclamation of the dying mocker—the jester whose jests were uttered on the rack—'Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier' ('God will forgive me—it is his business')—a significance superficial criticism has missed. It was the challenge of the gladiator, 'un vaincu de la vie,' fallen in the arena, to the divine Cæsar who ordains the games."

GEORGE MEREDITH'S MESSAGE TO HIS AGE



IN the flood of critical appreciation and analysis evoked by Mr. Meredith's eightieth birthday, the ethical and philosophical mood predominates. He himself has said:

"I think that all right use of life and the one secret of life is to pave the ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and as to my works I know them faulty, think them of worth only where they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel exposing and illustrating the history of man may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts."

and it almost seems as if these words had furnished the keynote of the present discussion.

Mrs. M. Sturge Henderson, in a new and valuable interpretation* of Meredith's life-work, states specifically: "Intermittently, Meredith is a great artist; primarily and consistently, he is a moralist—a teacher." Elisabeth Luther Cary finds Meredith's highest value in the fact that, by sustained labor and divination, he has extracted thoughts on nature and life from the rebellious social substance. "In tracing the evolution of his work," she writes (in the *New York Times Saturday Review*), "we see that he has followed bravely the line of the greatest resistance; that he has penetrated the surface of commonplace and reached the depths in his study of human character; that he has harmonized our greatest faults with our most delicate virtues; that he has, by the strength of his imagination, reconciled sense and sentiment." G. W. Harris, writing in the *New York Independent*, eulogizes Meredith as "a pioneer of thought." Laurie Magnus, in *The Fortnightly Review*, declares: "It is the supreme merit of Mr. Meredith to have expressed the rational sanction of faith, the psychological basis of morality." And the *London Times Literary Supplement* devotes a long and brilliant article to "Mr. Meredith the poet; a great preacher of a strong, stern creed; a profound student of human life and the human drama."

It is difficult, if not impossible, to state the message of an essentially subtle mind in simple language, but two of the above-mentioned interpreters of Mr. Meredith make the venture. Miss Cary says: "If we could reduce his teach-

ing to a single phrase it no doubt would be no more than this: *Be natural.*" This statement needs the other, from the *London Times*, to complement it: "The text of all his sermons is, *Quit yourselves like men; be strong.*"

The two main vehicles of Meredith's message are, of course, his novels and his poems. In his novels, from first to last, he has created more than a thousand characters—"citizens to match the noblest in the world of man's creation," according to William Ernest Henley. Of his output as a novelist, Mr. G. W. Harris writes:

"It was no less because of the newness or his message than because of the novelty of the style in which it was imparted that book after book of his was met with an outcry of censure and disapproval. 'Ideas,' he says, 'new-born and naked original ideas, are acceptable at no time to the humanity they visit to help to uplift it from the state of the beast.' At first much bruised in spirit by this unrelenting abuse, he gradually ceased to mind it greatly and wrote to please himself. This has made some of his later work hard to read. For Mr. Meredith is a pioneer of thought. Possessed of a swift, darting intellect, a wonderful alertness of mind, a really marvelous insight; equipped with colossal learning and the daring of an explorer in 'the nebulous borderlands of knowledge,' and being as impatient of the obvious or the commonplace as he is intolerant of shams and sentimentality, he does not stop to consider how fast the minds of other men can fly. His pages fairly bristle with metaphor, and he carries compression and the omission of unessentials to the extreme. Yet the charge of obscurity, as in the case of Browning, eternally harped on by the critics, has been bruited too far."

The purpose of Meredith, Mr. Harris continues, is steadfast and single-minded. The truth is ever his quest, and the soul life is for him the only life. In "The Tragic Comedians" he makes Alvan say: "It is the soul that does things in life; the rest is vapor." The development of the human soul is his constant study and his only theme:

How from flesh unto spirit man grows,
Even here on the sod under sun.

Mr. Harris goes on to say:

"Everything that goes to make up that development interests him. No contributory fact, incident, happening, minute relationship, is too insignificant for his notice. Hence the appearance of diffuseness in his matter and hence the charge of whimsicality, which is a malapprehension of his great and multiform mental activity. His writings are 'glossaries on his reading of life.' . . .

"Even in as early a work as 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' which was published in 1859—

* GEORGE MEREDITH: NOVELIST, POET, REFORMER. By M. Sturge Henderson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

the very year that Darwin's 'Origin of Species' issued from the press—Mr. Meredith recognizes and insists that the making of a human soul is the climax of the processes of the world.

"Nature is not all dust, but a living portion of the spheres. In aspiration it is our error to despise her, forgetting that through Nature only can we ascend," was one of the aphorisms put into the mouth of the master of Raynham Abbey, head of the Feverel family, but readers of his later books soon find that this is of the essence of Mr. Meredith's own thinking. The intellectual atmosphere of that time seems to have been surcharged with intimations of the evolutionary process. The scientific work of Darwin and Wallace served to supply the concrete setting and the name. Mr. Meredith was one of the first thinkers to embrace wholeheartedly the new faith. But Darwinism was only the basis of the working hypothesis he formulated for himself, and in which he deals not alone with the development of man—through flesh to mind, through mind to soul—but also with the whole Cosmic procession.

"His philosophy and religion are writ large across the page of his novels."

But the poems, even more the novels, of George Meredith, reveal his inmost thought and message. His poetry is so difficult in form, so esoteric in meaning, that as yet it is read by only a few. But it is already the subject of a volume of critical analysis,* and no less a poet than Swinburne has said of one of Meredith's sonnets: "A more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out."

The London *Times* thinks that Meredith's "Love in the Valley" may be remembered at least as long as "The Egoist." It says:

"Mr. Meredith is a true and great poet. There is no living man who can be thought of as his rival in power of mind, in virile energy of conviction, in originality of insight into this wild-seeming, sound-hearted Earth on whose soil we live. But this very strength brings its limitations. He is too strong to help the weak. He has a Pagan disregard of those who fail, who are in moral or intellectual difficulties, who are unhappy. And so such people, always a large part of our poor humanity, will turn away from his exultant and irritating force to Arnold for sympathy, to Wordsworth for healing. The gift he brings is one of stimulus alone. Then, again, his atmosphere is always highly and subtly intellectualized; he knows little of the large primal simplicities of the human heart, by which Wordsworth makes so immediate and universal an appeal. In a kind of lyrical energy he more resembles Shelley, but the resolutely physical basis of his thought will always separate him from the most spiritual, almost unearthly, of poets. Yet, rare as the love of soul is, it is not so rare as the love of mind, and it is not only because he is a greater poet than Shelley will always have a larger audience than George Meredith."

In what direction, it will be asked, does Mer-

edith's poetic strength lie? and to this *The Times* replies: "Not in heart, but in head; not in sympathy, but in will; not in the power to console, but in the power to compel." More specifically:

"It is a gospel of vitality that he proclaims, and he cares for little else. He has little of the special interest in morals which is a nearly unbroken tradition of English poetry; and if he is, as he is always, on the side of the moral laws, it is not so much for their own sake as because the other path is the path of weakness and failure. 'Quit yourselves like men; be strong,' is the text of all his sermons. Some who can feel that to be the greatest of all texts will say that few, indeed, are the sermons in verse that can rival 'The Empty Purse,' 'A Faith on Trial,' or the magnificent 'France, 1870.' And that is true, true for those that have ears to hear. In the last, above all, he has caught the great accent of the Seers, and we seem to hear again the Hebrew prophet or the Æschylean chorus, as he cries with a solemn simplicity too seldom his—

Forgetfulness is green earth; the Gods alone
Remember everlastingly; they strike
Remorselessly and ever like for like.

By their great memories the Gods are known.

But this is the great morality of the primal universal type, too large and general, too distantly august, to supply the place of the other for which we must not look to Mr. Meredith—the small morality, of whose reproof and strength and comfort most of us feel such bitter need on the everyday path of life.

Not she gives the tear for the tear;
Harsh wisdom gives Earth, no more;
In one the spur and the curb;
An answer to thoughts or deeds;
To the Legends an alien look:
To the Questions a figure of clay.
Yet we have but to see and hear,
Crave we her medical herb.
For the road to her soul is the Real:
The root of the growth of man:
And the senses must traverse it fresh
With a love that no scourge shall abate,
To reach the lone heights where we scan
In the mind's rarer vision this flesh;
In the charge of the Mother our fate;
Her law as the one common weal.

It may all be true, perhaps, and certainly no ignoble truth; but it is not, in any case, one we can always be brave enough to listen to; none of us very often, indeed, and some never; and then we have dreamt of something more human behind the visible veil, of a Love which is yet to be the ultimate reading of the hard mysteries of life. But of mere Earth, or mere Brain—the only stuff Meredith would employ—no such figure can be woven. Thousands who have lived by Wordsworth's gift of faith, Arnold's of endurance, Tennyson's of wisdom, Browning's of joy, will turn away from this proffer of strength as one not receivable by human sorrow till other gifts have gone before it. The religions that have conquered the world are not those which have proclaimed strength, but those that have consoled weakness."

* THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By G. M. Trevelyan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

But if Meredith's key to the riddle of life is not one for all times and all peoples, it is at least his own, forged out of the experience of his own soul. His message has left deep impress on the thought of our age, and fifty years from now it may be more highly valued and

more clearly understood than it is today. For, as he learned from the February thrush:

Full lasting is the song, tho he,
The singer, passes: lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.

GROWING PAINS OF AMERICAN ART

“**D**OES American art represent the ideals of the American people? Is it national; is it modern; is it living? Has it any connection with what we are all doing and thinking and hoping? Does it have any lesson, inspiration or influence?”

Such are a few of the insistent questions that rose in the mind of the art-critic of the *New York Independent*, after witnessing the last winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design. He was disposed to answer them in the negative. His visit to the exhibition had awakened hopes that were not fulfilled. He looked in vain for pictures that “bore internal evidence of having been painted in America in the twentieth century.” He felt that American art, at its present stage, is “futile,” and he deliberately recorded his conviction:

“American artists as a class seem to be lacking in both ideas and ideals. They are absorbed in the questions of technique until they forget what technique is for. They practice their arpeggios in pigment and expect the public to applaud. They think of a picture as merely a rectangular surface covered with masses of color harmoniously placed. If that were all we wanted we would spend our 50 cents for a kaleidoscope instead of an academy ticket and then we could have an infinite number of such color schemes, some of them quite as good as those on the walls of the gallery.”

It may be that the attitude of this particular critic is unduly pessimistic. Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik, the art-critic of the *New York Times*, made a much more hopeful report on the same exhibition. “In the field of landscape,” he has lately declared, “we are fast producing in America a group of men who can measure up to the best that has been and is being done in landscape painting anywhere”—for instance Leonard Ochtman, Ernest Lawson, Paul Dougherty, and Albert Groll, all of whom were represented at the Academy exhibition. Yet there is a widespread feeling that American art, when compared with other forms of American activity, is in a very un-

satisfactory condition; that the National Academy of Design is disposed to reject, rather than to encourage, artists of marked originality; and that something ought to be done toward a fuller recognition of the talent we already possess, and the development of new talent indigenous to America.

Two recent exhibitions held in New York may be regarded as beginnings in the direction indicated. The first, a “Special Exhibition of Contemporary Art” at the National Arts Club, was emphatically an expression of artistic revolt. Some of the best work exhibited—that of Leon Dabo, and of Eduard Steichen, Eugene Higgins, and Charles Haag, the Swedish sculptor—is essentially rebellious work, impatient of established canons. The second exhibition, of “Eight Painters,” at Macbeth’s Gallery, also represented a movement of revolt. The eight men in question—Arthur B. Davies, William J. Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice B. Prendergast, Everett Shinn and John Sloan—different as they are in their attitude toward life and in their artistic technique, are united in their impulse to escape mere “prettiness” in art, and to express themselves in strong, individual, whole-hearted fashion. It is significant, too, that, with the exception of Davies, a poet and a mystic who strives to communicate to his canvases “a light that never was on sea or land,” all eight of these painters are dominantly concerned with the portrayal of American life here and now.

Just because this exhibition at Macbeth’s represented an organized effort on the part of American painters to display, independently of the National Academy, a native and original art, it must be regarded as of more than passing importance. How far they succeeded in displaying real originality is a point in dispute. Mr. James Huneker, of *The Sun*, who has witnessed the rise and fall of many artistic “schools” in our time, writes of this new group:



BEETHOVEN

(By Eduard J. Steichen)

One of the most striking pictures shown at a recent special exhibition of contemporary art held in the National Arts Club, New York. Mr. Steichen is equally gifted as a painter and photographer. He is now living in Paris, and has lately come into prominence as the leader of a secession movement among the American artists in the French capital.

"Technically, some of these painters stem from France. Is that a sin? In former days our painters imitated English models; then came the Düsseldorf and Munich crops. When the 1830 phalanx, the Barbizon group, made their influence felt our landscapists betrayed the impact of the new vision, the new technique. Our younger men are just as progressive as were their fathers and grandfathers. Every new generation uses as a spring board for its achievements the previous one. They have a lot to put on canvas, new sights that only America can show. What matter their tools? They have individuality enough—and here we do not refer exclusively to these particular eight painters but to all the modern young men who have refused to see through the studio spectacles of their predecessors. They make mistakes. They experiment; all art is a ceaseless experimenting. They are often raw, crude, harsh. But they deal in actualities. They paint their present environment—the only real historical school—and they do this with a modern technique. Manet, Goya, Renoir, Monet, Pissaro,

Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Whistler, may be detected in the technical procedures of seven out of the eight painters, but half a century ago native born American artists were imitating men of lesser originality."

More enthusiastically, Giles Edgerton, in *The Craftsman*, pays a warm tribute to the new group. "The work of the best of these artists," he remarks, "is occasionally seen at the Academy—not often. . . . It shows the widest range of interest in subject and inspiration, that rare technique which is not a personal idiosyncrasy but a development of art that expresses varying inspiration, and also that simplicity which one has grown to look for among the men who are not afraid to put into their work the big, vital, simple conditions and experiences of life." Mr. Edgerton continues:

"What these men have had to fight against will be best understood by presenting a point of view that is almost universal in relation to American art. Less than a year ago a professional Englishwoman of culture and wide interest in life was heard to say, seriously: 'It is really most extraordinary why you Americans fuss so about an art of your own. Does it matter at all whether your artists paint always in Holland or France or England? If *our* art is so really finer than yours, why isn't it better for your men to copy our subjects and technique than to do something quite poor at home?'



EAST SIDE CHILDREN DANCING TO HAND-ORGAN MUSIC

(By George B. Luks)

Luks is essentially a realist, and the East Side of New York is his happy hunting ground. He is one of the "Eight Painters" who recently exhibited at Macbeth's.



THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER

(By Charles Haag)

"There is a touch of the greatness of the Milo 'Venus,'" says Edwin Markham, "in the austere tenderness of Haag's 'Universal Mother.' She sits in heroic size holding in her fateful hands the planet of Earth, her heart listening and her face stilled with a thought of the griefs that must come among men."

"When it was suggested to her that France had not accomplished much during her pathetic classic revival under David, and that England was still suffering from the blight of Pre-Raphaelitism, in spite of the honest purpose and delightful personality of most of those charming and gracious men known as the Pre-Raphaelites, and that history had over and over again proved that the splendor of art in each nation was achieved at the time when the expression was most frankly provincial, in at least one sense of that word, the English lady only made answer: 'But have you really *seen* the paintings of the Pre-Raphaelites? Why, London gives up whole galleries to them.'"

Even when we can get away from the uncomprehending lorgnette of the British lady, the old perplexity invariably returns. As Mr. Edgerton puts it:

"Either America may have an art of her own, as the eight young men at the Macbeth Gallery believe, or she may copy Burne-Jones ladies and Secessionist landscapes. If this high privilege of



SIXTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

(By John Sloan)

Sloan is one of a group of New York painters who invest the commonest attitudes of life with the dignity of serious art. He is described as "more acid, more pessimistic, than either Luks or Glackens."

all nations back through Greece to Assyria and zigzagging down to the cave dwellers is to be granted to us, then our one hope is in a home-grown art, out of our own soil, as much as our own brand of maidens and roses are. As an encouragement to our artists who associate art only with the Seine, or the Isar or the Thames or the fjords we offer them an endless variety of inspiration at home,—the sweet serenity of New England as Tryon paints it; the very last height of Nature's elusive wonder, as Twachtman felt it where the ocean and meadows meet out on the Connecticut shore; vivid East Side life in New York as George Luks splashes it on canvas, beauty that glows out of shadows, as all beauty in the East Side must; the tragedy and the unquiet of the plains, where a race of noble people are vanishing into history, as Remington and Borglum know the story; the cañon and the desert with their purple mists and golden sands. And Prendergast will give them a lesson on painting children out of doors with such beauty and atmosphere, with such gaiety, with such

relation of sunlight to laughter, that they will recognize that he is a teacher not to be found in the Latin Quarter. Sloan will show them a phase of sordid existence painted with that sort of fine art which Rembrandt knew long years ago. They will wonder at first at Davies' pictures, but if they study them and get to know them they will by and by feel the color in them as though it were a chime of bells, and if they continue to wonder they will also ere long understand. Lawson will teach them again that they can't escape beauty anywhere, that it is just thinking straight and seeing clear and using a brush that tells your own story. He will show them all the roar and the confusion and the blare and the somberness that a great city holds, and he likes doing it much better than sketching an Italian landscape or a French cottage in the Province. Not one of these eight men who exhibit at the Macbeth Gallery this month complain of lack of subjects in America; the whole continent, North, South, East and West, is posing for them.

"If they will talk about their work at all, any one of them will tell you that just now there is no civilization in the world comparable in interest

to the present."



A MIGHTY FOREST—MAENADS

(By Arthur B. Davies)

Mr. Davies is the most "remote" and mystical of all our American painters. "He has the apocalyptic strain in him," remarks James Huneker, "and many of his canvases are darkened by symbols."

to ours; none so meteoric, so voluble, so turbulent, so unexpected, so instinct with life, so swift of change, so full of riotous contrast in light or shade. We have vivacity and bleakness, subtle reserve and brutal frankness, gorgeous color and pathetic dreariness. We have magnetism through our great surging of life from ocean to ocean. We have grown humorous balancing our greatness against our defects. We are enthusiastic and fickle, and we are just beginning to understand our power, our beauty, and our blunders, and the fact that we have just as good a right to regard ourselves as a source of inspiration as of revenue only."

Mr. Edgerton does not plead for a "national art," in the patriotic sense, and he thinks that the exhibiting painters at Mac-

beth's would smile if they were asked whether they were consciously trying to create a new art for a country that needs one. "Yet they are every one of them," he says, "doing the kind of work that is essentially creative and absolutely typical of our own radical characteristics, our social conditions, and our widely diversified country." He adds, in concluding:

"Art to every man must be his personal confession of life as he feels it and knows it. The lack of human quality in painting or sculpture means the lack of that vitality which makes for permanence. 'Why is it,' Mr. Henri asks, 'that the New York public prefers the Horse Show with its compelling attraction to the average lecture or the ordinary Academy exhibit? It is the human quality of it. It is life at a brilliant, beautiful and intoxicating moment instead of some pedantic point of view about unreal things. And so it seems that the basis of future American art lies in our artists' appreciation of the value of the human quality all about them, which is nothing more or less than seeing the truth, and then expressing it according to their individual understanding of it.'

"The exhibition of the eight American artists seems to us to have acquired this very quality which Mr. Henri considers essential. The men themselves boast no special creed for their work, they are not a school. As one of them said, they 'just paint the way they see things every day.' Some of the paintings at this little exhibit were never sent to the National Academy of Design and some of them have been exhibited in the deadly



THE AQUARIUM IN BATTERY PARK

(By William J. Glackens)

A characteristic New York study by an artist who believes that American painters should do their work and find their inspiration at home, rather than abroad.

association of popular Academic pictures. . . .

"When the Academy from year to year closes its exhibitions against the work of any of these eight men, her excuse is not that they lack inspiration or individuality or the presentation of truth; the awful accusation is that they are not academic. And just what does this criticism mean? for they draw well, exceptionally well, witness the execution of Glackens and Henri. If they are not academic in technique, what does Everett Shinn's work stand for, or Prendergast's? If there is such a thing as being academic in color, there are truly many who would prefer the wizardry of Davies. And in just what academic way should a man paint human life, the vital thrill of it, the thing that makes for ecstasy or tragedy, that creates civilization or destroys it? Perhaps, tho, it is unacademic to use a technique suited to every varying subject and to paint with the biggest emotional quality that is conceivable. If so, then these men are unacademic as Franz Hals was, and Velasquez and Millet; and unacademic, of course, from the point of view of the Beaux Arts and the Royal Academy.

"And yet it is to these 'unacademic' men (and others of their class), Childe Hassam, Lathrop, Eugene Higgins, etc., and to the sculptors who are working out on our plains and in the mountains, modeling in heroic marble and miniature bronze the restless progress, the humor, the audacity of the people and the times that are American, that America must turn for all the art that she can truly claim as her own, through which she may seek to prove her right to the immemorial prerogative of all nations."

BERNARD SHAW'S DEFINITION OF "SANITY" IN ART

TOWARD the close of the nineteenth century a battle royal was waged between Max Nordau and the men of genius whom he branded "degenerate." It may seem superfluous to state, at this time, that the influences he attacked—Ibsen and Wagner foremost among them—have since dominated the artistic world; but it is worth noting that one of the factors contributing to this result was a brilliant reply to Nordau made by Bernard Shaw in the form of a letter appearing in Benjamin R. Tucker's *Liberty* in 1895, and occupying practically a whole number of that unique periodical. This letter, as revised and expanded by Bernard Shaw and as reprinted under the title, "The Sanity of Art," constitutes a document* of exceptional interest. It reveals Shaw in his most serious vein. In one sense, it is his confession of artistic faith. And, more than that, it deals with an artistic problem of perennial importance.

The "impressionist" school in painting, of which Whistler was the foremost exponent, the Ibsen school in drama, and the Wagner school in music are the three artistic movements which chiefly engage Bernard Shaw's attention and analysis in this brochure. He takes up each of these schools in turn, showing how influences at first regarded as unbalanced and decadent came finally to be recognized as sane and constructive.

At the time when the impressionist school was struggling for life in London, Bernard Shaw was an art critic. He supported the movement vigorously, taking the view that it was "the outcome of heightened attention and quickened consciousness on the part of its disciples," and that it was "evidently destined to improve pictures greatly by substituting a natural, observant, real style for a conventional, taken-for-granted ideal one." He recalls the time when Mr. Whistler, in order to force the public to observe the qualities he was introducing into pictorial works, "had to exhibit a fine drawing of a girl with the head deliberately crossed out with a few rough pencil strokes, knowing perfectly well that if he left a woman's face discernible, the British Philistine would simply look to see whether she was a pretty girl or not, or whether she represented some of his pet characters in fiction, and pass

on without having seen any of the qualities of artistic execution which made the drawing valuable." It was only thus, by a "propaganda of deed," that the public could be educated into a knowledge and appreciation of the new art. But as Mr. Whistler and his party began to win their battle, the door was opened to real absurdities. Artists who had never acquired the first principles of their craft covered up their deficiencies in a muddy impressionism. Men who shared the eccentricities, but not the genius, of Manet and Monet, exhibited ridiculous daubs. All sorts of aberrations and optical distortions were exploited by critics who could not distinguish between genuine painting and its imitation. The result was that a movement "wholly beneficial and progressive" was often dismissed as perverse and insane.

Much the same process was taking place in the musical world. Richard Wagner, treated by many of the critics of his day as a madman bent on reducing music to chaos and perversely introducing ugly and brutal sounds into a region where beauty and grace had reigned, was in reality, says Bernard Shaw, a musical law-giver. Before his day, music had been regarded in the main as affording opportunities for symmetrical sound-patterns. What he did was to emancipate the dramatic composer from these primitive laws, and to create new forms adapted to the expression of human emotions. In the end it was seen that "Wagner's technical procedure is almost pedantically logical and grammatical; that the Lohengrin and Tristan preludes are masterpieces of the form proper to their aim; and that his disregard of 'false relations' and his free use of the most extreme discords without 'preparation' are straight and sensible instances of a natural development of harmony."

If Ibsen has been even more violently abused than Whistler or Wagner, and if even yet his battle is hardly won, the reason must be sought, according to Bernard Shaw, in the fact that he was concerned not with art nor with music, but with morals. "Every step in morals," we are reminded, "is made by challenging the validity of the existing conception of perfect propriety of conduct; and when a man does that, he must look out for a very different reception from the painter who has ventured to paint a shadow brilliant lilac, or the composer who ends his symphony with an unresolved discord. Heterodoxy in art is at worst rated as eccentricity or folly; heterodoxy in morals

* *THE SANITY OF ART.* By Bernard Shaw. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker.


is at once rated as scoundrelism." Ibsen attacked the prevailing moral codes; he criticized marriage, the state, the church; it was for *this* that he himself was attacked in terms of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. But nowadays it is conceded by an ever widening public that Ibsen's aim was noble, not ignoble; that he was clearing the ground for higher, not lower, ideals.

Whistler, Wagner, Ibsen, all serve to elucidate Bernard Shaw's central thesis:

"The claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us; protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing and re-breathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear,

and utensils of fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a *step beyond the demand*, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race. This is why we value art; this is why we feel that the iconoclast and the Philistine are attacking something made holier, by solid usefulness, than their own theories of purity and practicality: this is why art has won the privileges of religion."

WHITMAN'S VINDICATION OF HIS LITERARY METHOD

 FIND a solid line of enemies to you everywhere," wrote William Sloane Kennedy to Walt Whitman in 1884. Until that year, and for long years afterward, "Leaves of Grass" was hardly regarded as serious literature at all. Whitman himself admitted, in 1889, that the book had been "worse than a failure" from the business point of view, and that critical comment upon it had been confined chiefly to expressions of anger and contempt. "I never had sold to any extent," he said, "except on the two or three occasions when the law got after me and stirred up a sort of indecent curiosity concerning my work." Yet by 1890 the tide had begun to turn strongly in his favor; and five years later his book had become an international land-mark.

The second volume* of Horace Traubel's biographical papers, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," affords a vivid record of Whitman's conflicting moods during the years when the fate of "Leaves of Grass" may be said to have hung in the balance. The "good gray poet" would have been more than human if, in the sick spells that dogged his old age, he had remained uniformly cheerful and confident. As a matter of fact, he went so far on one occasion as to concede that the haughty verdicts of his critics might in the end be

confirmed; and in 1888 he confessed: "For ten years and more there was a suspicion lurking within me—dim, undefined, for a long time, but finally grown clear, convincing—that our whole Whitman business was ticklish uncertain—hung in the balance, with perhaps only a hair needed to shift the fine measure either way." But long before he died these moods of doubt were dissipated, and he gained a sense of complete security. Everything would come out all right, he said; the current was strong his way, "the end beyond a doubt."

Running insistently through his psychological life during these critical years was his desire to vindicate his literary method, in his own eyes and in the eyes of his friends. He felt, in the first place, that his method was *right* because it was *inevitable*. As he expressed himself to Traubel:

"I have often heard the dismal growl—here, Walt Whitman, what do you mean?—the shadow of the same ax has always been on my head: has been made the staple of quite a number of the brilliant assaults of which I have been the victim. I have never budged—never. I have had five or six chances to revise—to concede a point here and there to conciliate the howlers: 'Leaves of Grass' has gone through a number of editions since those objections were first promulgated: but the more I consider my purpose, my early and now confirmed end, aim, hope, the more the propriety, the justice, the inevitability, of all I have done is driven in upon me."

He paused; then continued in the same line of thought:

* WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN: July 16, 1888—October 31, 1888. D. Appleton & Company.

"I have a deeper reason than all that, however. a reason deeper than reasons—a reason that always seems conclusive, to say the last word—the conviction that the thing is because it is, being what it is because it must be just that—as a tree is a tree, a river a river, the sky the sky. A curious affinity exists right there between me and the Quakers, who always say this is so or so because of some inner justifying fact—because it could not be otherwise. I remember a beautiful old Quakeress saying to me once: 'Walt—I feel thee is right—I could not tell why, but I feel thee is right!' and that seemed to me to be more significant than much that passes for reason in the world."

The inevitability of his method, Whitman argued further, was due to the fact that he had to express a new message in a new way. It had been his aim—to quote his own words—"to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual and esthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days and of current America." This could not be done effectively in the old literary forms. Freer and more fluid forms were needed, and he created them. His object was not primarily that of the poet at all. "If they call me no poet," he said, "then no-poet it may be. I don't care what they call me—by one name or another name—it is all one—so that I produce the result—so that I get my word spoken and heard—maybe move men and women." There was the heart of the matter—"to move men and women."

Some of the critics objected to Whitman's "egotism;" but the poet affirmed again and again: "I am only a mouthpiece." More specifically he declared:

"I am accused of egotism—of preaching egotism. Call it that if you choose—if that pleases you: I call it personal force: it is personal force that I respect—that I look for. It may be conceit, vanity, egotism—but it is also personal force: you can't get me to quarrel over the name. It is of the first necessity in my life that this personal prowess should be brought prominently forward—should be thrown unreservedly into our work. If I said 'I, Walt Whitman,' in my poems and the text meant only what it literally said, then the situation would be sad indeed—would be very serious: but the Walt Whitman who belongs in the 'Leaves' is not a circumscribed Walt Whitman but just as well as Horace Traubel as anyone else—personalized moral, spiritual, force of whatever kind, for whatever day; it is force, force, personal force, we are after."

Whitman felt that most of the criticisms passed on "Leaves of Grass" were nullified by the contradictions inherent in them. "Some

don't like my long lines, some do: some don't like my commas, some do: some cuss my long catalogs, some think them holy: some call 'Children of Adam' decent, some call 'Children of Adam' obscene; and so on, and so on, and so on. Nothing I have done but a lot of somebodies have objected—nothing I have done but a lot of nobodies have praised. What's the use? What's the use?" It all came back to the same point: "I like to be told about myself as I seem in other peoples' eyes—but in the end I must go my own road with such light as I have. Napoleon," he added, "didn't study rules first: he first of all studied his task. And there was Lincoln, too: see how he went his own lonely road, disregarding all the usual ways—refusing the guides, accepting no warnings: just keeping his appointment with himself every time."

Back of all else in Whitman's nature was *feeling*—emotional substance. If his writing was inspired, it was because he *felt* a thing to be true, felt that in the nature of things it must be so, felt that in its good time freedom, light, would come. And back of this was "the primal quality, not to be mentioned, named, described, but always felt when present." "Heine had it," he said, "so do all the big fellows have it. More than any other agent, science has been furthering it." Nothing rejoiced Whitman's heart more than to be told that "Leaves of Grass" had this primal quality. When Traubel told him so, in 1888, he exclaimed fervidly:

"Oh! I hope so, I believe so: it has been in the air: I have sucked it as the breath of life: unconsciously, not by determination, but with full recognition now of its great value, of its wonderful significance. Yes, 'Leaves of Grass' would lose much if it lost that. That is the ground underlying all: the fact, the fact: that alone: the fact devotedly espoused, sacred, uplifting! The whole mass of people are being leavened by this spirit of scientific worship—the noblest of religions coming after all the religions that came before. After culture has said its last say, we find that the best things yet remain to be said: that the heart is still listening to have heart things said to it—the brain still listening to have brain things said to it—the faith, the spirit, the soul of man waiting to have such things of faith, spirit, the soul, said to it. Books won't say what we must have said: try all that books may they can't say it. The utmost pride goes with the utmost resignation: science says to us—be ready to say yes whatever happens, whatever don't happen: yes, yes, yes. That's where science becomes religion—where the new spirit utters the highest truth—makes the last demonstration of faith—looks the universe full in the face—its bad in the face, its good—and says yes to it."

Religion and Ethics

A RUSSIAN POET'S CONCEPTION OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

THE Gospel of Judas" might have been an appropriate title for Leonid Andreyev's daringly imaginative work,* "Judas Iscariot and the Others," lately published in St. Petersburg. It is nothing less than the attempt of a literary genius to re-create, in the light of our modern knowledge, a universal tradition. Andreyev shares with Gorky the primacy among the younger Russian writers of today, and his stories, tho often morbid, are notable for their symbolic quality, their glowing word-painting, their high poetic feeling. In this new work he seems to treat Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot as symbols of the eternal conflict between good and evil, "divine beauty side by side with monstrous hideousness." Perhaps he also means to convey the idea that evil needs must love good, yet ends by destroying it.

In Andreyev's narrative, Christ is suggested rather than portrayed. An exquisite and dream-like figure, "like the narcissus of Sharon, like the lily of the valley," he moves through the story almost in silence. Only from afar is heard a tender echo of his words. It is the hushed attitude of the impulsive Peter, the ecstasy of John, the still adoration of the women, the agonized jealousy of Judas, that communicate the compelling mastery of his influence. Judas, on the other hand, is depicted as a loathsome figure, red-haired and one-eyed—a very Ishmael condemned by his moral and physical deformities to a life unloved and misunderstood.

At the opening of the story Judas appears as a wanderer of uncertain antecedents. None of the disciples could have told when he first approached the Christ. But for some time he had been in evidence, mingling in their conversations, rendering small services. They would send him away, with harsh words, but always he reappeared, servile, flattering and cunning. There was no doubt in their minds that his motives were impure and they voiced their misgivings to Jesus. But he would not heed them. With that "spirit of radiant contradiction" which irrepressibly

drew him to the rejected and the unloved, he resolutely received Judas, and included him even in the circle of his loved ones.

In the course of time Judas was entrusted by the Master with the treasure-chest and the household cares. He bought the food and raiment, distributed alms, and made arrangements for the lodging of the little band as they went on their way from village to village preaching the new evangel. He performed his duties efficiently, but was cynical in all things, and disposed to put the worst possible construction on men's thoughts and deeds. Whenever the disciples approached a village it was his habit to malign the inhabitants and to prophesy every kind of calamity. As a rule his predictions proved unfounded, but on one occasion, when the villagers called Jesus a deceiver and a thief, he felt very proud of his foresight. On another occasion, when the Master was threatened by the wrath of a mob, he saved the situation by going into hysterics and so eloquently pleading that the Teacher and his disciples, including himself, were rogues, vagabonds and mountebanks, that the pursuers were disarmed by very disgust, not considering Judas and his band worthy of an honest man's chastisement. Needless to say, Judas's peculiar methods failed to win the Master's approval. And when, expecting praise for his cleverness, he received only blame and reproof, his heart hardened and grew bitter.

Andreyev gives a dramatic description of how Judas was caught stealing from the common store, and dragged into the presence of Jesus by Peter. "Teacher, look!" cried the irate disciple. "Just look at him, the thief! You trusted him, but he steals our money. The rogue! If you will but say the word, I shall . . ." But Jesus uttered not a word. Peter curiously scanned the Teacher's expression; then left the room in anger. But John entered, and when he returned to his fellows his face was pale and his eyes were swollen with tears. "The Teacher said . . . The Teacher said . . . that Judas may take all the money he likes. No one is to keep count of it. He is our brother, and the money is his as well as ours. He may take what he

* JUDAS ISCARIOT AND THE OTHERS. By Leonid Andreyev. The Svanic Company, St. Petersburg. Translated into English by Archibald J. Wolfe.

wants, without asking. And you, Peter, greatly offended against your brother."

After this episode the disciples treated Judas with more consideration. Even John deigned to address him occasionally. "And how thinkest thou, Judas," he said, patronizingly; "who will it be, Peter or I, who shall sit next to Christ in the Kingdom of Heaven?" "Thou, I think," replied Judas. When Peter put the same question to him, Judas made the same reply: "Thou." The question of primacy soon became the subject of a heated discussion, and the disciples called upon Judas to settle it. He threw them all into amazement by declaring calmly and gravely, "I"; then beating his breast with a bony finger and solemnly repeating, "I! I shall be near Jesus."

To stand first in Christ's affections had indeed become his absorbing passion. He idolized and idealized the Master with all the intensity of his distorted soul. But the Master would not recognize his love.

Tormented by a growing sense of hopeless and unreciprocated love for Jesus, Judas began to plan the betrayal. Regarding himself as one deceived by all, he felt himself justified in deceiving all. He yearned to have Jesus with him against the whole world. He wanted to prove to the Master that those disciples who today clamored for the first place at his right hand would be the first to desert him on the morrow; that the people for whom he was willing to die would the very next day shout for his blood. Having failed to win Jesus alive, he would even betray him to show him the truth as he saw it.

At last he mustered courage to take the first decisive step toward the consummation of his plan: he paid a secret visit to the high priest Annas. He was at first rebuffed, but he came again and again. Finally Annas contemptuously assented: "You are a band of rascals, all of you. Thirty pieces of silver, that is all we will give for him."

"For Jesus? Thirty pieces of silver?" screamed Judas with a voice of maddened amazement. "For Jesus of Nazareth?"

He turned to the wall and raising his hands to its bleached surface he laughed: "Hearest thou? Thirty pieces of silver, for the Nazarene!"

And like sellers of old raiment, who shout and swear and scold, fighting over the price of some worthless garment, they commenced their monstrous trade. Intoxicated with a strange joy, running to and fro, whirling about the hall, screaming and shouting, Judas enu-

merated on his fingers the merits of him whom he was betraying:

"And that he is good and heals the sick, does that go for nothing? Ha? Now tell me, as an honest man?"

"And that he is young and beautiful as the narcissus of Sharon? Ha? Is that nothing? Perhaps thou wilt say that he is aged and worthless? Ha?"

"Thirty pieces of silver! That is less than an obulus for a drop of blood. That is half an obulus for a tear. Quarter of an obulus for a groan!"

With a bewildering inconsistency that mirrored the struggle of his own soul, Judas both abetted and tried to prevent the final doom of Jesus. He continually spoke of the dangers surrounding the journey to Jerusalem, dilating on the hatred of the Pharisees and their avowed readiness to put to death the prophet of Galilee. Day after day he warned the disciples: "He must be guarded. He must be saved." He even obtained a couple of swords; but Peter was the only one who praised him for his forethought.

On the fateful night of the betrayal the moon had already risen when Jesus started toward Mount Olivet with his disciples. All was silent in the sleeping city. Their steps echoed loudly in the narrow streets, and their shadows flitted jet-black against the moon-illuminated walls. It seemed as though they were beset by phantoms. The soft gurgling of water against the stones sounded like voices of men lying in ambush. The dark shapes of rocks and trees were restless and disquieting.

Then . . . Christ's lonely travail in Gethsemane . . . and, at last, the approach of the soldiers through the trees.

Amid the smoking, unsteady glare of the torches could be seen Judas scurrying hither and thither, searching, with his one seeing eye, for Jesus. After some moments he distinguished him, and hurriedly advancing plunged his gaze like a dagger into the calm and darkening eyes of the Master.

"Rejoice, Rabbi," he exclaimed; but there was a strange and terrible significance in the customary salutation.

Jesus was silent, and the disciples gazed in terror upon the traitor, not comprehending how so much evil could dwell in the soul of a man. The Iscariot measured the confused ranks with a hurried glance, noted their blanched faces, their meaningless smiles, the laggard movements of fear-stricken limbs; and a mortal anguish set his heart aflame, not un-

like the agony which a short while ago had bowed the heart of Jesus. His soul transformed into a myriad chords, each of which clamored and sobbed, he rushed to Jesus and tenderly kissed his wind-chilled cheek so softly, so tenderly, with such anguished love and yearning that had Jesus been a flower on a slender stalk he would not have stirred it with that kiss nor dropped one pearl of dew from the tender leaf.

"Judas," said Jesus—and the lightning of his glance illumined the monstrous masses of shadows that were the soul of Iscariot, tho it did not fathom its depths—"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

And he saw this monstrous chaos quiver and sway. But silent and grim as death in his proud majesty stood Judas Iscariot, tho his heart was roaring and thundering with a thousand voices.

"Yes. With a kiss of love we betray thee! With a kiss of love we deliver thee up to mockery, torture and death! With a voice of love we call from their dark lairs men to put thee to death and we rear up a cross and high above the gloom of the earth we lift up love crucified by love!"

From the night of the betrayal until the death of Jesus, Judas never once saw any of his disciples near the Master. Their hearts had turned to water. They had fled like a flock of sheep. To Judas it seemed that in all the world there were only two, inseparable unto death, strangely bound together by fellow-suffering—he who was betrayed unto mockery and torture and he who betrayed him. He had always vowed that he would die when Jesus died, and now from one chalice of suffering they drank like brothers. The fiery liquid seared alike the clean and the unclean lips.

In the last terrible days of the Christ-tragedy Judas hovered everywhere, witnessed everything. At one juncture he was possessed by an insane hope that the soldiery and the people would realize that Jesus was the best of men, the Son of God, and would rise *en masse* and deliver him. When Pilate washed his hands in the face of the multitude, crying, "I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man," Judas rushed forward and groveled at his feet, whispering fervently, brokenly: "Thou art wise! Thou art noble! Thou art wise!" But there was no deliverance, and Judas was thrust to the ground like an overturned devil. As Christ was being led to Golgotha, Judas suddenly appeared at his side,

murmuring: "I am with thee. Thither. Understandest thou? Thither." The soldiers flogged him away, staining his face with blood. At the last, he stood beneath the cross. The terror and the dreams of Judas were accomplished . . .

On the day that he took his own life Judas made two visits, one to the Sanhedrim in Jerusalem, the other to the assembled disciples. Standing before the august body of priests, scribes and elders, he inquired hoarsely: "And do you know who he was, he whom you condemned yesterday and crucified?"

"We know. Go!"

With one word Judas determined to rend the veil that obscured their vision. He felt that the whole world would shake with the purport of their awakening. They had possessed souls and now were to lose them; they had seen life and now were to be plunged in death. Light had been before their eyes, and now eternal darkness and horror would descend upon them.

"He was not a deceiver. He was innocent and pure. Do you hear? Judas has cheated you. He betrayed unto you an Innocent One."

The high priests scoffed and sneered at the frenzied fool.

"What?" screamed Judas, filled with the madness of despair. "Call you me a fool, and are ye wise? Judas has deceived you. Hear me? Not Jesus betrayed he, but you, wise men, you strong men he sold unto infamy and death which will not end for time or eternity. Thirty pieces of silver! Yes, yes. But that is the price of your blood which is filthy as swill. Ah, Annas, aged and stupid Annas, why didst thou not give up another piece of silver, another obolus, for thou shalt go down into eternity coupled with thirty pieces of silver!"

From the Sanhedrim Judas went to the disciples. He found them stunned by calamity and fearful of arrest.

"Rejoice, rejoice, ye eyes of Judas," he cried. "Ye have just seen the cold-blooded murderers, and now ye behold the cowardly traitors." The disciples started furiously to reproach Judas, but immediately he silenced them by indicting their own conduct. "How did you suffer it?" he asked. "Where were ye all when they crucified him on the tree? . . . Why are ye living when he is dead? Why do your legs walk, your tongues utter folly, your eyes wink, when he is dead, immovable, voiceless? How dare thy cheeks be red, John, when his are pallid? How darest thou shout, Peter, when he is silent? Ye ask me what ye shall do? I

reply: *Die!* Ye should have fallen on the way, clutching the soldiers' swords and hands. Ye should have drowned in a sea of your own blood. Ye should have died, died! . . ."

Long before, during his solitary walks, Judas had selected the spot where he intended to kill himself after the death of Jesus. It was on a mountain-top high over Jerusalem, and one gnarled tree was growing there. After leaving the disciples he went directly to this place. The path was long and difficult, and he was very tired. As he rested for awhile on the way, he muttered: "Hearest, thou, Jesus? Now wilt thou believe me? I am coming. Meet me kindly, for I am weary, very weary." Then he said: "Perhaps even there thou wilt be angry with Judas of Keriott? And perhaps thou wilt not believe? And peradventure thou wilt send me to hell? Well, what then? I shall go to hell. *And in the flames of thy hell I shall forge the iron to wreck thy heaven!* Wilt thou believe me then?" Finally Judas reached the top of the mountain and the gnarled tree; and there he hanged himself.

All night long, like some hideous fruit, Judas swayed over Jerusalem, and the wind turned his face now toward the city, now toward the desert. But whichever way his death-marred face turned, its red and blood-shot eyes, now both alike, resolutely gazed upon the

sky. Toward morning a passer-by noticed Judas suspended over the city, and cried out in terror. Men came and took him down, but learning his identity threw him into a deep ravine where they cast the carcasses of horses, dogs, cats and other carrion.

That same night all believers learned of the terrible fate of the Traitor, and the next day all Jerusalem knew it. Rocky Judea heard it, and green-clad Galilee, too. From sea to sea sped the news of the death of Judas. "Not swifter nor slower than the passing of time, but step by step with it, spread the news, and as there is no end to time, so there will be no end to the story of the treason of Judas and his horrible death. All men—the good and the bad alike—will curse his shameful memory, and among all nations, as many as there are or ever will be, he will remain alone in his cruel fate."

Thus it is that Leonid Andreyev imagines the life and death of Judas Iscariot. The conception is haunting and unique. If it is not convincing, the fault lies, perhaps, not so much with the Russian poet's skill as with the disinclination of the world to re-mould opinions and beliefs which have prevailed for hundreds of years, and have become the sentimental heritage of mankind.

NIETZSCHE—THE ANTI-CHRIST!

EVERY great philosophy is finally a confession, an involuntary memoir," said Friedrich Nietzsche, and in no part of his own philosophy are both the strength and the weakness of his unique mind so clearly revealed as in his almost hysterical assaults on Christianity. His last work he named "The Anti-Christ." It is the shortest he ever wrote—and "by all odds the most compelling," according to Henry L. Mencken, a Baltimore poet and journalist who has just published an interpretation* of the German philosopher. In characterizing this work of Nietzsche's, Mr. Mencken says: "No medieval bishop ever pronounced more appalling curses. No backwoods evangelist ever laid down the law with more violent eloquence. . . The sentences run into mazes of italics, dashes and asterisks. It is German that one cannot read aloud without roaring and waving one's arms."

The closing chapter of "The Anti-Christ"

contains what is perhaps the most terrific indictment of Christianity ever penned. It seems to concentrate the passion and resentment of Nietzsche's whole life-time against the religion that he felt had done more to prevent progress, to choke the highest aspirations of humanity, than any other single influence the world has ever known. It begins:

"I condemn Christianity. I bring against it the most terrible of accusations that ever an accuser put into words. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. . . . It has left nothing untouched by its depravity. It has made a worthlessness out of every value, a lie out of every truth, a sin out of everything straightforward, healthy and honest. Let anyone dare to speak to me of its humanitarian blessings! To do away with pain and woe is contrary to its principles. It lives by pain and woe: it has created pain and woe in order to perpetuate itself. It invented the idea of original sin. It invented 'the equality of souls before God'—that cover for all the rancor of the useless and base. . . . It has bred the art of self-violation—repugnance and contempt for all good and cleanly instincts. Parasitism is its praxis. It combats all good

* THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Company.

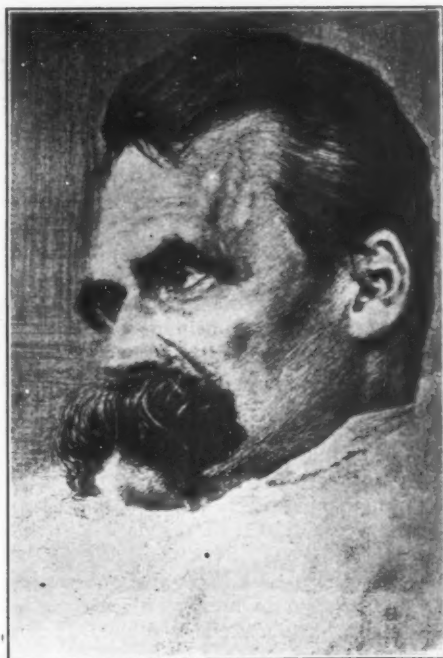
red-blood, all love and all hope for life; with its anemic ideal of holiness. It sets up 'the other world' as a negation of every reality. The cross is the rallying post for a conspiracy against health, beauty, well-being, courage, intellect, benevolence—against life itself.

"This eternal accusation I shall write upon all walls: I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, . . . for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, mean! I call it the one immortal shame and blemish upon the human race!"

The passion displayed in this fierce philippic was much more than an outburst of ungoverned emotion. It had a definite intellectual foundation. Indeed, one might almost sum up the life-work of Nietzsche as essentially an attempt to translate into intellectual terms the emotion of uncompromising hostility to Christianity that lay at the very core of his being and that inspired all his most characteristic writing.

Nietzsche's indictment of Christianity rested on two principal counts. The first was his allegation that Christianity, as a religion, is untrue and unreasonable, the second that it is degrading. The first charge never engaged his energies or occupied his mind to the extent that the second did. He felt that in the field of theological inquiry and analysis there were enough laborers. Strauss, Ritschl, Pfleiderer and a host of others were already undermining the historical foundations of Christianity. Nietzsche reserved *his* energies for the task that lay beyond, for the work that he felt he alone, of all the men of his time, could do. He wanted to show that Christianity was not only incredible, but demoralizing. To those who met him with the argument, "Christianity may not be historically true, but it is the fairest flower of civilization and meets a real and ever-present human need," he retorted: "You say that Christianity has made the world better? I say that it has made it worse! You say that it is comforting and uplifting? I say that it is cruel and degrading! You say that it is the best religion mankind has ever invented? I say it is the most dangerous!"

Christianity, maintained Nietzsche, is fundamentally a "slave-morality," and that is why it can never satisfy the deepest human aspirations. It was created by a slave-people—the Jews—and it has consistently nourished and developed the slave-qualities. "It has waged a deadly war against the highest type of man. It has put a ban on all his fundamental instincts. It has distilled evil out of these instincts. It makes the strong and efficient man



From an Etching by Hans Olde.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The Polish-German philosopher and poet who wanted to overthrow Christ and to put in his place "Dionysus the Radiant."

its typical outcast man. It has taken the part of the weak and the low; it has made an ideal out of its antagonism to the very instincts which tend to preserve life and well-being. . . . It has taught men to regard their highest impulses as sinful—as temptations." In a word, it tends to rob mankind of all those qualities which fit any living organism to survive in the struggle for existence.

It is here that we touch the central point of the Nietzschean philosophy. He contended that life was, and must always be, a *struggle for existence*, and that any religion which ignored or obscured this fact could not endure. Christianity, he held, *just because it is based on self-sacrifice and sympathy*, carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Mr. Mencken goes into this point at some length. The complexities of our civilized life, he observes, often blind us to the struggle for existence, but it is in progress all the same, at all times and under all conditions. Every one knows, for instance, that one-third of the human beings born into the world each year die before they are five years old. This simply means that they are less fitted to survive than the other two-thirds. All life upon the earth is

nothing more than a battle against the enemies of life. The germ of disease is such an enemy, cold is such an enemy, lack of food is such an enemy, and others mentioned by Mr. Mencken are lack of water, ignorance of natural laws, armed foes and deficient natural strength. Every human being is striving to combat these enemies, and to protect himself against their incursions. The strongest and most successful man is he who succeeds most effectually in combating them.

Now Christianity, as seen through Nietzsche's eyes, offers no help to a man in his struggle to survive. On the contrary, it inculcates the doctrine that, instead of trying to survive, he ought to devote his energies to others and take no thought for himself. This was the attitude that Nietzsche condemned. It tends, he averred, to weaken humanity instead of strengthening it, for a man only has so much strength, and if he spends it all helping other people he will have none left for himself. Therefore, said Nietzsche, the tendency of the Christian philosophy of humility and self-sacrifice is to make men voluntarily throw away their own chances of surviving, which means their own sense of efficiency, their own "feeling of increasing power," their own happiness.

"I call an animal, a species, an individual depraved," wrote Nietzsche, "when it loses its instincts, when it selects, when it *prefers* what is injurious to it. . . . Life itself is an instinct for growth, for continuance, for accumulation of forces, for *power*; where the will to power is wanting there is decline." Christianity, he continued, squarely opposes this will to power in the Golden Rule, the cornerstone of the faith. The man who limits his efforts to attain superiority over his fellows to those acts which he would be willing to have them reciprocate, would obviously be led to abandon such efforts entirely. As Mr. Mencken puts it:

"A man cannot make himself superior to the race in general without making every other man in the world, to that extent, his inferior. Now, if he follows the Golden Rule, he must necessarily abandon all efforts to make himself superior, because if he did not he would be suffering all the time from the pain of seeing other men—whose standpoint the Rule requires him to assume—grow inferior. Thus his activity is restricted to one of two things: standing perfectly still or deliberately making himself inferior. The first is impossible, but Nietzsche shows that the latter is not, and that, in point of fact, it is but another way of describing the act of *sympathy*—one of the things ordered by the fundamental dogma of Christianity."

Nietzsche's idea of sympathy is summed up in this paragraph:

"Sympathy stands in direct antithesis to the tonic passions which elevate the energy of human beings and increase their feeling of efficiency and power. It preserves what is ripe for extinction, it works in favor of life's condemned ones, it gives to life itself a gloomy aspect by the number of the ill-constituted it *maintains* in life. . . . It is both a multiplier of misery and a conservator of misery. It is the principal tool for the advancement of decadence. It leads to nothingness, to the negation of all those instincts which are at the basis of life."

In his reinforcement of the significance of Nietzsche's argument, Mr. Mencken re-states the epoch-making theories of Charles Darwin. Darwin, he recalls, proved in "The Origin of Species" that a great many more individuals of any given species of living being are born into the world each year than can possibly survive. Those that are best fitted to meet the condition of existence live on; the rest die. The result is that, by the influence of heredity, the survivors beget a new generation in which there is a larger percentage of the fit. Darwin proved that this "law of natural selection" was true of all the lower animals; but in "The Descent of Species" he argued it ceased when man became an intelligent being. Thereafter, he said, man's own efforts worked against those of nature. Spiritual laws displaced so-called natural laws. Instead of letting the unfit of his race die, man began to protect and preserve them. In other words—and here is the fundamental paradox of the Darwinian position—there are "natural" laws that govern the evolution of the animal species and other apparently contradictory laws that govern the development of humanity.

In a series of brilliant generalizations, Mr. Mencken goes on to show the dilemma into which this contradictory situation plunged Darwin's contemporaries. Herbert Spencer was much troubled by the resultant confusion in the scientific world. In one sense, the whole drift of Spencer's thought "appears to be inspired by the question: how to evade and veil the logical consequence of evolutionarism for human existence." Others of the Darwinian school accepted the situation without such disquieting doubt. John Fiske said: "When humanity began to be evolved, an entirely new chapter in the history of the universe was opened. Henceforth the life of the nascent soul came to be first in importance and the bodily life became subordinated to it." Even Huxley believed that man would have to be

excepted from the operation of the law of natural selection.

But Nietzsche would have none of such doctrine. To draw a hard and fast line between the animal kingdom and man, and to formulate "natural" laws for one side and "spiritual" laws for the other seemed to him arbitrary and unjustifiable. Moreover, according to his idea, any philosophical system admitting of such a contradiction failed utterly to achieve philosophy's first aim, namely, to furnish workable standards of order in the universe. Man is an animal, after all, and sooner or later, said Nietzsche, man would awaken to that fact and would realize that, if he permitted his body to degenerate, not all the intelligence conceivable could save him. To quote Mr. Mencken's interpretation again:

"Nietzsche saw all this clearly as early as 1877. He saw that what passed for civilization, as represented by Christianity, was making such an effort to defy and counteract the law of natural selection, and he came to the conclusion that the result would be disaster. Christianity, he said, ordered that the strong should give part of their strength to the weak, and so tended to weaken the whole race. Self-sacrifice, he said, was an open defiance of nature, and so were all the other Christian virtues in varying degree. He proposed, then, that before it was too late, humanity should reject Christianity as the 'greatest of all imaginable corruptions,' and admit freely and fully that the law of natural selection was universal and that the only way to make real progress was to conform to it."

It may be asked why, if this train of reasoning is correct, the human race has "survived" to the degree that it has. To this Nietzsche would have responded that when the *potential* capacity of humanity is considered, our present civilization is as nothing. Moreover, he said, "the European of the present is far below the European of the Renaissance"; and who would think of comparing our anemic and city-bred moderns, in point of physical vigor, with the "blond beast" who roamed the Saxon lowlands in prehistoric days?

That the human race has not become extinct through the practice of Christian virtues, Nietzsche argued, is due to the fact that so few men really are Christians. Absolute Christianity, that is to say, absolute disregard of self, would mean much the same thing as suicide. A man who had reached this state of mind would be unable to follow any gainful occupation, and consequently would perish.

Nietzsche tried to show further that everything which makes for the preservation of the

human race is diametrically opposed to the Christian ideal. This, he declared, is the secret of the church's opposition to science through the centuries. When a man cultivates the scientific temper toward life, he is disposed to rely on his own efforts, rather than to seek help from God or from priests.

In a final summing up of Nietzsche's attitude toward Christianity, Mr. Mencken says:

"Nietzsche thus showed, first, that Christianity (and all other ethical systems having self-sacrifice as their basis) tended to oppose the law of natural selection and so made the race weaker; and secondly, that the majority of men, consciously or unconsciously, were aware of this, and so made no effort to be absolute Christians. If Christianity were to become universal, he said, and every man in the world were to follow Christ's precepts to the letter in all the relations of daily life, the race would die out in a generation. This being true—and it may be observed in passing that no one has ever successfully controverted it—there follows the converse: that the human race had best abandon the idea of self-sacrifice altogether and submit itself to the law of natural selection. If this is done, says Nietzsche, the result will be a race of Supermen—of proud, strong Dionysians—of men who will say 'yes' to the world and will be ideally capable of meeting the conditions under which life must exist on earth."

And the symbol of this new and regenerated humanity, Nietzsche dreamed, was to be no longer Christ the Crucified, but Dionysus the Radiant! We read in a new work* on Nietzsche by an English writer, A. R. Orage:

"If the vision of the suffering Christ had been of such potency as to attract to itself the plebeianism of a whole race and maintain its interest for scores of generations, was it not possible to create a vision of a triumphant Christ (for that, in effect, was Nietzsche's Dionysus) which should federate the noblest minds of Europe? Not a Christ upon the Cross, with the profound appeal to the afflicted, the weary, the many; but a Spirit of Joy and Triumph incarnate upon the earth, with an even profounder appeal to the happy, the well-constituted, the noble! And if on behalf of the Cross creatures had transformed themselves from beasts to men, why should not men, on behalf of the radiant Dionysus transform themselves from men to Supermen, becoming Dionysified, as the old Greeks said, even as many had desired to become one with Christ?

"And if the 'Nietzscheans' who repudiate religion, not understanding that their master never did, should arise and declare that the phrasing was religious, Nietzsche would reply that only the noblest ideals would ever move the noblest wills to action, and religion is simply man's name for his noblest ideals."

* NIETZSCHE IN OUTLINE AND APHORISM. By A. R. Orage. Edinburgh and London: T. N. Foulis.

DANGERS OF THE NEW THERAPEUTIC MOVEMENT



WILL this new movement, after all, prove itself to be 'safe and sane'?" asks a Baptist writer who has devoted considerable study to the crusade in behalf of religious therapeutics initiated by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, and described in these pages last month. The question has been echoed by many others. There is something at once so daring and so novel in the idea of linking the medical clinic with the church that the leaders of the new propaganda can hardly be surprised to find themselves confronting a certain amount of criticism, as well as commendation.

It would be idle to deny, thinks a writer in *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), that "there is a great field, and a prolific one, here for all sorts of vagaries and delusions. The ministry and public," he adds, "should be safeguarded so far as possible from these dangers." The Boston Methodist organ, *Zion's Herald*, speaks rather contemptuously of "this 'healing' movement, if not mania, that has seized upon a number of men, or bodies of men, more especially in the Episcopal denomination, and that is likely to distract attention, energy and money from the real business of the church, which is to cure souls and not (primarily) bodies." And the Rev. J. Edgar Johnson, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, writes to *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) as follows:

"Among savages the medicine man still acts for both priest and physician. As men have risen in the scale of being, they have placed more emphasis upon the spiritual and less upon the physical. The founder of the Christian religion sometimes cured people of their diseases; but he never offered such healing to them as an inducement to join his Church. Religion was rising. The first man was of the earth, earthy. The second man is the Lord from heaven. He is not a medicine man.

"People who 'get religion' because they want to 'get well' are on a low plane, and are sure to be disappointed in one particular and deserve to be in the other. Neither their religion nor their health is likely to be lasting. If they fail to get well, their last condition is worse than their first, for they are apt to regard religion forever after as a nostrum that has been grossly over-advertised. And if they do get well, why, then, of course, they have no further 'use' for religion. They are like the prisoner who, when the jail chaplain brought him his pardon, handed him in return the copy of the Bible that had previously been given him with the exclamation: 'There! I sincerely hope I shall never need that again!'"

The Church Standard carefully balances, in a lengthy editorial, the strength and the weakness of the various arguments advanced in championship of the new movement. It admits that therapeutic work may be legitimately within the clergyman's sphere, but doubts the wisdom of the church's committing itself, in any large way, to the business of curing bodily ailments. "A radical innovation of this kind," it says, "should be subjected to decisive tests, and the ordinary clergyman should be warned to proceed with caution and under intelligent direction. There are several dangers which the heedless and enthusiastic especially need to consider at this moment when the Emmanuel method is beginning to make disciples." The same paper continues:

"It will be a great mistake to represent this modern Christian healing as any reproduction of the New Testament miracles. We do not know whether it is inadvertent or deliberate, but we have already noticed a tendency to confound things which are better kept distinct. It is surely a very inadequate and a very misleading description of the 'signs' and 'works' of Christ, simply to say that 'he was perfectly familiar with those laws of mind and body which after nineteen hundred years we are beginning to rediscover with so much labor.' Nor is it a fair account of what is being done at Emmanuel Church to say in an off-hand fashion, 'Christian healing is not new; it was practiced in the first century by the Apostles.' We have no doubt that a disclosure of 'the finger of God' in miracle was for the purpose of our discerning it in law, and that the same personal will is evident in both. We think it no undervaluation of the supernatural in miracle to suppose that it was wrought in conformity with spiritual and, in the highest sense, natural law.

"That, however, does not make this modern healing at all the same thing as what was done by Christ and his Apostles. They never troubled themselves with the distinction between functional and organic disorders, between nervous and zymotic diseases. They never sought the advice and assistance of a competent diagnostician before venturing to put forth their power. It may be convenient to call demoniacal possession an obsession by a fixed idea or a moral perversity or a suicidal or homicidal tendency; but leprosy and blindness from birth and physical death are not obsessions, bodily results of mental disturbance, and yet these were as easily treated as paralysis, which may be traced to nervous causes. The clergy of Emmanuel do not profess to work miracles, and their methods are as unlike as possible to those of the men who did profess to do so. It will be well if their followers do not carelessly talk as tho the recorded miracles are of precisely the same nature as these cures; the effect of that will be to befog people's minds and needlessly imperil what may become a very useful work."

Another of the dangers attending the new movement is, in the opinion of *The Church Standard*, that the very notoriety of the work may lead young clergymen to enter upon it who have not the smallest fitness for it. Doctors Worcester and McComb, the Philadelphia paper points out, are trained psychologists, and this accounts in no small measure for their success in the Emmanuel clinic. Other clergymen without their experience might only invite disaster by following their example. *The Church Standard* goes on to utter the further warning:

"We should earnestly deprecate the hasty adoption of the profession of Christian therapeutics by those who are ill-prepared for the venture. It will be far more pernicious for such amateurs to treat the delicate and difficult cases which come before them than if they were to start compounding prescriptions after a cursory reading of a pharmaceutical authority.

"Physicians are very well aware that conditions have been diagnosed as functional or neurotic which were eventually found to have a very different nature. The primary examination of a patient might lead to his being turned over to the Church for psychic treatment, when a longer study by a physician might reveal the cause of the psychic trouble to be intestinal toxins, or the early stages of brain tumor, or the obscure degeneration of some other organ. If the risk of this is not constantly borne in mind, if the utmost caution is not exercised by the most skilled observers, some of these days a very disastrous tragedy may result from the mistakes of one of these parochial healing agencies."

Still another danger, according to *The Church Standard*, is to be found in the false stress laid by some of the advocates of the new movement on the needs of the body. In this connection *The Church Standard* indorses the words of the Rev. J. Edgar Johnson, already quoted. "We can imagine nothing so fatal to real religion," it says, "as the encouragement of the notion that people are invited to accept our religion for the sake of their health." It adds, in concluding:

"It will be well, therefore, if we do not yield too readily to the fascinations of this movement. The risks must be carefully weighed and guarded against, and the opening of parochial clinics for a long time to come should be confined to those rectors who are wisest and most cautious and best trained. At the same time, nearly every pious and intelligent man may make some slight use of it in his normal pastoral service. Physicians are already applying the general idea, and Christianity simply enlarges their opportunity. If the clergyman must become more scientific and the medical man more spiritual, there will be a better understanding between the two professions and a better chance of their coöperation."

This discussion has invaded even the secular press. The *New York Times*, which has been consistently hostile to Christian Science, is sceptical in its attitude to the new movement. It comments as follows:

"Some of us have been much puzzled to know on what authority certain good people in Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, as preparation for using what some of them call suggestive therapeutics and others Christian psychology, draw a hard-and-fast line between 'organic diseases' and 'functional nervous disorders.' The former they very wisely turn over to the regular doctors for treatment, thus avoiding the assorted horrors and homicides of Mothereddyism, but troubles of the other sort they take into their own care.

"Now the question to be decided, some day and by somebody, is whether there is or is not an essential difference between the organic and the functional—a difference so great that the one must always be attacked by what is called medicine, while the other at least may always be cured by something wholly unlike medicine. The difficulty arises from the fact that, contrary to the general assumption, nerves are just as material, just as much 'meat,' as muscles are, and that when they do not function right it is because there is something the matter with them organically.

"Under every pathological symptom there lies apparently a pathological lesion of some kind—using the word 'lesion,' of course, in a sense broad enough to include obstruction and malposition—and the reality of the lesion is none the less because in the brain and nerve tissue it is often beyond both macroscopic and microscopic detection.

"We are not saying, or even hinting, that there is not a place or use for suggestive therapeutics—possibly 'therapeutic suggestion' would be a better term—but we do think that the would-be users of the power should first clarify their ideas as to the organic and the functional, and not talk as if there were an unbridged abyss between the two."

The *Springfield Republican* treats the new movement as a very remarkable and significant sign of the times, but asserts that it represents merely one phase of a transitional period of religious growth. "What religion is or shall be," it observes, "depends very largely upon one's definition; but surely, if religion be mankind reaching out or groping toward the infinite, no true religion can ever suffice which is largely content with a clinical concept of the universe." On the other hand, it concludes, "inasmuch as all religions, in their most wonderful periods of development, have offered something of practical use to mankind in daily living, it may well be that the 'religion of the future' will give heed to pragmatic considerations in effecting an entente cordiale between soul and body in this 'vale of tears.'"

WOMAN'S DEFECTIVE SENSE OF HONOR

THERE is a general consensus of opinion that women, as a sex, are infinitely nobler and more moral than men. But Mary Heaton Vorse, a writer in *Appleton's*, who used to share this general feeling, is constrained to admit that, as her experience of life has broadened, she has grown more and more sceptical of woman's moral superiority.

Her interest in this subject, she says, began one day while she was visiting friends. They were discussing the morning papers after a late Sunday breakfast, when Betty, the daughter of the house, dashed into the room.

"Do you know what Nan has done?" she asked. Nan, it seems, was a friend of Betty's, visiting in the family. "She's looked all through my bureau drawers, mamma—looked through every one of them!"

"Through your bureau drawers?" replied Betty's mother. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! Sophie's daughter, too, brought up as she's been. But," she went on, "bureau drawers seem to have a fatal fascination for some people. Don't you know that your Aunt Eleanor always looks all the bureau drawers when she's going to have a reception, all but the top one, and she puts a towel over the things in that, and leaves on top some handkerchiefs and a few little things that might be wanted. She said she had to. But why do you suppose Nan did this?"

Martin Gilman, the father of the house, looked up from his paper.

"I suppose she did it," he said, "just for the reason that the other women look through Eleanor's bureau drawers; their curiosity is stronger than their sense of honor. It's all because women haven't any standard of personal honor."

At this there was a hubbub. The women present said the things most women would under the circumstances. When the noise of battle had subsided, Mr. Gilman went on, amiably: "It's no use making such a fuss about it. That kind of honor isn't one of woman's virtues. I don't mean all men have it, either; but, if they belong to our class and haven't it, we call them cads; if they belong to another class and haven't it, they're not thought 'square.' A man can't afford not to have a sense of honor; a woman can; that's all. I don't mean that men are better than women—they just have their own vices.

Roughly speaking, you may call drunkenness a man's vice, and lack of honor a woman's vice."

"I'm sure," his wife protested, "you're quite wrong. Think how men graft. You don't call grafting honorable, do you?"

"I wasn't talking," explained Mr. Gilman, "of stealing. But when you come to grafting, I've known plenty of women grafters in my business. Frequently they graft from a charitable motive. . . . For instance, only yesterday there came to my office some women who wanted me to give some furniture for a bazaar for charity. It's against the rules of the firm to give anything in this way. We do a good deal of donating of that kind—we've a certain sum set aside for it—but we can't give promiscuously to everything. I told them this, politely. Then pressure was brought to bear—oh, delicately, very delicately—and it was hinted to me that a certain lady was about to furnish her house, furnish it very elaborately, and that if I would 'cough up,' influence would be exerted; and so on, and so on."

The conversation ended a few moments later, leaving Mrs. Vorse thoughtful and perplexed. She was loth to believe that women are less honorable than men, and she determined to gather evidence that would offset the ugly impression conveyed by Martin Gilman's words. It happened that she had an opportunity, a few days later, to talk with a tenement-house commissioner, and she questioned him about the honesty and integrity of women-inspectors. He bore emphatic testimony to their "straightness." "Women are all right," he said. "They don't shut their eyes and shove ten dollar bills in their pockets." Mrs. Vorse gathered similar evidence concerning other women in positions of public trust. She also had a talk with one of the conductors of a suburban train, on the subject of women trying to beat their fares. "It's the men that beats them," he asserted. "Now and then a woman will try, but she gets rattled generally. It's the men that's the cool hands."

Not long after, Mrs. Vorse brought the question up with an old judge who had had long years of experience in the devious ways in which human nature expresses itself. The talk fell on the subject of women as witnesses.

"Rarely," he said, "have I pushed women into a corner in cross-questioning as I would a man, because I learned early in my experience that almost all women would inevitably perjure themselves."

Mrs. Vorse asked him if this applied to women of all classes.

"Yes," he responded, "few women can be trusted to tell the truth. When they come on the witness stand they have something they want to prove, something they want to hold back, or else they want to state more than the truth."

"I suppose you mean by that," said Mrs. Vorse, "that women haven't a sense of personal responsibility toward telling the facts of the case the way the average man has? That women, in fact, have no exact sense of honor? Still, it seems to me that there is another side of the case."

She told him the story of the tenement house inspectors, and the other things that had come to her notice.

The old man thought it all over. Then he said:

"I think that most of these imperfect women witnesses whom I have noticed would have been able to justify themselves perfectly for their lack of truth telling. They would have all felt their lies were told for some exemplary reason. They 'felt inside themselves' that the accused was innocent, and they were willing to lie to prove he was, or they 'felt' that the accused was guilty, and they were willing to stretch the truth or misrepresent it, so justice might be done. In no case did they regard themselves as simply truth-telling machines, who were there for the purpose of giving the facts as they had seen them.

"Women, as I have seen them, will always prove to you at length how they were perfectly justified in having pursued the course which they did. I have had women come up 'drunk and disorderly' who would be glad to tell you, if you would let them, a long story as to how it was some other person's fault that they took to drink. The idea that women are morally superior to men is ingrained in them, and they like to keep up this appearance even to themselves, so they begin by not telling themselves the truth as to why they have done anything that they should not; that is why they can perjure themselves and not call it a lie. On the other hand, taking a bribe is a concrete thing. The woman most accustomed to justify herself high-mindedly for small dishonorable acts could not find another name by which a bribe would smell sweet; the fact stares you large in the face; when you beat your fare, you beat your fare. I knew one woman, however, who told me frankly she beat her fare whenever she could, because, she said, the company was treating the public badly, and she seemed to feel, therefore, that beating her fare was a noble act. If women could be led gently to the feeling that beating fares was in reality giving back in part to the people what the railways have stolen from them, we should soon have them riding free whenever they could.

"In the old days of railroad passes, the tricks to which many a pure mother of a family resorted to get one were astonishing. Every congressman knows what unscrupulous lobbyists women

are. They'll use everything that they have, from the frank feminine appeal to their poverty, in order to accomplish their ends; they will do it all with a cheerful *na veté*. Nor is it possible to point out to them that their procedure has any element of crookedness in it. A man, in his heart of hearts, knows when he is crooked; he will admit to himself that he is 'working for his own pocket all the time.' But women are far too high-minded to admit, even in the privacy of their own rooms with the door shut, that their acts are anything but commendable, and, if not commendable, then justifiable."

Mrs. Vorse thought the judge stated the facts too strongly; and she said so. "Would you leave your private letters around in the houses of most of your friends," asked he, suddenly, "especially among your relatives?" She confessed that she would not. "Don't you know many a woman," he persisted, "who reads her daughter's correspondence under the plea that it is her business as a mother of a family to know what's going on?" She did; and she knew women who read their servants' letters for the same reason. "Well," said the judge, "a woman reads her daughter's letters so that she may keep a watchful eye upon her child; she may also read her son's letters for the same end, and from this to her husband's private letters is only a step."

In summing up the evidence pro and con in her own mind, Mrs. Vorse could hardly avoid the conclusion that her previously high estimate of woman's moral sense had been based on slender premises. The list of indictments was long and serious. She had been brought to see women grafting for benevolent purposes, perjuring themselves for the sake of justice, using what we euphemistically call "the feminine appeal" for gaining their ends in politics and business, using unscrupulously their influence of position to further their own personal ends or the ends of their friends; and all with a beautiful simplicity. She had to admit their lack of honor in regard to letters, and, now she came to think of it, there were other things she had to admit. It had happened many times in her life that she had had friends come to her, religious women of exalted piety, who had betrayed the trust that their friends had placed in them, and repeated things they should not have repeated because they felt that it was their "duty" to let her know what was going on. She knew many women who automatically pump their servants who come from some friend's home. She had seen women who would scorn to listen at a key-hole take down a telephone receiver and listen unperturbed in her presence. Apropos of the last point, Mrs.


Vorse tells (in her article in *Appleton's*) the following amusing anecdote:

"I have a relative who is a country doctor. There is one single telephone wire between him and a little village three-quarters of a mile away. All the houses in the whole community give on that wire. When he was called up from any of the houses along this line, he would go to the telephone and say: 'Now, everybody but my patient put up their receivers.' For well he knew that every woman who had heard the doctor's ring had flown to the telephone, to learn who was sick and why and how. Next he would say: 'There are several of you who haven't rung off yet. Ring off now, before I talk to my patient—there's three that are listening yet,' he would pursue; 'I shall tell their names if I don't hear the clicks of the receivers.'

"He would wait a minute. Then he would say: 'Anna Smith, put your receiver up so I can talk to my patient.'

"After this he would proceed."

A GREAT SCIENTIST'S PESSIMISTIC REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN PROGRESS.

N his book on "The Wonderful Century," published ten years ago, Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished scientist and co-discoverer with Charles Darwin of the theory of evolution, asserted his conviction that, in the matter of mechanical discovery, the human race had made more progress in the nineteenth century than in all the preceding eighteen centuries. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this statement with the attitude he takes in his latest article on "Evolution and Character" in *The Fortnightly Review*. He has evidently grown more pessimistic. He declares now that it is doubtful if there has been "any considerable improvement in man's average intellectual and moral status during the whole period of human history"; and he says further:

"In comparing a savage with a civilized race, we must always remember that the amount of acquired and applied knowledge which we possess is no criterion of mental superiority on our side, or of inferiority on his. The average Zulu or Fijian may be very little lower mentally than the average Englishman; and it is, I think, quite certain that the average Britain, Saxon, Dane, and Norseman of a thousand years ago—the ancestral stocks of the present English race—were mentally our equals. For what power has been since at work to improve them? There has certainly been no special survival of the more intellectual and moral, but rather the reverse. As Galton points out, the celibacy of the Roman

"I do not for a moment mean to say," remarks Mrs. Vorse, in concluding, "that all women are lacking in personal honor, or that all men abound in it, but I do think that there is a code among men which does not exist—certainly to the same extent—among women, and where men break this code they are discredited as a woman is not." Mrs. Vorse adds:

"From my own personal experiences, the professional women who have been trained with men share the man's code to a far greater extent than many women of equally high ideals and purity of life who have lived only in their own homes, cherishing the notion that because they are women their acts are good.

"My own conclusion is that of my friend Martin Gilman, that lack of honor, in the restricted sense I have specified, is a woman's vice. And again, I must agree with my friend the judge, that this will continue to be so long as women give themselves virtuous reasons for breach of confidence of every kind."

Church and the seclusion of thousands of the more refined women in abbeys and nunneries tended to brutalize the race.

"To this we must add the destruction of thousands of psychics, many of them students and inventors, during the witchcraft mania, and the repression of thought and intellect by the Inquisition; and when we consider further that the effects of education and the arts are not hereditary, we shall be forced to the conclusion that we are today, in all probability, mentally and morally inferior to our semi-barbaric ancestors!"

The Romans and the Greeks, Mr. Wallace reminds us, looked down on their ancestors with just as much contempt as we look down on Kaffirs and Red Indians. It is quite superficial to conclude that because people are in a savage or barbarian state as regards knowledge and material civilization, they are necessarily inferior intellectually or morally. "I am inclined to believe," says Mr. Wallace, "that an unbiased examination of the question would lead us to the conclusion that there is no good evidence of any difference in man's average intellectual and moral status during the whole period of human history at all corresponding with differences in material civilization between civilized and savage races today. . . . There is good reason to believe that some of the lowest savages today (perhaps all of them) are the deteriorated remnants of more civilized peoples." Moreover:

"If we turn to the facts actually known to us about early man, historic and prehistoric, they

certainly point in the same direction. Whence came the wonderful outgrowth of art manifested by the Germans and Celts in their Gothic architecture, admirable alike in structure, in design, and in ornament, and which we, however much we pride ourselves on our science, cannot approach in either originality or beauty? Going further back, the Roman architects, sculptors, poets and literary men were fully our equals. Still earlier, the Greeks were our equals, if not superior, in art, in literature and in philosophy. The Aryans of Northern India were equally advanced, and their wonderful epic—the Maha-Bharata—introduces us to a people who were probably, both in intellect and in morality, no whit inferior to ourselves. Further back still, in ancient Egypt, we find in the Great Pyramid a structure which is the oldest in the world, and in many respects the most remarkable. In its geometrical proportions, its orientation, and its marvelous accuracy of construction, it is in itself the record of a people who had already attained to a degree of high intellectual achievement. It was one of the most gigantic astronomical observatories ever erected by man, and it shows such astronomical and geometrical knowledge, such precision of structure, and such mechanical skill, as to imply long ages of previous civilization, and an amount of intellect and love of knowledge fully equal to that of the great mathematicians, astronomers, and engineers of our day."

Turning from the domain of the intellect to that of morals and conduct, we encounter facts that lead to a similar conclusion. Mr. Wallace thinks it is fair to judge any epoch by its highest exponents, and on the basis of this supposition proceeds:

"If we compare the two greatest ethical teachers of our age with their earliest prototypes whose works have been preserved, it is impossible to maintain that there has been any real advance in their respective characters. Tolstoy can hardly be ranked as higher than Buddha, or Ruskin than Confucius; and as we cannot suppose the amount of variation of human faculty about a mean value to be very different now from what it was at that remote era, we must conclude that equality in the highest implies equality in the mean, and that human nature on the whole has not advanced in intellect or in moral standards during the last three thousand years, while the records of Egypt in both departments—those of science and of ethics—enable us to extend the same conclusion to a period some thousands of years earlier."

In reply to this argument it may be urged that the period stretching from these early civilizations to our own day is only a fragment of man's whole history, and that in the remains of neolithic, paleolithic and eolithic man we have certain proofs that his earliest condition was that of a low and brutal savage. But "this," says Mr. Wallace, "is pure assumption, because the evidence at our command does not bear upon the question at issue." He explains:

"Material civilization and inherent character

are things which have no necessary connection. There is no inconsistency, no necessary contradiction, in the supposition that the men of the early stone age were our equals intellectually and morally. As Mr. Archdall Reid well argues, if a potential Newton or Darwin were occasionally born among savages, how could his faculties manifest themselves in that forbidding environment? With an imperfect language and limited notation, and having to maintain a constant struggle for existence against the forces of nature, and in combination with his fellows against wild beasts and human enemies, either of them might have made some one step in advance—might have invented some new weapon or constructed some improved trap. He must necessarily work on the lines of his fellows and with the materials to his hand. Perhaps in the rude drawings of animals on stone or tusk we have the work of a potential Landseer; while the equal of our Watt or Kelvin might have initiated the polished stone axe or invented the bone needle. That a people without metals and without written language, who could therefore leave few imperishable remains, may yet possess an intellect and moral character fully equal (some observers think superior) to our own, is demonstrated in the case of the Samoans, and some other tribes of the Pacific. . . . Even the so long despised Australians—almost the lowest in material progress—yet show by their complex language, their elaborate social regulations, and often by an innate nobility of character, indications of a very similar inner nature to our own. If they possess fewer philosophers and moralists, they are also free from so large a proportion of unbalanced minds—idiots and lunatics—as we possess. On the other hand, we find in the higher Pacific types men who, tho savages as regards material progress, are yet generally admitted to be—physically, intellectually, and morally—our equals, if not our superiors. These we are rapidly exterminating through the effect of *our* boasted civilization!"

But while it may be true that there has been no general advance of character during the whole period of which we can obtain any definite information, there is every reason, says Mr. Wallace, in concluding, to believe that human nature will undergo a decided improvement in the not distant future. For the first time in history we are becoming conscious of our destiny; we are taking in our hands the world to re-create it; we are constituting ourselves the agents of "natural selection," instead of trusting blindly to natural forces. Two great influences, Mr. Wallace prophesies, will operate in the future more powerfully than ever before to uplift humanity—education and selection by marriage. To quote, finally:

"As yet we have no true and effective education. The very first essential in the teacher—true love of, or any sympathy with, the children—is not made one of the conditions of entering that great profession. Till this is made the *primary* qualification (as it was by Robert Owen at


his schools in New Lanark) no real improvement in social and moral character can be effected. Mere intellectual instruction—which is all now given—is *not* a complete education, is really the least important half of it.

"The other and more permanently effective agency, selection through marriage, will come into operation only when a greatly improved social system renders all our women economically and socially free to choose; while a rational and complete education will have taught them the importance of their choice both to themselves and to humanity. It will act through the agency of well-known facts and principles of human nature, leading to a continuous reduction of the lower types in each successive generation, and it

is the only mode yet suggested which will automatically and naturally effect this.

"When we consider the enormous importance of such a continuous improvement in the average character, and that our widespread and costly religious and educational agencies have, so far, made not the slightest advance towards it, we shall, perhaps, realize, before it is too late, that we have begun at the wrong end. Improvement of social conditions must precede improvement of character; and only when we have so reorganized society as to abolish the cruel and debasing struggle for existence and for wealth that now prevails, shall we be enabled to liberate those beneficent natural forces which alone can elevate character."

THE MORAL MENACE OF YELLOW JOURNALISM.

NE of the severest and keenest indictments of yellow journalism ever written has lately appeared in *The American Magazine* from the pen of Prof. W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago.

He takes the ground that the yellow papers published and spread broadcast in our American cities today are "a positive agent of vice and crime," making for all kinds of immorality. Our failure up to the present time to regard the yellow press as an immorality and to take steps to exterminate it is due, he thinks, in part to the fact that we have been reluctant to lose a time-honored faith in the printed page, and in part to the slowness with which we carry generalizations into practice. In connection with this last point he writes:

"Moral exactions never, in point of fact, reflect the most advanced states of consciousness. Our practices run behind our judgments by a generation or two, but that we do slowly and surely carry our generalizations into practice is indicated by the fact that society has since the beginning been constantly changing the content of its commandments, and practices which at one time were not the objects of moral judgment (slavery, polygamy, blood-vengeance) have come to be classed as immoral. At the present moment there is a focus of consciousness containing commandments in the making. In it are located questions of political graft, monopolistic manipulation, the tyranny of labor, patent medicine fakes, impure foods, the race question, the woman question, and the question of the yellow journal. These are now being agitated and revalued by public opinion and the legitimate press, and when we have made our reconstruction we shall have some new commandments and some new crimes; and among them will be: THOU SHALT NOT HAVE THE PERVERSION OF TRUTH FOR A GAINFUL OCCUPATION."

Professor Thomas's first and fundamental objection to yellow journalism is based on its

appeal to what he calls the "hate attitude" in men. This attitude exists in all of us. It dates back to the days when human beings spent most of their time killing animals or fighting with their fellow creatures. It partakes of the nature of impulse or appetite, and is almost as blindly elemental as hunger itself. During centuries of civilization this hate instinct has been modified and controlled, but under the surface it slumbers yet. A murder trial, a prize fight, a slanderous bit of gossip, an exciting game, have still the power to call it into play.

In the light of these facts, says Professor Thomas, it becomes plain that the yellow journal owes its existence to the persistence in men of a primitive feeling of essentially anti-social character, and to the fact that a revival of this feeling brings a sense of pleasure. He continues:

"Pleasurable shocks may be classified with some reference to their social significance. We have, first, the emotional interest of the reflex type represented by the whole gamut of competitive games from marbles to chess, which are pleasant, recreative and valuable—to the child, in developing a normal organism, and to the adult (in a society where the division of labor prevails), in taking the strain off certain over-worked nerve centers and equilibrating the organism. A second form of shock is associated with horrors, misfortunes, detractions and slanders. Railroad wrecks, fires, murders and domestic scandals are types of this interest, which, as in games, is primarily of the nature of a blind reflex. Artistic presentations, of which tragedy is an example, are conflict situations of a generalized and reflective type, presented with such technique and perspective as to give an added significance to life. Scientific and business 'pursuits' are really of the hunting pattern of interest, involving the same emotional strains as the chase, tho the emotion is subordinated to the reflective processes involved. And finally there are emotional states produced by stimulants, which

seem to owe their power to arouse pleasurable emotions to the fact that they act chemically or mechanically on centers ordinarily aroused by the presentation of external situations through the organs of sense. They play on emotional centers without reference to use or value.

"The yellow feature of journalism falls largely in the second class above, depending on the interest attaching to the disastrous. If a yellow sheet be analyzed, it will be found that it handles events and persons from the pain or disaster standpoint. The event itself is of no significance. The loss of life, the loss of happiness, the loss of property, the loss of reputation, death and detraction, is the whole story. In a word, it is an appeal to the hate reflex."

But the yellow press does not stop with the singling out and over-emphasis of situations of the fear and hate type. Says Professor Thomas:

"It distorts incidents and situations so that they will correspond to the most crude and brutal conditions of consciousness and desire. It perverts facts and manufactures stories purporting to be true, for the sake of producing an emotional shock greater than would follow on the presentation of the exact truth. Following the method of the artist and caricaturist, the experts of the yellow press produce an essential untruth by isolating and over-emphasizing certain features of the original without getting clean away from the copy."

Of the essential immorality of this whole procedure Professor Thomas feels that there can be no doubt; and the immorality lies, he argues, in the fact that the influence exerted is unfavorable to the development of what may be called the control or adjustment of society. He explains:

"Civilization as over against savagery, and human life as over against animal life, for the matter of that, depends upon a greater control both of the members of the group and of the resources of the environment. Cannibalism, stealing, falsehood, poisoning, murder, treachery, etc., are immoral because they are irreconcilable with the sympathetic coöperation between members of the group by which forces of nature are controlled and exploited and the assaults of outsiders resisted.

"In securing this adjustment, the race has developed and made use of many inventions. Thus, language is a powerful instrument of control because through it knowledge, tradition, standpoint, ideals, stimulations, copies, are transmitted and increased. Forms of government are aids to control by providing safety and fair play within the group and organized resistance to invasions from without. Religion assists control, reinforcing by a supernatural sanction those modes of behavior that by experience and practice have been determined as moral, i. e., socially advantageous. Art is an aid to control by diffusing admirable copies for imitation with the least resistance and maximum contagion. Marriage is a form of control, benefiting society because children are better bred and trained by the coöpera-

tion of parents. Medicine is an element in control by keeping the human machinery in working order or repairing it. Liberty is favorable to control, because with it the individual has an opportunity to develop ideas and values by following his own bent, which he would not develop under repression. Mechanical invention is an element of tremendous importance in control, by utilizing new forces or old forces in different ways and making them do work, thus squeezing out of nature values not before suspected, not within reach, or not commonly enjoyed. And if we should single out and make a catalogue of that which we are accustomed to call laudable and virtuous conditions and actions, we should see that they can all be stated from the control standpoint."

Now the yellow journal by its very nature inflames, instead of controlling, the desires of men. "When a daily paper," declares Professor Thomas, "fails to reflect accurately the general facts and experiences of life and thus to serve as a medium of legitimate thought, it is missing the greatest opportunity in the world. And the yellow journal is not only missing this opportunity to serve legitimate thought—it is a positive agent of vice and crime." More specifically he writes:

"The condition of morality, as well as of mental life, in a community depends on the prevailing copies. A people is profoundly influenced by whatever is persistently brought to its attention. A good illustration of this is the fact that an article in commerce—a food, luxury, a medicine or a stimulant—can always be sold in immense quantities if it be persistently and largely advertised. In the same way the yellow journal by an advertisement of crime, vice and vulgarity, on a scale unexampled in commercial advertising and in a way that amounts to approval and even applause, becomes one of the forces making for immorality. It is not possible to fix a legal responsibility here any more than it is possible to trace definitely the increased sales of a cigar to the bill-boards advertising it; but journalistic advertising gets results, and no less surely when the display is a part of the reading matter than when it is in the paid advertising columns."

In concluding, Professor Thomas dwells for a moment on the reverse side of the picture. Of course, he concedes, the yellow journal has its good points, as well as its bad. "Like the hunters of Kentucky in the old song, it is 'half a horse and half an alligator.'" It is as good as its particular readers want it to be, and one may find jewels amidst its rubbish. Professor Thomas thinks that at bottom it is ashamed of itself, and points out that "even now its editorial pages are denying its sensational features." Is it possible, he asks, that it is beginning to aid in its own reformation, and that like Sir Condy Rackrent in Miss Edgeworth's story, it may even survive its own wake and assist at its own obsequies?

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF DUELING



R. C. L. DE MURALT, Professor at the University of Michigan and civil engineer, who confesses to having fought twenty-six duels during his college days, and who attributes a large part of his worldly success to the discipline entailed thereby, has lately published, in *Der Deutsche Vorkämpfer* (New York), an article extolling the practice of dueling as "about the best physical and moral education that a young man can be put through." The professor's utterances are in direct contradiction to recent remarks of President Hadley, of Yale, who extolled American athletes and physical training in our colleges at the expense of the practices prevailing in Germany. Professor de Muralt is an American who has studied in Germany and who is thoroly conversant with both sides of the question. His article and a lecture on which the former is based were provoked by frequent inquiries as to the origin of the scars on his cheek.

The dueling of German university life, Professor de Muralt maintains, is a more effective factor in the development of character than many of the forms of "sport" prevalent in American colleges, for instance, football. "Dueling," he says, "is the exhilarating germ of a collegiate education in Germany which produces men able to go out into the world to fight battles where quick perception, quick action and quick determination are necessary."

There are two kinds of dueling, he proceeds to point out, namely, duels fought to get satisfaction for an actual or imagined insult, and duels fought for sport pure and simple. The first kind is undoubtedly somewhat out of date, and has fallen into public disfavor. The second kind, however, is far from outgrown, in Germany, at least. Says Professor de Muralt:

"When a young student enters a university he is given a chance to enter any one of various student societies similar to our American 'fraternities.' The 'Corps'—for so the societies are called in Germany—are distinguished from one another by the colors which their members wear both on their caps and on silk ribbons worn across the chest. When a student becomes a member of a 'Corps' he is called a 'fox' and is considered to be in the outer circle only and on probation. He is allowed to wear only two of the three colors which distinguish that particular Corps from all the others. These two colors he wears during a period of six months or so, and during this time the 'fox' is instructed by the older members in fencing and dueling manners. Toward the end of this period he will have learned enough about dueling to be tried out, and

he is matched against a member of another Corps of approximately equal strength in a real duel. Let me say right here that in dueling for sport there is no intention of killing your adversary. The purpose is simply to disable him, and, except in the duels of the best fencers, the doctor and the seconds are the judges as to when a man is disabled. The best fencers usually fight as long as they are able to hold a sword.

"If the 'fox' in his first duel behaves well and shows that he can take punishment without flinching, he is matched in a second duel against a man of superior strength. Thus he is tried out some three to five or more times, and at least once he is matched against a man who is surely going to punish him severely. This is his real test of courage. If in this test and in his general conduct he has shown himself worthy to be a full member of the Corps he is given the permission to wear the three colors of his Corps and is called a 'Corps-Bursch.' After this, his duels will be of a more serious nature and will usually be fought in the name of his Corps in its quarrels with other Corps.

"When one Corps has a grievance against another, the aggrieved Corps challenges the other for as many duels as the weaker Corps has members. The challenged usually returns the challenge, thus doubling the number of duels to be fought. This method of procedure is chosen simply as a means of providing a sufficient number of duels for the older members, who, as a general rule, do not like to be simply matched against their approximate equals, but prefer fighting with some special incentive and with a certain amount of hazard in the game, as happens when they do not know exactly against whom they may have to fight up to the moment they actually meet the adversary."

It is a mistaken idea, continues Professor de Muralt, to suppose that the man with the most scars on his face is the poorest fencer. On the contrary, a man in this condition "shows, as a general rule, that he has been up against adversaries who knew how to deal the more difficult lower cuts. It is therefore a criterion of his own great ability." Professor de Muralt adds, in concluding:

"A man who has to go through this test repeatedly, and has to keep in perfect trim for at least two or three years, during which he must fight anywhere from ten to thirty duels and be ready at any moment to go out against an adversary of unknown strength, will, to say the least, have been able to steady his nerves. Most men naturally acquire also a good deal of quick decision. And while there may be objections to having a man's face scarred, yet I cannot think that it is preferable to have his arms, legs or ribs broken instead. I am therefore strongly of the opinion that the German dueling sport is an educative feature at least as valuable as American football sport, and to my mind it presents the one great advantage over the latter that it develops strong individuality and reliance on one's own strength, a feature not present to anywhere near the same degree in football."

Music and the Drama

SEX AND SYMBOLISM: THE TREND OF DRAMA ABROAD

BARREN as the dramatic season has been with us, there is a harvest of notable plays abroad. In the majority of these the sex-motive is the dominant note. In the few successful plays by American authors, "The Witching Hour," a study in telepathy, "The Warrens of Virginia" and "The Grand Army Man," this note is conspicuously absent. It would be injustice not to call attention to the important fact that the continental mind is never satisfied with the mere presence of the sex-note, but insists invariably upon a psychological exposition and on philosophy in the guise of symbolic representation. Consequently such writers as Hauptmann and D'Annunzio at times lose themselves in the labyrinth of obscure mysticism unless they are actually playing "hide and seek" with their public.

The continental spirit is felt with increasing insistence in the British drama. England has modern dramatists, tho, to instance only the case of Shaw, it is usually America that first grants them a hearing. The pessimist to the contrary, the line of dramatic progress, asserts Mr. E. A. Baughan in the London *Daily News*, has always been upward. Such seems also to be the opinion of Professor Brander Mathews, writing in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. The English writer refers to "John Glayde's Honor," a strong play butchered in New York by bad acting. Its author, Alfred Sutro, he affirms, always wants to write a modern play, but always falls victim in the end to the glamor of sheer theatrical effect. Still in the work of younger men in England there is a healthy idea of what drama should be. Thus Anthony P. Wharton's "Irene Wycherly," recently staged in New York with considerable success, is a good example of the newer note in the drama. Its inequalities and unnecessary horrors, we are told, are blots, but the tragedy does arise from the characters and there is an attempt to depict life. That is true also of Mr. Roy Horniman's "The Education of Elisabeth," of Mr. W. S. Maugham's "Lord Frederick" and, to some extent, of Mr. H. H. Davies's "The Molluscs." In all these plays,

Mr. Baughan affirms, a new note is sounded. Strangely enough there is no new play by Bernard Shaw to be chronicled here. "Perhaps," the writer suggests, "the author of 'The Doctor's Dilemma' is aware that he has reached a critical period in his career as a dramatist and is coming to terms with himself." To quote further:

"With his great dramatic gifts, evident enough in the worst of his plays, and his sense of the reality of life, with his wit and wealth of ideas, Mr. Shaw should have been the man to regenerate our drama.

"But until now he has been the victim of a formula, and his drama has been marred by the expression of it in varying phases. One suspects the politician as dramatist, for life is not an affair of fads or parties. Nor can fine drama ever be the expression of egotism.

"There is no need to enter into details of the successful Shakespeare productions of Mr. Beer-bohm Tree and Mr. Oscar Asche, nor, if the sudden juxtaposition may be allowed, to catalog the triumphs of the corybantic art of musical comedy. When all is said, there has been progress, and the mint of money wasted over worthless plays is, properly considered, a step forward in that progress. That we are still waiting for the great dramatist who shall express life in a great manner is true. But the path is being gradually swept clean for his triumphant arrival."

Perhaps Mr. Granville Barker, the author of the censored play, "Waste," is destined to be the savior of the English drama. At present he is still too strongly under the influence of the great G. B. S., and this loyalty, everywhere to be observed, may, according to one London critic, have serious consequences in the remote future when the ages have finally dethroned Shakespeare in favor of Mr. Shaw. For it will be infallibly pointed out that the initials of the younger playwright's name are the first of the older playwright's full name, a coincidence on which many ingenious theories of authorship will doubtless be based. The London *Morning Post* is not very enthusiastic over Barker's effort, and observes with a touch of weariness that, with all its cleverness, it is not a play to make the three and one-half hours it takes to perform seem short. The London correspondent of *The Argonaut* (San Francisco), on the other hand, gives a glowing

account of the tragedy and maintains that the chief defect of the play is its embarrassment of riches. It was performed with Mr. Barker himself in the leading rôle at the Imperial Theater in London, over which, by a whimsical inconsistency of the law, the censor has no authority. The plot is outlined as follows:

"The chief character of 'Waste' is a young politician named Trebell, and we are told that he has 'sharpened himself as a weapon' for the cause of church disestablishment, and in pursuit of his cherished aim he is prepared to fight for any party that will advance it. Eventually he becomes a member of the Tory cabinet in order that he may introduce a disestablishment bill, and he is heartily welcomed because he has the Non-conformist vote behind him.

"But Trebell falls from political grace through the instrumentality of a woman. Perhaps the author had the fate of Parnell in mind and perhaps he hadn't. There are both resemblances and divergences. The woman makes love to him with an audacity that takes the breath away. She persuades him to kiss her and the curtain falls as he lifts her in his arms and carries her into the garden.

"Perhaps it is just as well that the curtain did fall. It could hardly do so at a more opportune time, seeing that when it is again raised on the next act the woman is undergoing that penalty reserved by nature for her sex alone. Then comes crime, the crime of which woman alone can be the victim, the crime that medical science has always protested against and has always committed. The woman dies. A cabinet council is held in view of inevitable scandal. Trebell's colleagues send for the woman's husband and under their persuasion he consents to keep silent, but Trebell himself must go. Agonized and ruined, bewildered by the suddenness of his downfall, he shoots himself. He has been 'wasted' by a moment's forgetfulness of conventional duty. Neither ability nor devotion could make amends for his obedience to a natural call that was irresistible. His suicide was a protest against the injustice of it all. Such is the moral of the play—if it can be called a moral.

"But the play does not derive its masterful strength from its plot. It must be seen or at least read to understand its compelling grip on its audience. A seasoned critic says that 'it is choke-full of suggestion, of original characterization, of practical point, and of speculative thought.' It is a play for serious people and for intellectual people. The only portions that would attract the frivolous or the salacious are the minor ones. The real character of the delighted audience may be gauged from their applause. When Trebell says 'education is religion and those who deal in it are priests without the laying on of hands,' there was a stir of approbation that was renewed when he says, 'Give power to the future, not to the past,' and 'to provide the means of change is the first end of statesmanship,' and again, 'What a church we should have with the best brains in England sworn to learn what they can and teach what they know, with no fear save that of telling lies to children.'"

The sheer theatrical note is strongest perhaps in the French drama. It is present, as should be expected, in Sardou's and Bernstein's new plays; it is less noticeable in Paul Bourget's play, "Un Divorcon." The latter attracted widespread attention by the discussion of the divorce problem which it has provoked. The adroit management gave every spectator a little slip of paper to be deposited in a ballot-box in the foyer. The paper asks whether the spectator favors indissolubility of marriage, the status quo, divorce by mutual agreement, divorce by wish of only one party, or free love. The overwhelming majority favored divorce by mutual agreement, but M. Briand, the new Socialist Minister of Justice, has created a profound sensation by declaring himself in favor of free love. "Most assuredly," he remarks, "social evolution is toward free love. By that I do not mean universal license. Simply that men and women, in choosing partners, should have the same freedom of action as they have in other things. The present marriage system, even in its latest evolution, still holds to the illogical tradition that, marriages being made in heaven, the Church alone has the right to direct them and to make them permanent. Christian love and free love are the two extremes. We are slowly passing from one to the other." M. Bourget, in the play, expresses himself strongly in the conservative spirit. A New York *Times* correspondent in Paris says on this point:

"As a dramatist and novelist, M. Bourget has the logical and artistic fault of bringing about conclusions in defiance of the law of relation between cause and effect. For example, in 'Les Etapes' we have a Roman Catholic family and an agnostic family. The former is exalted and the latter comes to grief by the same delightful logic and the same artistry which causes the little boy in the Sunday school story books who goes fishing on the Sabbath to be drowned. In 'Un Divorce' the grandmamma and the priest, and afterward the former's daughter-in-law, believe in the indissolubility of marriage. The grandmamma's son, a physician, holds for divorce; the latter's stepson and a young doctor ess come out boldly for free love. In the play the grandmamma, the priest, and finally the daughter-in-law come off victorious."

The scene of Sardou's new play "La Voisin," is the court of the Sun King—Louis Quatorze. It is a story of loves, poisons, courtesans and history, a good deal of history. Sardou, remarks the London *Telegram*, has made history live for us again, while a New York *Times* correspondent ascribes the moderate enthusiasm aroused by the play to the abundance of the historical element. "Perhaps," he re-

marks, "when the play is produced in America, there will be less history in it and quicker action. In that case it should score a brilliant success." Sardou is as wily as ever and holds us in artful suspense until the fall of the curtain. The part of the Abbé Griffard, the leading character, we are told, is subtly impersonated by Coquelin. The plot is as follows:

"The Abbé Griffard, who has been sent to the galleys for having lampooned Mme. de Montespan, escapes and reaches Paris with the dying confession of one of his companions who poisoned the Duke of Savoy. The Abbé acquaints the head of the police with this information and is entrusted with a mission to penetrate the mystery that surrounds 'La Voisin,' a soothsayer much patronized by ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

"'La Voisin,' captivated by the Abbé, discloses a plot to poison Louis XIV., and likewise gives the names of her accomplices. The Abbé assists at one of the famous 'messes noires' where Mme. de Montespan comes to obtain a love philter for the King, whose love for her is on the wane, and where 'La Voisin' prepares a poisoned powder to be administered by Mme. de Montespan's own hands.

"At a reception at Court Mlle. Fontanges is suddenly taken ill, apparently from the effects of poisoning, and Mlle. Ormoize is accused of the crime, as she has been at 'La Voisin's.' The girl is innocent, but the Ministers are anxious to screen Mme. de Montespan and are prepared to sacrifice her.

"The Abbé, however, will not permit such villainy to be perpetrated. He boldly informs the King of Mme. de Montespan's visits to 'La Voisin,' with the result that the favorite is banished and Mlle. Ormoize is released, and marries the man she loves."

The most interesting new French play is, however, Bernstein's "Samson," which, *The Evening Transcript* (Boston) remarks, outdoes "The Thief" in violence. Play-house impressions, chats a writer in the alert Boston daily, are grave, gay, tonic, sedative, soporific, moral, intellectual—sometimes they are even physical. "When," he remarks, "you have seen a play of Henri Bernstein's, you feel yourself carefully over to make sure that no bones are broken."

"His method is so violent that it hurts. It is not enough for him that you look on at his play; he hammers it into you. And every blow tells. You recognize that you are being 'punished' scientifically by a 'champion.' But violence in art has one drawback. Its practitioners must keep on increasing the dose. Our sensory apparatus would soon cease to respond to a mere repetition of the same degree of stimulus. We must have more. And Bernstein gives us more. 'The Whirlwind' was more violent than any play up to its date. 'The Thief' was more violent than 'The Whirlwind.' 'Samson' is more violent than 'The Thief.' You wonder what Bernstein will

do next. Doubtless he will write a play which it will be dangerous to undergo without an anesthetic."

Jacques Brachard, the Samson, the strong man of the play, is a copper king of humble origin, whose financial operations are on a colossal scale. He has married Anne Marie, a delicate Dresden China girl, of noble descent, who bestows her heart elsewhere upon an elegant and handsome blonde, Le Govain. The "Copper-king," in Mr. Bernstein's hands, the *Transcript* writer affirms, ceases to be a mere type and becomes an individual, something almost hippopotamic in clumsiness, yet significantly so self restrained, so evidently biding his time, as to forebode a catastrophe. The lover follows that maxim of Nietzsche's which has wrought up feminine thinkers all over the world against the German philosopher: "When thou goest to woman forget not the whip." He wins women by treating them as slaves and uses language to his mistress, Grace Ritherford, whom he has installed at the Hotel Ritz, and to Anne Marie, that would make Billingsgate blush if Billingsgate understood. Even Paris, which is not particularly squeamish in this matter, was shocked, if the chatter in the lobbies was to be trusted. Finally Le Govain insults Anne Marie so that she will never speak to him again. At that juncture Brachard wrings a confession from his wife and plans a gigantic revenge. It is, however, for the third act, to quote again from *The Transcript*, that the play exists:

"Brachard has installed himself at the Ritz, where he learns from Grace Ritherford what actually happened overnight. Le Govain had carried off Anne-Marie to a supper, which had soon degenerated into an orgy, and Anne-Marie had fled from it in disgust and terror. After this dreadful story Brachard's mind is made up. His broker arrives and takes orders for immediate operations. The 'Copper King' is going to sell copper, going to sell all the copper in existence, apparently, going to sell it until the price dwindles to nothing. And why? Because all his 'friends,' all his wife's set, speculating in his train, have bought copper. Le Govain, in particular, has invested every sou he possesses in copper. So Le Govain is invited to lunch and comes unsuspectingly. Brachard detains him with talk while the Bourse operations are proceeding and does not throw off the mask until the newsmen are heard outside yelling the news of the crash in copper.

"Thereupon Le Govain tries to rush off, but Brachard holds him prisoner by main force, in fact half strangles him. He has not been a dock porter for nothing! So there you have the situation; the husband taking his revenge on the lover by bringing him in an hour to beggary and, what is more, keeping him helpless while he

hears, as it were, his ruin being accomplished outside. It is, of course, a strong situation, a violent situation, and its violence is aggravated by the utterances of the two men. Hatred, and that the deadliest of all hatreds, pours itself forth in a torrent of such revilings, such taunts, such plain names for hidden things, as surely can seldom, if ever, have been heard on the stage before. Given the circumstances, we surmise that the men say exactly what they would in reality say. But in reality there would be no third person to hear them, whereas at the Renaissance they have a house crammed full of listeners.

"But to return to the main situation. The 'Copper King' has not only beggared the lover, he has beggared himself. Not otherwise could he get his revenge, and his revenge was dearer to him than his millions. Samson, whom the Philistines derided as only fit to make sport for them, has brought the temple down and crushed his enemies and himself in a common ruin.

"After this the fourth act is, almost inevitably, an anticlimax. Anne-Marie, who like so many other fragile creatures worships strength, is stricken with admiration for the man who has been strong enough to beggar himself through love and jealousy. There is a long, a rather too long, scene of explanation between the pair—call it, rather, a scene of mesmerism, the man compelling the woman to love him, or to begin to feel something like love for him, by the sheer force of his will. When you part with them, you understand that Brachard will soon be 'Copper King' again, and this time king in his wife's heart as well."

In Italy D'Annunzio is still supreme. His new play, "La Nave" (The Ship), is an orgy of lust and Latinism. The play symbolizes the emancipation of Venice from Byzantine rule and her conquest by Rome. The Roman correspondent of the London *Times* raises his hands in horror at the production. "D'Annunzio's play," he exclaims, "is like a circus, with one essential difference. In a circus we are invited to see how beasts can act like human beings; but in the play we are invited to see how human beings can act like beasts." This judgment seems to be somewhat blinded by moral passion. The play, we gather from *The Nation*, was warmly received by a distinguished audience, including the King of Italy. The latter invited the author to the royal box, inquired eagerly as to the sources of the piece, and thanked Signor D'Annunzio for his glorification of the Roman tradition of sea-power. It is characteristic of the Italian poet's genius and perhaps the general continental trend of dramatic art that he was unable to portray the great racial struggle without resorting to the symbolism of sex. The curtain rises upon Venice in the year 552, in a moment of political expectancy. Venice wavers between independence and subjection to Byzantium; at

present the scale is inclined in favor of freedom. The daughter of the Tribune, then deposed, Basiliola, has become a great courtesan in the Byzantine camp. She appears in splendor of attire and is hailed as a siren by the water-folk, only to find the mutilated body of her father and her twin brother on her arrival in Venice. This scene is interrupted by the appearance of Marco Gratico, a young Venetian, bringing the lost relics of the tutelar saint of the colony. He is at once hailed as the Tribune, and at the same time his brother is hailed as bishop. Throughout the scene are heard voices from unseen choristers. These represent the Latin church asserting itself. Basiliola by her carnal charms fascinates the new Tribune, who casts her maligners and the torturers of her father into filthy dungeons. When the unfortunates behold her in her harlot's splendor they rave for her lustfully and by turns insult her grievously in the hope that she will end their torture. Then follows one of the most powerful and most revolting scenes in the history of modern drama. Stung by an intolerable affront, she grasps a bow from a guard and slays the chief spokesman of the prisoners. Intoxicated by the sight of blood she voluptuously shoots prisoner after prisoner until it seems that the stage is full of the sobs of the dying, intermingled with bestial groans of desire. The Tribune arrives upon the scene and is almost overcome with disgust; but when, as Phyrne before her, she disrobes in his presence, he again yields to her blandishments and her promise of procuring for him the imperial crown of Byzantium. Basiliola has also conjured before the eyes of Gratico's brother, the Bishop, visions of empire. Here, as in Sardou's play, the "black mass" is effectively introduced. We find the Bishop in the midst of an orgy. Effeminate priests mutter awful heresies in memory of the Last Supper, while Basiliola maddens them all as she dances lasciviously with her seven slaves, the guardians of the seven candlesticks. From the outside the austere psalmody of Latin zealots is heard, who finally burst in upon the revels. An extraordinary choral debate between the factions follows, during which Basiliola defiantly possesses herself of the altar. The matter is at last referred to judicial combat between Bishop and Tribune; and Gratico wins in the fratricidal duel. The third episode, remarks *The Nation*, from which these facts are chiefly drawn, is practically an epilog.

"The great ship Tuttilmondo is ready for launching. Upon it Marco Gratico will take the

sea in expiation of the slaying of his brother. He will clear the sea of pirates and will cut his way to Alexandria in the hope of recovering the body of St. Mark. Behind the ship flares the fire upon the altar the sailors maintain to a pagan Victory. Latin Christianity is reestablished; all is finished except the punishment of Basiliola. In prophetic words she announces the naval destiny of the city and offers herself as helpmate on the ship. As Marco Grático promises to nail the temptress to the prow in the guise of a figure-head, she casts herself upon the fire of the heathen altar, as an offering to the goddess of naval victory, and the ship is launched amidst the benedictions of the throng and choristers.

"So ends what the author calls 'An Adriatic Tragedy.'"

It is the first time, we are told, that D'Annunzio has essayed a public theme, tho the supreme value of the Latin spirit is celebrated in much of his work. The subject fairly challenges comparison with "Julius Caesar" and "Antony and Cleopatra." The weakness of the play lies in the fact that the conflict lies not between the main characters, but between Latin and Byzantine factions, speaking through choruses, and in which Basiliola represents the Byzantine spirit. The idea comprised in a Caesar, Antony, Brutus, Cassius, is singularly vague in this tragedy, and one will hardly accept the battling hemistichs and strophes of the choruses as a substitute for real drama. The poetry of the piece, in the reviewer's opinion, conceals the weakness of its construction. "At bottom," he says, "the piece shows many of the qualities and defects of Flaubert's 'Salammbô.' An awful theme is coldly imagined, the fancy is deliberately flogged to the verge of insane hallucination, and a magnificent rhetoric offers itself as a substitute for the more spontaneous and durable traits of genuine invention."

A German critic, Dr. Paul Goldman, in a recent book, claims that for the last twenty years Germany has produced, with only one or two exceptions, a succession of plays utterly devoid either of literary or dramatic merit. The German public, he maintains, was driven to content itself with translations of foreign detective plays like "Sherlock Holmes," or to witness the perverse and cynical obscenities of Frank Wedekind. The work of the fatherland's contemporary dramatists, in his opinion, manifests no comprehension of the ideas and problems of the times. He goes on to say:

"They know nothing of clericalism and anti-clericalism, nothing of the old unending war between free thought and the power of Church which lately has been rekindled. They know

nothing of the struggle of individualism against the tyranny of capital in the economic and intellectual life. They know nothing of the moral problems of our epoch. They know nothing of popular disappointment over the results of exact science. They know nothing of women's fight for their rights.

"They know nothing of the fact that in the hearts of our generation the sentiments of Rousseau's generation are beginning to assert themselves—surfeit with culture and homesickness for nature."

Dr. Goldman decidedly overshoots the mark, tho there is more than a grain of truth in his contention. Certainly the new plays from the pens of Germany's two great dramatists, Sudermann and Hauptmann, are far from bearing directly on the issues of the day, unless there is in Hauptmann's case a subtle symbolism that escapes the analysis of the present writer. And that young Austrian genius, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, author of "Electra," of whom we have more to say on another page, can hardly be said to be obviously in tune with the time spirit. Neither, it might be said, was Shakespeare; and what differentiates literary art from literary journalism is largely the question whether the author presents a problem merely because it is timely or because it is fundamentally rooted in human nature. Sudermann's dramatic contribution to the present season—four plays loosely strung together under the title "Roses"—is comparatively slight. Hauptmann, on the other hand, has made a grand effort to surpass himself; tho, in the judgment of the majority of his caviling German critics, he has not succeeded in this attempt. His play, "Charlemagne's Hostage" (Kaiser Karl's Geissel), is more intelligible than "Pippa Dances." The argument is taken from the curious "Histories of Sebastian Erizzo." Piquancy is added to the interest in the play itself by the fact that Sudermann, at once on its presentation, announced that he too was writing a play on the same episode in Charlemagne's life. The life-long rivalry of the two dramatists will reach its culmination on the first presentation of Sudermann's version. The *New York Times* expresses the opinion that "Charlemagne's Hostage" is a piece of luck for Sudermann. "If only by comparison, his new creation ought to stand out as a masterpiece beside this latest Hauptmann, which suffers from the tedious absence of dramatic action. The critics," the writer goes on to say, "were unfavorable on the dramatic merits of the play, which, theatrically speaking, is a failure. As Charlemagne forsook the cares of the state for the love of

Gersuind, so Hauptmann would seem to have abandoned the style that made his name in 'Die Weber' and 'Der Biberpelz' for visionary figures such as Hannele, Pippa, and Gersuind. But what the drama has lost poetry has gained."

There can be no doubt that in recent years the lyrical and mystical elements have preponderated in Hauptmann's literary make-up. He has returned to the folk-lore, to the witchcraft and the heresies of the country-side with which his life in the Silesian mountains has made him familiar. It is a curious coincidence, that in the Hauptmann play, too, there is a suggestion of the "black mass." This is the story of the play as described in the London *Outlook*:

"The King of the Franks has acquired in his wars as hostage Gersuind, a Saxon maid, and has placed her for safe keeping in a convent; she runs away to join Bennit, her uncle, who when the play opens stormily importunes Charlemagne to return her to his care. Gersuind has been brought back to the nunnery covered with weals, inflicted, as the infuriated Bennit alleges, by the sisters, but leaving in reality the traces of idolastrous orgies in which this child, with the face of angelic beauty, has participated.

"She is earthly passion incarnate, a demon of unbridled license. Charlemagne's interest is aroused in her, and he sends the hostage back to the convent, but she begs him for liberty and at length he sets her free. She follows Rorico and importunes him in vain, and then meets the King again at his country seat, whither he, unsettled by the maiden's face, has retired away from his capital of Aachen. Persuading himself that his interest is paternal, Charlemagne takes Gersuind into his palace to teach her that virtue she has never known. She basely deceives him, and the King, after hearing from the lips of his Chancellor the story of a wild midnight orgy, in a low tavern, bids her go back to her Saxon wilds and grovel in the mire, but never think of him. Rejected by her benefactor, Gersuind discovers that she truly loves him and returns to the convent to die from the effects of poison administered by the Chancellor in the hope that her death may break the spell cast over the monarch. For the populace is in a tumult at the continued absence of the emperor, and when Karl, tortured by pangs of conscience for having driven Gersuind from his side, arrives at the convent, an angry mob is shouting round the doors. As he enters, a procession meets him; Gersuind is dead, and at her bier Charlemagne finds his true feeling for her. Before her body—purified in death—he recognizes that his love for her was the revival of the smouldering fires of youth, and hearing how she died blessing his name, he regains his old energy and appears at the balcony before the acclaiming crowd. The curtain falls amid shouts of 'He has lifted up his sword.'"

One recognizes in Gersuind the old familiar figure of Hauptmann's favorite spirit-child, of

whom Rautendelein was the first incarnation. It is a creature half-wild, half-tame, the body being merely the dwelling place of a spirit, in this case of a devil. "In 'Pippa,'" remarks the London *Tribune*, in commenting on the play, "the child-body was of a devil, and made to take as tenant the mad spirit of the dance; in 'Kaiser Karl's Geisel' Gersuind is possessed of an unclean spirit, which goes into the draught when the body is at last poisoned by the king's chancellor. Therefore it is over a beautiful husk that the king declares his sanity restored. The devil, the enchantment, is gone."

The fundamental note of Sudermann's one-act plays sounds once more the same depressing and tragic tones that dominate his previous dramas—the self-assertion of the individual at any cost. They were written to celebrate his fiftieth birthday and meant perhaps to mark an epoch in his career. The gifted master, declares a reviewer in *The Evening Post* (New York), has contented himself with action so short and circumscribed as to afford but a limited flight and a brief and ill-sustained climax. "Die Lichtbänder" is, in a sense, the most characteristic of the plays. It reveals the sinning wife, lured to a bower of roses and persistently staying in its suffocating atmosphere, and her seducer, who pretends to be true to the soul he has dragged down to the dust. "In this analysis of the woman's mind, as well as in the fainter outlines of her worthless companion," the *Evening Post* writer observes, "Sudermann shows his power in the study of humankind, but the injured husband seems hardly consistent." To quote further:

"This man, known for resolute action and a vengeful temper, gives way at the last, but not until he has made concessions, scarcely possible for the average mortal.

"In 'Margot,' the touch of Sudermann is still more clearly recognizable. An unscrupulous woman and an erring daughter are groping for the light. In 'Der letzte Besuch,' we have another social cancer, on which Sudermann, without squeamishness, turns the full glare of his startling searchlight. Here, again, the woman of the world is borne down with the weight of a dual life. Her intrigue results in her victim's death and the revelation that, at the last moment, he had married another—the humble horse-trainer's daughter, who loved and silently gloried in the possession of his affection. In her dignified declaration and the return of the roses to the gay woman, Sudermann attains to as dramatic a moment as is found in any of the four plays.

"'Die ferne Prinzessin' is a comedy designed to teach, or at least to present for consideration, the curious precept, that only the non-genuine—as the artificial rose snatched by the princess

from her hat for the love-struck student—will not fade and perish."

"Here again," the reviewer concludes, "Sudermann may be nearer the truth than error in suggesting the mutability of real things, the notion that only distant ideals like the distant princess may be worth following after."

It is perhaps this realization which accounts for the aloofness of both great German poets from their immediate life. It is the same spirit that pervades the continental drama of the day as represented by its leading exponents. They seem to feel that it is the poet's mission to point the way from the temporal to the eternal. At other times they point out the divergence be-

tween the eternal and the temporal law. Sex is perennially the most potent permanent factor in human life, that is why it preoccupies their attention. They almost without exception employ the symbol as it is only thus they can hope to establish enduring formulæ. For the esthetic equation remains unaltered even if successive ages substitute different values for the individual symbol. If, however, too many unknown factors are introduced, the difficulty in reading the equation may be too great (witness the latest dramatic poems of Hauptmann) and all effort is in vain if the poet, in writing his equation, proves himself a blundering mathematician.

THE REVIVAL OF LORD DUNDREARY.

VERSATILITY is a quality that we no longer demand and seldom find in our actors. A star actor is usually held by the force of public sentiment, to rôles very similar to that in which he made his first success. Only once in a long while is an actor strong enough to break over the limitations thus imposed. Richard Mansfield succeeded in doing so and impersonated a great variety of individualities. So, in a measure, does E. H. Sothern. Mr. Sothern is regarded chiefly as a tragedian, and he himself regards himself in that way. When Arthur Symons wrote his enthusiastic appreciation of the American actor for the London *Monthly Review* he discerned in him, not a comedian but "the greatest of Hamlets." It speaks well for the range of Sothern's art that he seems to be no less impressive in comic rôles, such as Lord Chumley, as Malvolio, as Petruccio, and last, but not least, in his father's play, "Lord Dundreary." While some critical writers seem to feel with reference to the last-named play that his humor is brain-made, not born of the heart, they do not deny that he is marvelously effective in the part of the idiotic young Lord, and one writer at least places the comic Sothern above the Sothern of tragedy.

The part of "Lord Dundreary," the revival of which has provoked much of this discussion, was the elder Sothern's favorite rôle. He created the part out of nothing, and the ridiculous side-whiskered Lord, tho he has not been seen on the stage for nearly twenty years, has left his imprint on British life. Delightful reminiscences, as well as, perhaps, the most tragic event in our national history, are

associated with the play. The revival of "Lord Dundreary," says Arthur Ruhl in *Collier's*, was one of those good services which Mr. Sothern, as perhaps next to Richard Mansfield, owes the public and the stage. "It was not, to be sure, one of those services—like putting on a play of superior quality and doubtful commercial value—which raise the general level of dramatic art; rather one purely humanitarian, which brought two widely separated generations together through the kindly offices of the stage and warned and broadened the present's sense of human kinship by permitting it to join in the laughter of the past." To quote further:

"For here was a play which had had a lively and much-loved existence for more than twenty years; which, as 'Our American Cousin,' Lincoln was watching the night of his assassination; which had become, in some small way, a part of the lives of so many people that it might almost be said to have a body and a soul of its own, quite apart from that depending on its lines. To have it revived—the costumes and jokes of the Fifties, the quaint construction, even the son duplicating the father's rôle—was a peculiarly rare and nourishing sort of pleasure. Each of this generation's spectators was somewhat in the position of a pioneer who, having grown up in a new country, returns to the old, and, looking over the family letters and portraits and furniture, suddenly finds his own apparently detached existence reaching back and joining with others gone before.

"All this depended little on 'Lord Dundreary's' merits as a play. Indeed, sentiment had so very much more to do with the revival's success than anything else that critical comment is scarcely appropriate. The production was eminently pleasing and satisfactory, and Mr. Sothern's performance of the absurd young lord with the famous side-whiskers as funny as need be. Not as funny as might be, for Mr. Sothern was not



HIS FATHER'S SON

Sothern as "Lord Dundreary," a character made famous by the actor's father, a play acted the night of Lincoln's assassination.

born to be piercingly funny; but a piece of very commendable art, which sent the house into waves of laughter every time he entered with his little preliminary hop, or lisped one of Dundreary's ridiculous speeches."

There is no plot to speak of; there is nothing but Lord Dundreary and his no less absurd, warm-hearted American cousin. Few of those present at Mr. Sothern's interpretation of the rôle can have had the opportunity of comparing his art with that of his father. Those who recalled the father's impersonation must have seen many resemblances in the son's, and also, affirms the *Boston Transcript*, not a few dissimilarities. The elder Sothern, we are told, off the stage as well as on it, was a man of infinite humor. The younger's répertoire heretofore reflects a serious nature, and it is surprising to find him essaying Dundreary at all.

"Some of the tricks and manners of his presentation are modeled after the paternal tradition, but he does not altogether sink himself in imitation. He presents Dundreary as a very serious booby indeed, utterly unconscious of his folly,



GAY RICHARD LOVELACE

Sothern in the character of the cavalier poet who enlivened the age of Elizabeth.

THE COMIC SIDE OF and moving through life with something very like dignity. The elder Sothern's conception of the character was along the same lines, but his love of fun carried him far away from it at times, and the performance became rollicking. Mr. E. H. Sothern has more poise if less humor, and if Dundreary can be ever deemed 'logical,' he is 'logical' as now presented. Even those who remember the delightful elder Sothern, and look back through the medium of golden and rosy memories to his Dundreary, will admit that the young man in his presentation exhibits a remarkable versatility."

The younger Sothern is placed at somewhat of a disadvantage, for, as a critic of the younger generation, Mr. De Foe, observes in the *New York World*, nothing of the present day seems quite so good as those things and incidents which are softened in the haze of time. It seems natural that an old-time observer who was familiar with the original Lord Dundreary places the son's comic talent below the father's. He says (in *The Sun*):

"One of the essential differences between the old and the new Dundreary is that whereas the



SOTHERN'S MALVOLIO

There are critics who place the actor's interpretations of Shakespeare's comic heroes above his interpretation of Hamlet.



SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY.

The second lord whose personality enriches the comic repertoire of this versatile actor.

EDWARD H. SOTHERN.

normal mental condition of the latter is that of vacuum lighted by occasional flashes of intelligence, the former did not suffer so much from lack of intelligence as from chronic misdirection of it. Wherever there was a possibility of a double meaning he was bound to adopt the wrong one. In facial byplay the father was infinitely superior to the son. His countenance was a delightful study as the various shades of perplexity passing over it gradually gave way to the dawn of a growing but evidently mistaken apprehension. The whole performance in its best days was a marvel of delicate elaboration and of an exquisite technical finish in which there was no discernible gaps or joints. It was in this perfection of its polish that its main artistic quality consisted. The son's conception, modeled chiefly upon later phases of the original creation, after it had been developed along broader and more obvious lines—and appreciably coarsened in the process—is less complex, less refined and less distinctively humorous, if not much less funny, and on that very account perhaps more likely to appeal to the ordinary theatrical crowd than the finer model upon which it is founded."

The *Times*, on the other hand, voices the unique opinion that Sothorn's Dundreary is superior to his Hamlet. The *Times* critic con-

trasts Mr. E. H. Sothorn the comedian with that other E. H. Sothorn of heavy tragic rôles. "Last night," he says, "Mr. Sothorn acted Hamlet as he has often done before, with many evidences of study, intelligent insight, and understanding. Personally I prefer his Dundreary to his Hamlet, and I would not trade his Petruccio for a wilderness of Shylocks as he acts the rôle." The writer continues:

"But it appears to satisfy some part of his ambition to be seen in Shakespearean tragic masterpieces, and there does not appear to be any necessity for quarreling with his tastes. In these days of Merry Widows and Soul Kisses we have few enough actors with the courage of the convictions and the cash to carry them into effect, and one may at least applaud the purpose, if not always the fulfilment. Mr. Sothorn has not been the first, nor will he be the last, actor to mistake the ambition for the ability to achieve. His effort, though occasionally directed into a channel where his own best personal success is endangered, has generally been moved by a fine intention. And he continues to be a dignified figure on a stage where dignity of any kind has come to be about the last thing one expects to find."

THE MUSICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE."



HAT Lawrence Gilman calls "the most memorable event in the history of opera in America since the first performance of 'Tristan und Isolde' twenty-one years ago" was consummated on February 19, when Oscar Hammerstein produced at the Manhattan Opera House Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." The same phrase was

heard a year ago when Richard Strauss's "Salome" was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. The two dicta are not necessarily contradictory. Indeed, it may be stated with a degree of confidence approaching certainty that "Salome" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," are, each in its own way, the most notable achievements in operatic music since Wagner. But while "Salome" is essentially Teutonic in spirit and cerebral in appeal, "Pelléas et Mélisande" is essentially Gallic and emotional.

The score of "Pelléas et Mélisande" is nothing less than revolutionary. In using this epithet, remarks Mr. Gilman in his monograph* on the opera, one is simply and baldly literal. He continues:

"To realize the justness of the epithet, one has only to speculate upon what Wagner would have said, or what Richard Strauss may think, of an opera (let us adhere, for convenience, to an accommodating, if inaccurate, term) written for voices, from beginning to end, in a kind of recitative which is virtually a chant; an opera in which there is no vocal melody whatsoever, and comparatively little symphonic development of themes in the orchestra; in which an enigmatic and wholly eccentric system of harmony is exploited; in which there are scarcely more than a dozen *fortissimo* passages in the course of five acts; in which, for the greater part of the time, the orchestra employed is the orchestra of Mozart."

Of the "enigmatic and wholly eccentric system of harmony" referred to, Mr. Gilman writes further:

"Debussy, instead of depending upon the strictly limited major and minor modes of the modern scale system, employs almost continuously, as the structural basis of his music, the medieval church modes, with their far greater latitude, freedom and variety. It is, to say the least, a novel procedure. Other modern composers before Debussy had, of course, utilized the characteristic plain-song progressions to secure, for special purposes, a particular and definite effect of color; but no one had ever before deliberately adopted the Gregorian chant as a substitute for the modern major and minor scales."

In one other respect, that of his peculiar use of the *leit motif*, Debussy may also be termed unique. As Mr. Gilman explains:

"He follows Wagner in using the *leit motif* system—the scheme of associating persons, objects and events with representative and recurring themes; but his typical phrases are employed far more sparingly and subtly than modern precedent would have led one to expect. They are seldom set in sharp and vividly dra-



Courtesy of Musical America.

THE HEROINE OF DEBUSSY'S OPERA

In Miss Garden's score of "Pelléas et Mélisande" Debussy has written: "Others may sing Mélisande in the future, but you alone will remain the woman and the artist I had hardly dared hope for."

* DEBUSSY'S PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE: A GUIDE TO THE OPERA. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: G. Schirmer.

matic contrast, as with Wagner; nor are they polyphonically deployed. Often they are mere sound-wraiths, intended to denote moods and nuances of emotion so impalpable and evanescent, so vague and interior, that it is more than a little difficult to mark their precise significance."

Here, then, are the three salient features of the Debussy score which distinguish it from that of any other opera ever written. It entirely disregards melody; it goes back to the Gregorian chants for its harmonic basis; and it uses the *leit motif* in a new and peculiar way. Of the resulting combination of musical sounds what shall be said?

Mr. Gilman answers the question with a burst of enthusiastic eulogy. Writing in *Harper's Weekly* of the first-night performance of the opera, he declares:

"This is music which it is difficult to praise with reserve, for it is, almost throughout, a product of inspiration, of one of the most exquisite and scrupulous intelligences in the history of musical art. It is saturated and suffused with beauty of a deeply individual kind; and it has enlarged the expressional boundaries of the art in a degree which is not easily to be defined. The vast and inescapable shadow of Wagner's genius impinges at times upon the score—that is not to be denied, and it is a condition that is well-nigh inevitable; but it is a fact that is mentioned here only that it may be dismissed. The voice of Debussy speaks constantly out of this score, even when it momentarily takes the timbre of another; and none other, since the superlative voice of Wagner himself was stilled, has spoken with so potent and magical a blend of tenderness and fire, emphasis and allurements; with an accent at once enchanting and unique."

None of the other metropolitan critics, however, is as enthusiastic as Mr. Gilman. Mr. Krehbiel, of *The Tribune*, is distinctly chilling in his estimate. "No one should be ashamed," he remarks, "to proclaim his pleasure in four hours of uninterrupted, musically inflected speech over a substratum of shifting harmonies, each with its individual tang and instrumental color; but neither should anybody be afraid to say that nine-tenths of the music is a dreary monotone because of the absence of what to him stands for musical thought." Mr. Henderson, of *The Sun*, calls the opera "a study in glooms," and thinks that it represents an interesting, but futile, struggle to eliminate the fundamentals of musical art. He goes on to comment:

"In 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' the net product of Debussy's method is a style suited to the moods of the drama yet surely in no way bettering or intensifying them. The first two acts are deadly dull, monotonous, wearisome."

"But from the moment when the play of emotions begins to leap into outward demonstration the music acquires more variety and its

vagueness of style, disguised by greater rapidity of movements, is less felt. The very ebb and flow of highly charged feeling creates a rhythm for this rhythmless music and lifts it from limp recumbency at least to upright leaning. But all the time it is the play that gives life and force to the music. The music contributes little to the play, except that extraordinary fluidity of atmosphere which is its chief trait and which provides such a singularly appropriate background to the two limp, anemic victims of this stained glass tragedy."

Reginald de Koven declares that this is



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A ROMANTIC PELLÉAS

M. Perier created the rôle of Pelléas in the Paris production of "Pelléas et Mélisande," and has proved one of the main contributing factors to the success of Debussy's opera in New York.

music which at times, in its calculated eccentricity, "shows a diseased artistic imagination analogous to that which produced the weird asceticism, the camel-like necks with goitered swellings, of the women limned by Burne-Jones, Rossetti and others of the pre-Raphaelites." He writes further (in *The World*):

"*Pelléas et Mélisande* is not opera. . . . It is not lyric drama. . . . Music drama it may be. . . . It can be considered only as a part of the drama, and even as a subordinate part at that, so that the work which the intimate union of these two factors creates must be said to hold a place hitherto unoccupied between music-drama, or drama with music, and the spoken drama, which may perhaps best be described by the word 'melodrama' taken in its antique and Greek meaning."

The Musical Courier, while pronouncing the opera "a master work" and "one of the most

remarkable ever written," thinks it will prove "epoch arresting, rather than epoch making." In this view Mr. Finck, of *The Evening Post*, concurs. He says:

"The Debussyites regard '*Pelléas et Mélisande*' as a work marking a new stage in the evolution of opera. They are mistaken. Debussy is unique; he is as individual as an orchid; he does not stand in the direct line of operatic evolution, but on a side line, which points backward rather than forward. What struck last night's audience most in listening to this music was its utter lack of melody. It will not do to say that this remark is as foolish as the accusations of a lack of melody once made against such operas as '*Lohengrin*,' '*Faust*,' and '*Carmen*.' Debussy abjured melody deliberately; he holds it to be 'almost anti-lyric,' and 'suitable only for the *chanson*.' Now, this is not progress, but retrogression; it takes us back to the very first opera composers, three centuries ago, who boasted of their 'noble contempt for melody' (*nobile sprezzatura del canto*). . . .

"A step backward also is Debussy's treatment of harmony—or rather discord, for he abjures harmony of the euphonious sort almost as completely as he does flowing melody à la Bizet. He seldom writes a chord as other composers write it; by altering a semi-tone he gives it a changed aspect which is new, but not always valuable. Caviare, camembert, and cayenne pepper are good relishes, but a whole meal of them is not desirable."

The quotation of so many derogatory estimates of the opera from the pens of influential critics may tend to obscure the real attitude of the musical world toward "*Pelléas et Mélisande*." By common consent, it is a masterpiece. Even the critics who attack it admit its unique quality, and rank it high among the operas of the world. Its admirers have even declared that it is the greatest opera ever written. "For me, now, this is the only music that exists," one auditor was overheard to remark; and Charles Martin Loeffler, the gifted Boston composer, has lately asserted: "There are only two operas—'*Tristan und Isolde*' and '*Pelléas et Mélisande*,'" Mr. H. T. Parker, of the *Boston Transcript*, says:

"Nine years Debussy wrought upon the music. It is exquisite with pains that conceal themselves, because the drama and the characters—sometimes a mere phrase or a word, an under-meaning, or a momentary fancy—seem to be creating the music out of themselves. And at the same time, and by a similar magic the orchestra is summoning the very scene and air and light—the external circumstance as well as the inner mood—with which the words are spoken. Call it, as the enthusiasts do, the music of dolorous dream and sad vision and shadowy mystery. It is indeed all three, but how rich the dream, how vivid the vision, and how pervasive the mystery! The theorists may analyze and weigh; the partisans may praise and blame; the cult may wax and wane, as all cults do. Meanwhile the expres-



"WHAT BLOOD MUST FLOW? OUT OF YOUR NECK WHEN THAT IS CAUGHT INTO THE HUNTER'S NOOSE."
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the part of "Electra" which has been pronounced by some critics her greatest achievement.

sive beauty and the imaginative eloquence of the music of 'Pelléas and Mélisande' will speak for themselves. As Wagner conquered for Wagner, so Debussy will conquer for Debussy."

Whether "Pelléas et Mélisande" will prove to be simply an exquisite by-product, or whether it will assert its right to a place in

the main current of musical evolution, remains to be seen. The opera was first performed at the Opera Comique in Paris in 1902. It has also been given in Brussels and Frankfurt. Its production by Mr. Hammerstein is the third outside of Paris.

ELECTRA—HUGO VON HOFFMANNSTHAL'S SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY.

WHEN Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared at the Garden Theater in New York in Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's modern version of the tragedy of "Electra,"* Englished by Arthur Symons, the critics were sorely puzzled because they had evidently expected merely a translation of Sophocles. Such, however, was not the gifted young author's intention. Hoffmannsthal is an Austrian poet who has been hailed as a new Goethe by exuberant admirers. The majority of his subjects are chosen from those which inspired the age of Pericles. His treatment, however, is absolutely unique. It is modern, psychological, not to say neurotic. His "Electra," as Mr. Eaton points out in *The Sun*, no more pretends to be Sophocles than Wilde's "Salome" pretends to be Bible. Like "Salome," "Electra" is a one-act play. As in "Salome," disaster is on the stage from the rise of the curtain, and again as in "Salome" a horrible dance crowns the tragic culmination. What wonder that this drama, on the occasion of its first production in the *Kleine Theater* (Berlin), at once captivated the mind of that musical Titan, Richard Strauss. It is expected that his music-drama based on Hoffmannsthal's text will be produced next year, and Strauss has predicted that "Electra" will create ten times more of a sensation than its predecessor, "Salome."

The play was a failure in New York—there were only two or three performances—but Mrs. Campbell has nevertheless announced her intention to keep it on the boards. She points to the fact that "Pelleas and Melisande," when she produced it, was sneered at by the critical scoffers, whereas, set to music, it conquered the world. "Salome," it will be remembered, was given as a play before it was given as an opera, without attracting adequate public at-

tention. And, no doubt, the musical version of the young Austrian poet's play, if produced in New York, will be the event of the year. The American, strangely enough, accepts in music what he rejects in the drama. Adultery and obscene jests are tolerated in musical comedy, and there seems to be no strenuous



"SHE SPEAKS OF MURDER
AS IF IT WERE A SQUABBLE BEFORE SUPPER."

Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, as the guilty wife of Agamemnon in Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's play.

* "ELECTRA," A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT. By Hugo Von Hoffmannsthal; Translated by Arthur Symons. Copyrighted, 1908, by Brentanos. Selections reprinted by permission of the publishers.

objection even to incest in opera. While the art-patron turns from an unpleasant ending in the legitimate drama, he seems to gloat with satisfaction over endlessly protracted dying scenes with musical accompaniment, and no delicate lady has even been seen to leave her box because, as often happens, the opera stage was literally smeared with gore and littered with corpses.

The theme of "Electra" has engaged the greatest of ancient writers, Euripides no less than Sophocles. Hoffmannsthal's "Electra" is remarkable, if only because it has cast its spell over one of the greatest living actresses, perhaps the greatest living composer, and the greatest critic in England. The English rendering published in book form by Brentanos combines strength with grace; it is at times even more effective than the German original. "The story of 'Electra,'" observes the *New York Times*, "is 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' rolled into one." Electra is a scion of the unblessed family of Pelops, a family whose record of monstrous crimes was so ghastly that "the sun swiftly turned back in its course upon beholding the scenes." Agamemnon, father of Electra, had left his residence at Corinth to conduct war against Troy, leaving his wife Clytemnestra and his kingdom in the charge of his favorite, Aegisthus. When he returned from the wars he was murdered in his bath by Aegisthus and Clytemnestra; his son Orestes, the father's natural avenger, was spirited away, and his two daughters, Electra and Chrysothemis, were forced to do menial service and were kept under close surveillance. The possibility of Orestes' return hangs like a sword over the house. Clytemnestra dreams of it in her nightmare and Electra exults in the hope, for until she knows that he is dead, it is unlawful for her to wreak vengeance on her adulterous mother and Aegisthus. The idea of the colossal crime rankles in her soul and sears the blossom of her virginity. In long tortured vigils she has pondered over the question what feeling it was that prompted the monstrous crime, and she at last read the secret of love on the lips of hate. The tender emotions in her choked and perverted, a veritable fury, she growls at her mother and her mother's maids, obsessed only with the lust of revenge. Nightly she calls upon her father's ghost, and conjures up visions of murder and triumph after the punishment of the assassins has been accomplished. She cries:

"We, your blood,
Will dance about your grave; and I will lift

Knee after knee above the heap of dead
Step by step higher, and all who see me dance,
Yea, all who see my shadow from afar
Dancing, shall say: Behold how great a king
Here holds high festival of his flesh and blood,
And happy is he about whose mighty grave
His children dance so royal a dance of triumph!"

In vain Chrysothemis, the milder-mannered sister, pleads with her and warns her to keep at least for one day out of her mother's path. Electra has no ears for her warnings. She declares that she has a mind to speak now with her mother as she has never spoken. At this moment the queen appears in the wide window, looking out into the courtyard where Electra is raging. In the glare of the torches, Clytemnestra's bloated face looks whiter above her scarlet dress. She is leaning on her waiting woman, who is dressed in dark violet, and on an ivory staff incrustated with precious stones. A yellow figure, with dark hair combed back like an Egyptian and a smooth face like an erect snake, bears her train. The Queen is bedecked all over with jewels and talismans. Her arms are covered with bracelets, her fingers glitter with rings. Her eyelids seem unnaturally heavy, and she seems to keep them open with great effort. Electra stands rigid and still, her face turned toward the window. Clytemnestra suddenly opens her eyes and, trembling with anger, goes to the window and points with her staff at the girl. Electra calls her ironically a goddess, and the queen thinks superstitiously that perhaps her mad daughter may be able to tell her what sacrifice would appease the demons that torture her in the night. Then the following scene takes place between mother and daughter which for tragic intensity and horror hardly has its like in the annals of literature:

ELECTRA

When there shall fall
Under the ax the right blood-offering,
Then you shall dream no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*coming nearer*)

Ah, then you know—
With what horned beast—

ELECTRA

With an unhorned beast.

CLYTEMNESTRA

That lies within there bound?

ELECTRA

No, it goes free.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*eagerly*)

And with what rites?

ELECTRA

Marvelous rites, that ask

A strict observance.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Speak them!

ELECTRA
Divine them?
Can you not
CLYTEMNESTRA
No, and therefore you I ask
The name, then, of the offering?
ELECTRA
A woman.
CLYTEMNESTRA (*eagerly*)
One of my women? Or a child? a maiden?
A woman that has known men?
ELECTRA
Yes, known men.
That's it!
CLYTEMNESTRA
How then the offering, and what hour,
And where?
ELECTRA
In any place, in any hour
Of day or night.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Tell me the rites, and tell me
How they are served. Must I myself—
ELECTRA
This time
You go not to the hunt with net and ax.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Who then? who offers it?
ELECTRA
A man.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Ægisthus?
ELECTRA (*laughs*)
I said a man!
CLYTEMNESTRA
Who? Answer. Of the house?
Or must he be a stranger?
ELECTRA (*looking as if absently on the ground*)
Yes, yes, a stranger.
But surely of the house.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Read me no riddles.
Electra, hear me. You are not so stubborn
To-day, and I am glad of it. When parents
Are hard upon the child, it is the child
That goads them into hardness. No harsh word
Is quite irrevocable, and no mother,
If she sleeps ill, but would the rather think
That her child lay in marriage-bed than bonds.
ELECTRA (*to herself*)
How different with the child! that fain would
think
Her mother dead rather than in her bed.
CLYTEMNESTRA
What are you muttering? I say that there is
nothing
Irrevocable. Do not all things pass
Before our eyes and vanish like a mist?
And we ourselves, we too, we and our deeds.
Deeds! We and deeds! And what mere words
are those!
Am I still she who did it? And if I am?
Done, done! what kind of empty word is this
You cast into my teeth? There stood he whom
You speak of always, there stood he and there
Stood I and there Ægisthus, and from our eyes
Our glances struck upon each other; yet
Nothing had come to pass, and then there changed
So slowly and so horribly in death
Your father's eyes, still hanging upon mine;
And it had come to pass; nothing between!

First it was coming, then it had gone by,
And I had done, between coming and going,
Nothing.
ELECTRA
No, that which lies between, the act,
That did the ax alone.
CLYTEMNESTRA
How you cut in
With words!
ELECTRA
Yet not so fit nor yet so fast
As you ax-thrust on ax-thrust.
CLYTEMNESTRA
I will hear
No more of this. Be silent. If your father
Came to me here this day—as I with you
So would I speak with him. It may well be
That I would shudder, yet it may well be
That I would weep and be as kind to him
As if we were old friends that met together.
ELECTRA (*to herself*)
Horrible! she speaks of murder as if it were
A squabble before supper.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Tell your sister
She need not run away into the dark
Out of my sight, like any frightened dog.
Tell her to greet me in more friendly wise,
And talk with me in quiet. For in truth
I know not why I should not give you both
In marriage before winter.
ELECTRA
And our brother?
Will you not let our brother come home, mother?
CLYTEMNESTRA
I have forbidden you to speak of him.
ELECTRA
You are afraid of him.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Who says it?
ELECTRA
Mother,
Now you are trembling.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Who could be afraid
Of a half-witted fellow?
ELECTRA
What?
CLYTEMNESTRA
They say
He stammers, lies about among the dogs,
And cannot tell a wild beast from a man.
ELECTRA
The child was sound enough.
CLYTEMNESTRA
They say he has
A wretched dwelling, and the beasts of the yard
For his companions.
ELECTRA
Ah!
CLYTEMNESTRA (*with lowered eyelids*)
I sent much gold
And yet more gold that they should use him well,
In all things as the son of a King.
ELECTRA
You lie!
You sent the gold that they might choke him
with it.
CLYTEMNESTRA
Who told you that?

ELECTRA

I see it in your eyes,
I see by how you tremble that he lives,
And that you think of nothing, day or night,
Except of him, and that your heart dries up
With deathly dread because you know he comes,

CLYTEMNESTRA

Lie not. What's that to me who bides without
The house? I live here and am mistress. Servants
Enough I have, that watch before the doors
And when I please I set by day and night
Before my chamber door three watchers armed
With open eyes. All this you tell me of
I do not even hear. I do not even
Know of what man you speak. And I shall never
See him again: what is it to me to know
If he be dead or living? In very deed
I have had enough with dreaming of him. Dreams
Are like a sickness, and break down the strength,
And I will live and be the mistress here.
I will not have such seizures of the soul
As send me hither like a pedlar-woman
To blab my nights out to you. I am as good
As sick, and sick folk tattle of their ailments,
That's all. But now I will be sick no longer.
And I will wring one or another way (*she shakes*
her staff at Electra)

The right word out of you. You have already
Told me you know the right blood-offering
And the due rites to heal me. Say it not
Free, you shall say it fettered. Say it not
Full, you shall say it fasting. Dreams are things
That we must rid ourselves of. He that suffers
And finds no means of healing for himself
Is nothing but a fool. I will find out
Whose blood it is must flow, that I may sleep.

ELECTRA (*with a leap out of the darkness upon*
her, drawing nearer and nearer to her, more
and more menacing),

What blood must flow? Out of your neck, your
neck,

When that is caught into the hunter's noose.

He catches you, yet only in the chase,

—Who offers up a sacrifice in sleep?—

He hunts you on, he drives you through the
house

And if you turn to right, there stands the bed,
And if you turn to left, there foams the bath
Like blood; the darkness and the torches cast
Black blood, red nets, the death-nets, over you!

Clytemnestra is convulsed with fear, when a
waiting woman whispers a message into her
ear and she suddenly laughs in unmeasured
glee for she has received word that Orestes
is dead. In reality he is near even now to
avenge his father. He meets Electra without
recognizing her; the latter is fully determined
to take vengeance with her own hand, when
he reveals his identity and his purpose. It is
night now, and she stands in the courtyard to
keep watch while he enters the palace. Sudden-
ly the shrill cry of Clytemnestra is heard
through the night. Electra shrieks like one
possessed, "Strike again." Then there is a
dreadful silence, in which Aegisthus, ignorant
of the scene within, enters the courtyard.
Electra encircles him in a weird dance. He

enters the house and a moment later a scream
of agony is heard through a little window in
the hall from which he has torn away the cur-
tain. "Does no one hear me?" he calls in
despair. Electra draws herself up, "Agamem-
non hears you," and the body of Aegisthus is
dragged away. The women run out joining
Electra, among them Chrysothemis. Then fol-
lows the brief finale not unlike that of Salome,
which in the operatic version is said to be the
ne plus ultra of cacophonous orchestration:

CHRYSTHEMIS

Electra! Sister! come with us!
Come with us now! Our brother is in the house.
Is it Orestes who has done it?

(*Confusion of voices, turmoil without.*)

Come!

He is in the outer hall, they are all about him,
They kiss his feet; and all of them that hated
Aegisthus in their hearts have fallen upon
The others, everywhere in all the court
The dead are lying, all who live are drenched
With blood, they wound themselves, they beam,
they all

Embrace each other—

(*Outside the noise increases, the women run out.*
Chrysothemis is left alone. Light from without
penetrates within.) And shout with joy and kindle
A thousand torches. Do you hear?

ELECTRA (*crouching on the threshold*)

Do you think I do not hear? Do I not hear
Music within me? The thousands who bear
torches

And whose unbounded myriad footsteps make
A hollow rumbling over all the earth,
All wait upon me, and well I know they wait
That I may lead the dance; and yet I cannot
Because the ocean, the vast manifold
Ocean, lays all its weight on every limb;
I cannot raise myself from under it.

CHRYSTHEMIS (*almost shrieking with excite-*
ment)

Do you not hear, they carry, they carry him
Upon their hands, their faces are all changed,
All eyes, and the old cheeks glisten with tears.
All weep, do you not hear them?—Ah!

(*She runs out.*) (*Electra has raised herself.*
She steps down from the threshold, her head
thrown back like a Maenad. She lifts her knees,
stretches out her arms; it is an incredible dance
in which she steps forward.) (*Chrysothemis ap-*
pearing again at the door; behind her, torches, a
throng, faces of men and women.) Electra!

ELECTRA (*stands still, gazing at her fixedly*)
Be silent and dance. Come hither all of you!
Join with me all; I bear the burden of joy,
And I dance before you here. One thing alone
Remains for all who are as happy as we;
To be silent and dance.

(*She does a few more steps of tense triumph,*
and falls a-heap. Chrysothemis runs to her.
Electra lies motionless. Chrysothemis runs to the
door of the house and knocks.)

CHRYSTHEMIS

Orestes! Orestes!

(*Silence.*)

CURTAIN.

Science and Discovery

A NEW EXPLANATION OF AMERICA'S INTELLECTUAL INFERIORITY



MUCH has been written in recent years concerning the intellectual poverty, as it is called, of the American mind. The fact that we have not in this generation or even in the last produced a man of the rank of van't Hof in physio-chemistry, of Kelvin in physics, of Metchnikoff in biology, of Mendeleeff in chemistry or of Koch in medicine was lately deplored by Dr. E. W. Scripture in *The Independent*. American literature is at the lowest intellectual ebb it has ever reached, says *The Saturday Review* (London). We have no Maeterlinck. We have never even foreshadowed the arrival of an American Ibsen or Hauptmann. We have no great theologian, no architect of the first rank, no man in any line of intellectual achievement who is profoundly influencing the thought of the age. It might be affirmed, according to M. Urbain Gohier, who has written much and sympathetically of America of late, that "the richest nation in the world materially is the most beggared intellectually."

These European impressions might be thought prejudiced were it not that more than one eminent American educator has said something to much the same effect. It would seem, as Professor Arthur Gordon Webster observes in *The Popular Science Monthly*, as if some influence in the national life is lowering the national intellect. Even American poetry and philosophy, he laments, "are today everywhere somewhat below par," while our boasted industrial methods are efficient only in the production of exorbitant profits. The methods themselves are inefficient.

Why is this?

The reply of Professor Webster, one of the ablest members of the faculty of Clark University, is succinct. The whole trouble, he says, is due to American neglect of what he calls "research."

The effect of research on the industries of a country, to begin with the point that touches us most nearly, is wonderful in itself. Yet we permit our manufactures to relapse into a state of inferiority through lack of it. To cite a well

known example (one of the most celebrated applications of chemistry), Professor Webster refers to the aniline dyes. This discovery, made in England, bore its greatest fruits in Germany. Altho the English had the discoverer, the Germans had the factories. And the English similarly have the discoverers of many things while the Germans have the benefits. We Americans lack both the discoverers and the benefits. The Germans not only make the dyes but the greater part of all the fine chemicals for the world. We Americans are simply nowhere. We do not even realize it. Few things are so amusing as the American's belief that his country is industrially in the forefront just as few facts are more amazing than the American's belief that his country is intellectually great.

In this country, as Professor Webster argues, success—such as it is—has been achieved by the application of business acumen, in finding out how to save cost by the concentration of huge amounts of business under one management, and by production on a large scale. When it comes to improving the quality of the product, we are not so successful. As a familiar example, take the steel manufacture, where we have passed England in the quantity of steel produced; but if steel is wanted for the finest kind of razors the greatest part of it still comes from England or Germany. The principles of the manufacture of steel are still largely a mystery and the development of the method that seems to give us the most information on this subject, that of metallography or the study of metallic alloys under the microscope, has been developed to a great extent in Germany and France. We see the same tendency in the management of our railroads. Can any one doubt that these are now managed with far less energy than twenty years ago? Our railroads are now in the hands of financial magnates, and the attempt to do more business takes precedence of everything else. The great increase in the number of fearful accidents bids fair to open the eyes of our good-natured public to this tendency. The Professor goes on to say:

"I believe I am justified in the generalization that the American talent has made its success rather in business organization and in invention that did not require great learning than in those lines that require deep thinking and solid study. This is the line characteristic of Germany. For instance, we build great steam engines, but it remains a solemn fact that the finest engines are today built in the Swiss town of Winterthur, by the firm of Sulzer Brothers. At the Paris Exposition, in 1900, one did not need to be a great expert to perceive that American engines played but a small part there, and that in originality of design and perfection of construction, those of Switzerland, Germany and Belgium were more worthy of consideration. The notion that we are always ahead in mechanical matters receives several rude shocks on careful examination. Some years ago when the power of Niagara was to be developed on a grand scale, it was determined to install turbines of five thousand horse-power each, larger than had ever been built. For the development of this plant the best talent in the world was obtained, and the dynamos were finally built after the combined suggestions of several American and English engineers. The turbines, on the contrary, were built after designs by a firm in Geneva. And yet this is the country of great rivers and water-powers, and at Holyoke turbines of all sorts have been built and tested for years. The reason that the Swiss were appealed to was that they had made such a study of the theory as well as the practice of turbines that they were prepared to design a turbine of any magnitude.

"As another example we may take the case of the most important subject now before the engineer in the steam turbine. It is true that there is now on the American market one successful American turbine, but it was brought out years after the Parsons turbine in England, and the de Laval in Sweden, and any treatise on the subject now bristles with the names of German, French and Swiss turbines. As an example of the German *versus* the English method, if we open one of the two or three English books on the steam turbine we shall find a very little theory, some specifications and a large number of examples of turbines built by various makers. Opening the chief German treatise, a huge volume by a professor in the Polytechnic in Zurich, we find at first a treatise on the thermodynamics of steam, then applications to the flow of steam through nozzles, then the mathematical theory of stresses in rapidly rotating bodies, finally, the application of these principles to the design of turbines and then a thorough and methodical description of the principal existing types."

Hardly, if at all, less important than the steam turbine is the gas engine, which seems for a long time to have been treated almost as a joke by American engineers, while in Germany it has reached an efficiency far exceeding that of the steam engine and has been built in sizes up to four thousand horse power. The effect of this indifference in this country was to put us far in the rear of France in the development of the automobile, altho this was a country where the wealth necessary for the

pursuit of the automobile craze was present in great abundance. In spite of the number of automobiles in this country, Professor Webster understands that the Fiat Company of Turin is to be occupied for the next two years with American orders, the result of the success of its machines in international races everywhere.

A year ago Professor Webster visited a great optical plant in this country. There he saw in one room thousands of lenses for spectacles being ground almost without attention. During the day he saw one man who seemed to know anything about optics. The business was in the hands of the original founder and his sons. The latter, having grown up in the enjoyment of wealth, ought presumably to have been given the best education possible to train them for their business and possibly sent to Europe to learn methods there. Yet the gentlemen had not even been sent to college. On the other hand, there is in the city of Jena one of the most remarkable and successful industrial plants in the world. The Carl Zeiss works are known to every worker with the microscope, to every physicist, to every photographer, for here are produced those wonderful lenses that make photomicrography and the more wonderful achievements of instantaneous photography possible. The history of the Zeiss works as interesting as its products. Fifty years ago Zeiss, a small optician, wishing to get help in improving his microscopes, consulted Professor Abbe, the physicist at the University of Jena. The latter, applying his mathematical knowledge, so improved the efficiency of the microscopes that Zeiss invited him to join forces. Becoming interested in the subject, Abbe resigned his professorship and became scientific partner. Taking up the theory of optical instruments in general, he completely remodeled it, bringing out points never appreciated before, and inventing new lenses that were beyond competition. At the death of Zeiss, his son not having a taste for the business, Abbe was able to become sole proprietor, and at his death about two years ago, full of success and lamented by scientists everywhere, he created of the business a "Stift" or foundation for the benefit of everyone employed in the works. This is managed by a board composed of the scientific directors of the different branches of the business, the whole constituting a magnificent monument to German science and cooperation. Professor comments:

"Do not the facts that I have mentioned lead us to the necessary conclusion that on the Amer-

ican field there is no great depth of earth, and point emphatically to the need of both deepening the soil and fertilizing it? When we come to sum up the achievement of this country in science we find ourselves somewhat embarrassed. There are in the dictionary of scientists recently published by Professor Cattell the names of about four thousand men who have been engaged more or less in research, that is, one man in every twenty thousand of the population of the country. Does this look as if the prosecution of science was looked upon as of great national import? Of those who have received the honor here most coveted by scientific men, of election into the National Academy of Sciences, we find ninety, or a little more than one man in each million of the population. Either this body is absurdly limited or science can hardly be said to be flourishing here. What is the product of these four thousand scientists? I will grant that much of it is of an excellent order, that we have many flourishing scientific societies, and that in many sciences we maintain our own journals which are to be found in every scientific library in the world. But nevertheless it is plain that so far few fundamental discoveries are made here, that we neither discover radium, split up the atom, nor find new gases in the air."

What is to be done, Professor Webster asks, in order to change this state of things, and to

relieve the United States from the aspersion of mediocrity in intellectual achievement? Is it not our plain duty to urge in season and out of season the importance of research, and to insist upon it as the main concern of every occupant of a university or college position? "I put this not only on the ground of duty to our country in order to maintain her position with self-respect among the other nations, but on account of its preeminent importance as a vitalizing and energizing influence on teaching. If the public does not take a great interest in the doings of the colleges and the professors, is it not because of the fact that the professors do not produce that crop of fruit that may fairly be expected of them?"

In fine, according to Professor Webster, there does not exist in the United States today, except in isolated cases, any such thing as "higher education." Noble foundations exist and something may be expected of them, perhaps, in time. But the first duty of the intellectual man is to teach his students and all whom he can influence that the prime object of the educated person is not to make a living.

THE FUNGUS THAT CONQUERED A BEETLE



THE aim of economic ornithology, observes Paris *Cosmos*, is to furnish parasites which will destroy pests. An instance of a pest which has been checked in the pine forests of South Dakota is specially interesting because it shows how much more effectively some accident of nature will bring about the required result than the most ingenious of experimental devices.

For ten years the bark beetle has been sweeping through the Black Hills Forests, every year invading fresh areas. The total amount of pine destroyed by it is reckoned at not less than a thousand million cubic feet of timber. It is a rather curious fact that as the beetle invasion grows in numbers so does it increase in enterprise. At the beginning of an invasion the beetle attacks only lightning-struck trees or fallen timber. When some unusual conditions give the beetles a good start, they gain energy and soon make a veritable epidemic among the forest giants.

It has always been believed that the beetles could be checked if some way could be found to peel the trees in which the young broods are harboring. They live in the inner bark, and next to the wood. When the bark is sepa-

rated from the wood, their galleries are laid open and they die. Efforts have been made in the affected districts to peel standing trees. Machinery has been made for that special purpose. Trunks were stripped to a height of twenty feet. But so large are the affected areas that the few trees peeled were not a drop in the bucket. Efforts to cut the dying timber were equally ineffectual.

Suddenly there appeared in the Black Hills a fungus. It appeared in the form of a grayish slime between the bark and the wood. It was found to make the bark loose so that it falls, leaving the tree bare and bringing down the multitudes of beetles to certain death. If the bark still hangs on the trees the effect on the beetles is equally fatal for they die in their galleries and larva mines.

The habits and life history of this bark beetle render it defenceless when attacked by the fungus. The parent beetle bores a gallery several inches long in the inner layers of bark, grooving the wood. Eggs are deposited at intervals along both sides of the gallery, often as many as sixty or seventy. These eggs hatch and while in the larval state they bore short galleries at right angles to the parent tunnel.

PICTURE TELEGRAPHY ON AN ENTIRELY NOVEL PRINCIPLE

ONE essential feature of practically all previous attempts to transmit pictures and handwriting by telegraph is a selenium cell—that is, a selenium resistance to light, by the aid of which luminous fluctuations are converted into fluctuations of electricity and transmitted to a distance. Tho the selenium cells are able to render excellent service, they are rather capricious in working and require a complicated apparatus for transmitting and reproducing pictures with the sharpness and faithfulness indispensable for practical purposes.

A French engineer, Edouard Belin, has therefore adopted an entirely different principle in designing the picture telegraph which has recently been completed and of which particulars are made public through London *Engineering*:

"Belin's apparatus enables pictures of any kind to be reproduced at the distant end of a telegraph line with a practically mathematical accuracy and a reliability impossible in the case of selenium telegraphy. It is based on the well-known phenomenon that photographic bichromate gelatine, on being struck by rays of light, will lose its capacity of swelling when immersed in water, in a degree dependent on the intensity of illumination. This attribute affords a means of producing reliefs and other sculptures by a purely photographic process, which idea has been recently carried out in practice by the Italian engineer Carlo Basse. Belin uses a layer of bichromate gelatine, upon which, when a picture is printed, the brightest portions are at the same time the deepest cavities, and the darkest the highest projections. As the height of relief affords a measure of the gradations of the picture, all that is required is to produce current oscillations corresponding to the height of relief of the various portions of the picture, in order to transmit these current fluctuations to the receiving station and to reconvert them into light fluctuations."



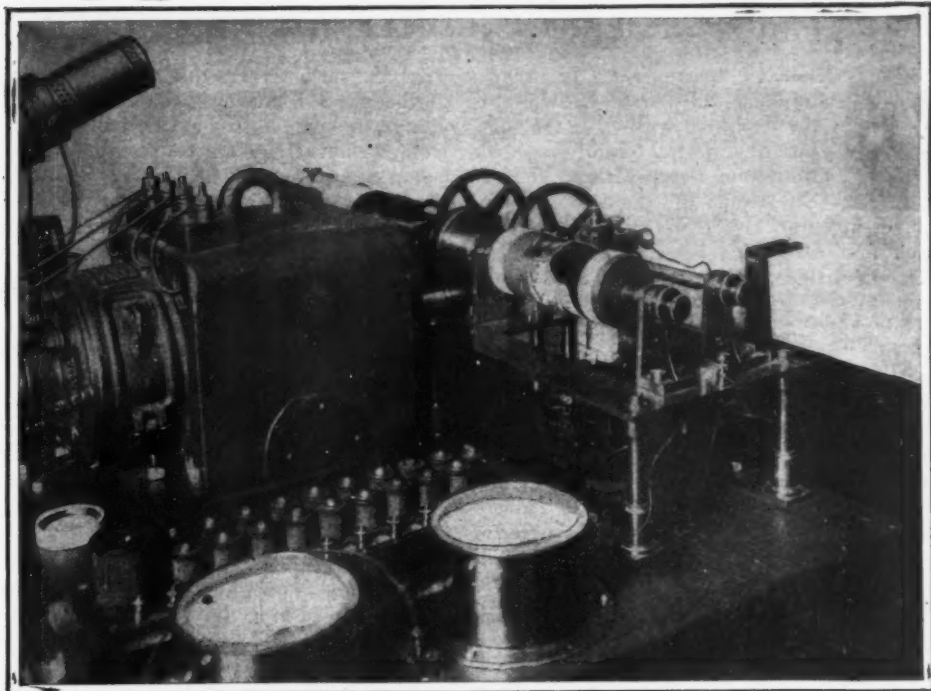
INVENTOR OF THE NEW PICTURE "WIRE."

Edouard Belin is a French engineer famed for the novelty of the method by which he sends a landscape or a photograph afar.



LANDSCAPE TELEGRAPHED IN SIX MINUTES

This gives a fairly correct idea of the results attainable through the newest device to send pictures over a wire at a distance of one to a thousand miles.



APPARATUS OF THE LONG DISTANCE PICTURE MAKER

Belin's apparatus shown above is based on the well known phenomenon that photographic bichromate gelatine, on being struck by rays of light, will lose its capacity of swelling when immersed in water in a degree dependent on the intensity of illumination. This attribute affords a means of producing reliefs and other sculptures by a purely photographic process.

Various accounts of how this is achieved have been printed in technical and scientific publications but the following statement has the authority of M. Belin's approval:

"At the sending station a rotating cylinder is placed, on which the bichromate gelatine print is wound. This cylinder, simultaneously with its rotation, advances slowly in the direction of its axis, so that a style in contact with its surface traverses the whole picture in helical lines. The style is fixed to the shorter arm of a double-arm lever, the longer arm of which carries a miniature trolley sliding along a small rheostat made up of 20 silver plates and 19 insulating mica plates. The silver plates communicate with the coils of a resistance box so that an additional resistance depending on the actual condition of the trolley is inserted into the circuit, varying the current intensity in the telegraph line in proportion, in 19 uniform stages between 3 and 12.6 milliamperes. These current fluctuations, according to the above, correspond to the height of relief and thus to the gradations of the various portions of the picture. The reconversion into luminous fluctuations and the reproduction of the original picture are ensured by having at the receiving station a similar rotating cylinder, the motion of which is maintained in agreement with that of the sending station by a convenient synchronizer. On this cylinder is wound

the sensitive paper or film intended to give the photographic reproduction. Immediately adjoining the film there is, in the case surrounding the cylinder, a very small opening allowing a beam of light from a Nernst lamp (reflected from the mirror of an oscillograph) to strike the photographic layer. An aplanatic lens concentrating the beam of light is provided with a set of graduated light filters, so that the rays traversing the center of the lens are not weakened in any way, whereas the edge rays are absorbed and arrested completely. The rays striking the intermediary parts of the lens (according to the deflection imparted to them by the oscillograph mirror) are weakened in proportion to this deflection, which in turn is proportional to the current fluctuations (and, accordingly, to the various heights of relief and gradations of the original picture). The intensity of the beam striking the photographic film, therefore, renders the gradations of the original picture, reproducing the latter on the rotating cylinder point for point. Each picture point or element is 0.17mm. in diameter, so that even the finest details of the original photograph are rendered; these limits of sharpness are at will reduced or increased. A picture of 13cm. by 18cm. contains about 850,000 picture elements, which are reproduced in about 30 minutes. By a slight alteration of this apparatus, Belin however hopes to reduce this time of transmission to 15 minutes. This apparatus is especially useful for the purposes of the illustrated press."

A SILENT, SMOKELESS GUN



SILENT firearm which may revolutionize all human notions of the explosive weapon is the subject of a patent recently granted to Hiram Percy Maxim, son of Sir Hiram. By the device of the younger inventor, says the New York *Herald*, which first made this news public, the discharge of a rifle or revolver is rendered to all intents and purposes noiseless.

Young Mr. Maxim is quoted as affirming that his "silent firearm" is the outcome of accident, "resulting from long and careful study of the problem of silencing the constant explosions incident to the running of an automobile engine." The principle involved in the new weapon is similar to that utilized in the automobile muffler. The report due to sudden release of gases at the muzzle of a firearm when the discharge occurs is prevented through the action of a valve, which allows the gas to escape gradually, with a subdued hissing, through a series of small holes.

This device does not alter the appearance of any present type of weapon except for a small cross piece in the barrel a short distance

from the muzzle. By this device the escape of the gases following discharge of the explosive is shut off just as the bullet emerges from the muzzle. This result is obtained by means of a piston valve sliding across the bore of the barrel immediately after the bullet passes. This valve is actuated entirely by the pressure of the gases themselves and is not operated by any intricate mechanical device. After the escape of the gases, the valve resumes an open position and a safety device prevents the firing of another cartridge unless the valve is in its proper place. Further, ammunition of various kinds may be used, ranging from leaden bullets and ordinary gunpowder to forged steel projectiles impelled by smokeless powder. Says the *Herald*:

"Military experts, apprized of the new invention, assert that it holds the power to force revolution of modern methods of warfare.

"In the world of sport it is held by the inventor that the new weapon would render it possible for a man properly concealed to kill at his leisure probably every deer in a surprised herd, as no alarm would be sounded. From his cover on shore a man armed with this noiseless gun might pick off every bird in a flock without alarming the lessening number to flight."

HOW MAN BECAME "RIGHT-EYED" AND "RIGHT-HANDED"



HERE is no reason to suspect even the most vague beginnings of preference for right or left paws in animals, if the investigations of Dr. George M. Gould, the eminent ophthalmologist, may be accepted as definitive. So long, he says, as the four feet are used for locomotion there can be "no lateral differentiation of function." Dr. Gould has watched for it in squirrels that use their front paws to hold nuts, cats that strike at insects in the air or play with wounded mice, and in many other animals; but he is sure that to neither paw is preference assigned. There is thus, he thinks, probably no dominance of either eye in animals. Even in the monkeys and gorillas, which of all animals most use the fore paws as hands, one catches no suggestion of experimental use or superior expertness in the dextral or sinistral side.

In the lowest human savages all over the world, however, according to Dr. Gould, writing in *The Medical Record*, choice or greater expertness of one hand is clearly present. No savages are so near animal conditions as to

exhibit its differentiating origins. Fixed in all our military and social customs and living at the base of language itself are two facts which solve the riddle and make clear whence and how right-handedness arose. In all tribes and countries since man used implements of offense and defense, the sinistral or cardiac side was protected by the shield and the sinistral hand was called the shield hand, as the dextral was called the spear hand.

Next to fighting and contemporary with it was the need of barter. Now the fundamental condition of bartering was counting with the low numbers, one to ten. The fingers of the free or dextral hand were, naturally, first used and all fingers are today called digits, as are the figures themselves, while the basis of our numberings is the decimal or ten-fingered system. The tally-stick, notched or numbered, is the record of the digits held in the air. Every drill and action of the soldier, from Xenophon to West Point, is dextral in every detail. The dominance of the right eye is shown in firing from the right shoulder and sighting with the right eye.

INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY UPON SUCCESS IN LIFE



VERAGE men of the present men still believe, notes the eminent biologist, Dr. G. A. Paley, that acquirements can be transmitted physiologically. Average men see that organs develop through use and, conversely, deteriorate through disuse and, secondly, that there is a close affinity in the mental and physical characters of parents and offspring. The average conclusion is, therefore, that offspring tend to inherit the modifications which their parents acquire in their lifetime. But the weakness of this theory, adds Dr. Paley, writing in *The New Quarterly*, lies in the difficulty of finding indubitable cases of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, while the resemblances between parents and offspring can usually be amply accounted for by the supposition that similar tendencies alone are transmitted.

It will be seen at once that the theory which Dr. Paley deems weak would support an aristocratic view of politics. For if the results of individual culture and experience are handed down to children in the form of inherited aptitudes the children of the wealthy and powerful are likely to be immensely superior to the children of parents who have not been improved themselves by such advantages. Now the founder of this "weak" theory, the great Lamarck, predecessor of Darwin, does not appear to have been quoted in support of aristocratic theories of government. In the first place, notes Dr. Paley, he wrote before supporters of such a view had need to look far afield for arguments to justify themselves, and secondly, he wrote before biology had begun to influence contemporary thought. On the other hand, the conclusions of the illustrious German scientist, Weismann, have had an immense effect upon political and social theories. They broke on the world "revolutionary and unexpected." They are based on the supposed continuity of the germ plasm:

"The basis of all life is the cell, and the most primitive forms of life are composed of only one cell. These cells propagate by division, losing a little vitality each time till ultimately they obtain a fresh lease of life by conjugating with another unicellular being—the conjugation is followed by further divisions. In a sense the protozoon is immortal; it never dies, except through accident; instead of dying it pools its individuality with another in the process of conjugation. It is suggested that, for some mutual interest, possibly protection, these primitive beings would collect together like a square of British soldiers

or a swarm of bees, each unit remaining perfect in itself, and the relation of each to the others being social rather than organic. By degrees a closer relationship is supposed to have arisen between the units composing the mass, and then arose the most elementary kind of differentiation of function—the division into somatic or body cells and reproductive cells. Now this is the essential part of Weismann's theory; the somatic cells are held to be merely the case in which the reproductive cells live and propagate till they find another tenement (either by parthenogenetic or bi-parental reproduction)—the somatic cells providing them with board and lodging. Weismann's theory postulates on *a priori* grounds that the fertilized ovum must divide into somatic and germ cells at once; for if the germ cells appeared during the later periods of gestation the continuity of the germ plasm would be broken. It seems uncertain as to how far he has been able to establish his theory with the microscope, since in one of his essays he admits that during the earlier embryonic changes the germ plasm is temporarily lost sight of. It is possible that later investigations may discover the missing evidence which would free the germ plasm from all suspicion of somatic influences. Now the importance of what Weismann has stated lies in this, that the child is not produced by the bodies of its parents, except incidentally; that it is the product of a long series of cellular movements which took place with the somatic walls of its so-called ancestry from whom it received shelter and nourishment. Weismann holds that the parents of a child are not its parents in a biological sense, but merely provide the necessary environment enabling the cellular series to persist; and if the relation of parent and child be really of this nature, it follows that acquirements cannot be hereditary."

Darwin believed in the theory of pangenesis, namely, that all parts of the organism contribute to the making of sperm cell and ovum which would practically insure the transmission of acquirements. But Weismann will have none of this, and he challenges his opponents to quote a single case in which such transmission is certain beyond a doubt. Having proved that the germ cells are links in a chain that join living beings to the very origin of organic life, he sees no need to assume the operation of other influences. Most prominent biologists of the present day tend to agree with him rather than with Darwin or Lamarck.

But tho acquired characters were never transmitted, the germ plasm could never have acquired its present complex nature without the somatic cells. Unicellular beings are supposed by Weismann to be immortal but with differentiation of function comes death and with death evolution. The germ cells are dependent on the somatic cells and by this dependence they lose their immortality, for they

form part of an organism which must decay. This mortality permits the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest—the fittest organisms survive and with them the fittest germ cells.

But if evolution depends on the survival of the fittest, what is it that produces fitness if acquirements are not transmissible? Weismann has endeavored to explain the mechanical causes of variations but his conclusions do not seem to be universally accepted by biologists. Nor does the distinguished student of heredity, G. Archdall Reid, seriously attempt to explain the causes of variation, beyond denying the evidence in favor of the transmission of acquired characters. According to Dr. Reid, evolution proceeds by the interaction of progressive and regressive variations which must not be taken to be synonymous for good and bad qualities. By progressive variations we understand Dr. Reid to signify a departure from the mean and by a regressive variation a return to it. Useful variations survive by the action of natural selection while useless and harmful ones get paired off by the law of regression:

"But Professor Karl Pearson has shown by his biometrical studies that the in-breeding of a selected stock is followed by a gradual return towards the mean characters of the original race. Is this consistent with the view that man has been evolved by the interaction of progressive and regressive variations? An analogy might be made between these variations about the mean and the movements of the passengers on board an ocean liner; they move about the decks forward and aft, they can get nearer to or further from their destination by a few feet, but they are limited by the length of the deck; for any real advance to be made it is the ship itself that must move. Dr. Reid has shown how the passengers can be made to huddle at one or the other end of the biological deck, but if Professor Pearson's figures are correct he has done no more.

"Now assuming that organisms have not developed either by means of favorable variations or the transmission of acquirements, is there any other theory which has as good a claim for our consideration as the others? A few years ago most biologists would have replied in the negative, but recently a new school has arisen, who do not necessarily believe in the importance of either variations or transmissions, but in a kind of permanent variation, which they term a mutation—these are held to be different from ordinary variations, since they constitute a new mean round which subsequent variations will gravitate."

Now what are the social and general conclusions relative to heredity as a factor in what the world calls success—the economic expression of survival of the fittest—deducible from these different theories? Of course, says Dr. Paley, the theories of biologists have been

forced into the service of ideas really based upon other prejudices or opinions. Darwin, after the publication of "The Origin of Species," had reason to complain of the illegitimate way in which his theory was used to support Socialism. Professor Karl Pearson writes of more recent theorists: "Unfortunately a certain section of English biologists have swallowed him (Weismann) and 'panmixia' and 'germ plasm,' ill defined even in their writings, have reached the social platform and are being used as absolutely unassailable arguments against the Socialist movement." We are all familiar too with the employment of Darwinian arguments to justify the extermination of "inferior" races. But putting aside such dangerous arguments from analogy, which overlook the differences between human society and "nature" considered as environments, the conclusions of biologists must, in so far as they are believed, have the greatest influence in determining our judgment upon social institutions:

"For the effect of any social institution on the race as a whole—that is to say, its biological effect—should influence perhaps more than any other consideration, our opinion about it.

"The effect of Weismann's theory on political thinkers has been to give immense encouragement to social reformers. The following passage from Man and Superman shows clearly this influence: 'The bubble of Heredity has been pricked: the certainty that acquirements are negligible as elements in practical heredity has demolished the hopes of the educationists as well as the terrors of the degeneracy mongers; and we know now that there is no hereditary 'governing class' any more than a hereditary hooliganism.' The conclusion implied is that there is as good material in the lowest classes as in any other.

"Again, Dr. Archdall Reid, in his *Principles of Heredity*, seems to hold much the same views as Mr. Shaw. 'On the whole, therefore,' he writes, 'while it is certain that the two classes differ much in their acquirements, it is probable that they differ little, if at all, in their germinal peculiarities. At any rate, if they differ, yet, so greatly do man's acquirements outweigh his in-born traits, and so completely are the two intermingled, that we have no means of ascertaining it.' It seems certain that both Dr. Reid and Mr. Shaw do admit that intelligence is hereditary, but neither would admit that the present structure of society secures the rise of the best to the top. Let us go further into this question of the equality of the classes.

"It is, of course, apparent that in imperfect communities the fitness to rise need not necessitate great moral or intellectual qualities. It is probable that some men enrich themselves by the possession of some very special faculty, rather than by their general intelligence."

On the other hand, it is also noticeable that the relatives of successful business men are

apt to excel in other ways, which suggests that the power of making money is not usually due to some special gift but proceeds from qualities which would be useful in other spheres of activity. Such qualities as memory, thoroughness, vigor, quickness, must be characteristic of the classes which succeed in life—much more so, for instance, than sentiment and imagination. A merchant who succeeds in life seeks for strong, vigorous men as his lieutenants, not dreamers or artists, and these men, in turn, will often become employers themselves.

Again, since ability runs in families, the family itself may be able to rise, though an individual member of it may be unable to do so. In two or three generations a lower class family of ability can raise itself very appreciably in the social scale, each generation making a step forward. Dr. Reid, however, thinks that any such tendency for the strong and intelligent to rise in the long run is counterbalanced by the fact that a more rigorous process of weeding out takes place among the poor. But against this it may be urged that this sifting of the poorer classes does not necessarily tend to the survival of the higher forms of efficiency among them. Dr. Taylor, for instance, in an address before the Sociological Society, states that in his opinion the individual who has a more highly developed nervous organization, who is "more delicately organized and therefore more susceptible to unhygienic influences, usually dies early in life, leaving few children to perpetuate his characteristics, and these are easily affected by the slum features that destroyed the parent."

Of course, it is not easy to estimate the types that would be produced by merely considering the environment in which the individual life is passed but it is certain that intellectual and physical characters will tend to be better preserved in one class than in another; and common opinion supports Dr. Taylor in asserting that the higher type is not preserved in slum life.

"In any case stringency of selection is not sufficient by itself to cause improvement unless the qualities necessary for survival are of the right nature. Again, it being admitted that the germ plasmas require a healthy environment, it seems possible that the 'weeding out' process might affect even those which survived for the worse. The bad germinal environment caused by lack of nutrition and warmth, acting on the poor for generations, might easily outweigh the effects of a struggle for survival which would be otherwise beneficial.

"Dr. Reid himself admits that Mr. Galton and Professor Pearson are against him, and he quotes

the argument of the latter to this effect: 'It is not the lack of opportunity but the lack of stock which causes the differences between classes.'

"It is clear then that the doctrines of Weissmann have been eagerly seized on by thinkers whose temperaments and opinions led them to look for improvements by the equalization of conditions. These writers base their politics on the postulate that on the whole the apparent differences between the educated and the poorer classes in ability are due rather to individual acquirements and superior opportunities than to innate superiority on the side of the upper classes. Their contentions have been met by the biometric school, of which Mr. Galton is the founder; the results which he and Professor Karl Pearson have reached show conclusively that ability runs in families, so that if it be admitted that talent tends to rise in the social scale, which seems a reasonable admission, it follows that the classes at the top will inevitably be the abler.

"But though the latest theories of heredity do not prove that the different classes are likely to be equal in intellectual power, nevertheless they rightly give considerable encouragement to social reformers for another reason."

It is usually held that such admirable qualities as sense of beauty and delicacy of feeling are the natural heritage of the educated classes but, asks Dr. Paley, is this likely to be the case if acquirements are not inherited? For these qualities, unlike intellectual vigor, do not inevitably assist men to rise in the world and do not therefore tend to become more and more the monopoly of those who succeed in life. Therefore, the social reformer is perfectly justified in hoping that there are as many refined natures at the bottom of the social scale who would develop in more fortunate environment.

"But though the superior intelligence of the educated classes is probably directly due to the struggle for supremacy, this struggle is not absolutely essential for evolutionary progress. Of late years a school has arisen which believes that the principles of selective breeding can be applied to human beings as well as to animals. There are two lines along which believers in 'eugenics' may work: the one, which already has much popular sentiment on its side, is to discourage the reproduction of the obviously unfit, such as the half-mad, degenerate or criminal; the other, which implies too great a change in current morality to be immediately practicable, is to encourage unions, presumably temporary, between exceptionally vigorous people for the sake of the improvement of the race. There is a third indirect method which they can pursue, namely, that of encouraging by means of scholarships and pensions large families among the intellectual and professional classes.

"The difficulty of carrying out the first method is purely administrative. Every one agrees that it is undesirable that individuals who are mentally unstable or diseased should reproduce their kind. But if this is to be prevented by legal methods it implies a more intimate interference with the liberty of the individual than the state

has yet ventured upon. On the other hand, if the sense of moral responsibility is sufficiently stimulated there is no reason why eugenic considerations should not be as potent in controlling instincts and impulses as current morality has been in subduing them when the individuals are close blood relations. Mr. Wells suggests that those who procreated children without a eugenic license should be denied certain financial advantages, but unfortunately the success of this scheme presupposes the existence of State aid for all normal families.

"The second method implies a complete alteration in our marriage laws and our conceptions of sexual morality. And certainly no fundamental change of this kind is likely to be produced until our knowledge of the laws of heredity is much more exact than it is at present. Nevertheless, since it is probable that the race might be improved by methods other than the present marriage laws, it is perfectly reasonable to criticize the latter with a view to preparing the public mind for other schemes, in spite of the fact that our present knowledge cannot yet prove any other to be certainly better. The following quotation from Mr. Shaw illustrates this attitude towards marriage: 'One fact must be faced resolutely, in spite of the shrieks of the romantic. There is no evidence that the best citizens are the offspring of congenial marriages, or that a

conflict of temperament is not a highly important part of what breeders call crossing. On the contrary, it is quite sufficiently probable that good results may be obtained from parents who would be extremely unsuitable companions or partners, to make it certain that the experiment of mating them will sooner or later be tried purposely almost as often as it is now tried accidentally. But mating such couples must clearly not involve marrying them. In conjugation two complementary persons may supply one another's deficiencies: in the domestic partnership of marriage they only feel them or suffer from them.'

"The tone in which Mr. Shaw speaks here of 'the shrieks of the romantic' is characteristic of a weakness in the attitude of the supporters of eugenics. It implies an absolute certainty that the good things which ordinary people value most are of no importance in comparison with the breeding of the race. But society is something more than a group of efficient people; their relations to each other have an intrinsic value of their own, and these must be closely weighed in the balance against the advantage of any scheme which might seem to threaten them. Even if these schemes produced a stronger and cleverer race; the separation of sexual relations from affectional and domestic ones might well diminish the value of life to a greater degree than the better breeding of mankind could counterbalance."

DOES THE OLD ATOM OF CHEMISTRY DISPROVE THE NEW ATOM OF PHYSICS?



IN the simple form in which the so-called electron theory of matter is propounded by Professor Norman R. Campbell, in *The Abany Review*, it would no doubt be accepted by every competent physicist. Nevertheless, as Professor Campbell concedes, the question still remains: Is it true? Physics says yes. But an influential school in chemistry answers no. These chemists maintain that the evidence on which they are asked to abandon the doctrine of the indivisibility of the atom is too slight. The atom of the physicist, built up of "electrons," is to them what heresy was to the medieval church.

Probably every one who is interested in science, so Professor Campbell tells us, is aware that in the last few years a hypothesis of the constitution of matter has been elaborated which has exerted a profound influence on all branches of physics. Laymen have been led to believe that this theory is intimately connected with the discovery of radium. But this is "erroneous," and Professor Campbell, who has a very poor idea of "popular" expositions on this subject, proceeds with an erudite explanation of the theory and its significance.

To begin with, we are told, the whole structure of the electron theory rests upon one very simple assumption, that electric charges are not distributed continuously. If the assumption is correct, any volume of a charged body, however small, must contain some charge. The charges are concentrated upon small indivisible particles, so that a volume of the charged body does or does not contain a charge, according as it does or does not contain one or more of these particles. In fact, it is assumed that electricity (like matter according to the Daltonian theory), is atomic in structure. This view is not peculiar to recent science; it was first suggested by some experiments made by Faraday seventy years ago upon the conduction of electricity through solutions.

This charge, carried by all atoms, seemed to be a true "atom of electricity," for there was no evidence that any smaller charge could exist separately. For this atomic charge the name "electron" was suggested. The idea of the atomic structure of electricity was not developed further for nearly forty years, tho many writers commented upon its suggestiveness.

Some years ago Maxwell put forward his famous electro-magnetic theory of light, according to which the vibrations which constitute light are held to be electrical vibrations. That is to say he suggested that, if a charged body could be suspended freely in the path of a beam of light and its motion observed with a delicacy which is quite beyond our experimental powers, it would be found that the body vibrated to and fro in a period which optical investigations have shown to be the period of vibration of the light; and further that all actions which light is known to produce are manifestations of such vibrations of charged bodies. From the first the theory was supported by very strong evidence. Further experimental proofs accumulated until the work of Hertz was deemed finally conclusive and led to the general acceptance of Maxwell's views.

The theory, nevertheless, was subject always to one great difficulty. Calculations based upon it regarding relations between the electrical and optical properties of any body were not in accordance with experiment, except in a limited number of cases. Lorentz then attacked the problem with the aid of the atomic theory of electricity. According to all the theories of electricity, charges exist in neutral as well as in charged bodies. But in neutral bodies the magnitudes of the charges opposite signs are equal, while in charged bodies they are unequal. Hence there is no difficulty in considering that all bodies contain these atoms of electricity which may be set in motion by light vibrations. Lorentz showed that in order to overcome the difficulty attending the application of the Maxwellian theory to the propagation of light through transparent bodies it was necessary only to assume that the particles which bore the atomic charge of electricity possessed, in addition, a definite mass and were restrained in their motion by elastic forces, which increase with a displacement of the particle from its normal position of rest.

In 1896-1899 Dr. Lorentz's theory received a succession of confirmations and extensions. There was the discovery by Dr. Zeeman of a change in the nature of the light emitted by suitable sources when those sources were brought into the neighborhood of powerful magnets. Since it was well known that a magnet may influence the motion of a charged body, Dr. Lorentz was able to show that the changes observed might have been predicted immediately from his theory, and were to be attributed to an alteration caused by the magnet in the motion of the particles of atomic

electricity in the source of light. Further, assuming for the magnitude of the atomic charge the value deduced from Faraday's experiments, it was possible to calculate the mass of the particles. A result of extraordinary interest appeared: the mass of the particles was found to be the same whatever the nature of the body in which they exist, and this mass is not more than one-thousandth part of that of the lightest atom known (hydrogen). The particles, then, must be portions of atoms, and portions which are common to all atoms. They must be universal building-stones used in the constructions of all the so-called chemical elements. All these particles were found to bear a charge of negative electricity; of the atoms of positive electricity no information was obtained, for they do not appear to play any important part in the optical phenomena which were the subject of investigation."

The second source of evidence arose from certain experiments on the electrical properties of gases, conducted by the eminent Professor J. J. Thomson. It appeared that in a gas, under suitable conditions, the universal charged particles became free from the atoms to which they belong and can almost be caught and handled individually. Just as in Lorentz's work, it was found that the nature of the particles is independent of the source from which they are derived, that their charge is negative and of the magnitude indicated by Faraday's argument, and that their mass is one seventeen hundredth part of that of a hydrogen atom. To these particles Professor Thomson gave the name of "corpuscles." Dr. Lorentz had transferred the term electron from the atomic charge to the particle which carries it, and, when the identity of the "corpuscles" and "electrons" became clear, the latter term was taken into general use.

The basis of the electron theory of matter is the attribution to these electrons, which are common constituents of all atoms, of the most important part in all electrical phenomena. Moreover, since it soon appeared that many physical changes which at first sight seemed in no way concerned with electricity were in reality only electrical charges, the theory has been extended to cover almost every branch of physics.

As might be expected from the history of its birth, it is in the study of optical phenomena and the electrical properties of gases that the theory is most illuminating. Among the former, the circumstances which determine the quantity and character of the light emitted

from a given source may be mentioned as having given rise in the past to many insoluble problems. Thus it was not known why the same element should in some circumstances emit light of one color, peculiar to that element, while in others it emits light of all colors, indistinguishable from that emitted by any other element. Now we believe that the emission of light represents the vibration of electrons in the source; and arguments which are quite independent of optical investigations tend to show that when light of the former kind is emitted the electrons are vibrating inside the atom (and therefore in a manner determined by its structure) while, when light of the latter kind is emitted they are vibrating outside the atom.

Turning to the investigations of the electrical properties of gases, Professor Campbell says that for fifty years every new worker seemed to add mysteries in place of removing them.

"Ten years after the discovery of electrons the subject became one of the best-ordered departments of knowledge. It appeared that a gas can become a conductor only by the appearance in it of 'free' electrons torn from the atoms to which they are usually attached. The study of conduction through gases is the study of the means by which electrons may be detached from atoms; from being one of the stumbling-blocks to progress, it has become the instrument with which we probe the internal structure of the atom.

"It has long been known that solid bodies which are good conductors of heat are also good conductors of electricity, and that certain numerical relations hold between the two conductivities of any substance. No explanation of these relations could be offered until it was suggested that both the heat and the electricity are conveyed by the electrons. The chief features can be explained if we suppose that good conductors contain 'free' electrons detached from the atoms, which are capable of moving without restraint through the solid, and that bad conductors contain no such 'free' electrons. There is no difficulty in the supposition, for it must be remembered that electrons are much smaller than atoms, and could move easily through the interstices between the atoms even in a solid body."

Some of the most remarkable achievements of the theory are in the realm of chemistry. Chemical elements may be divided roughly into two classes—metals and non-metals—such that any member of either class tends to combine with one of the opposite class, but not with one of its own class. The metals are better conductors of heat and electricity than the non-metals. They melt at higher temperatures and show greater cohesion in the solid state. In solution the metals behave as if their atoms were positively charged, the non-metals as if

their atoms bore a charge of negative electricity. Why should these properties, apparently so diverse, be correlated so strictly?

The behavior in solution gives the clue to the connection between the properties. On the atomic theory of electricity, a body can become positively charged either by gaining positive atoms or losing negative atoms of electricity. If we are going to interpret the phenomena in terms of the negatively charged electrons, we must suppose that the metal atoms tend for some reason to lose electrons and the non-metal atoms to gain them. If, then, a metal atom and a non-metal atom be brought into contact, the former will lose and the latter gain an electron; and the two atoms may adhere in virtue of their opposite electricities. This adhesion, in accordance with a theory which has gained some acceptance for seventy years, may be regarded as constituting chemical combination.

But we have seen that the conductivity of a body is due to the presence in it of free electrons. Such electrons are much more likely to be present in a substance the atoms of which tend to lose electrons than in one the atoms of which tend to gain them. The difference in the conducting powers of the two classes is shown to be connected directly with the difference in their chemical properties. At the present time the mechanical properties mentioned can not be correlated so simply with the rest. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that in the near future great cohesive power will be shown to be connected with the presence of free electrons. There are many other details of which no adequate explanation can be offered as yet.

But the chief problems of chemistry are not touched in dealing with the relations between the different properties of the same element. We must trace the relation between the same property in different elements. It may seem that the electron theory should be especially successful in this endeavor, for it recognizes particles which are common constituents of all atoms, and might be made the basis of a common explanation. But tho the common constituents have been discovered and their chief properties are known, there are two serious obstacles to a complete determination of the structure of atoms. In the first place, it is clear that atoms do not consist of electrons alone. For, since the electrons are negatively charged and the atom as a whole is normally neutral, there must be some part which bears a compensating positive charge

Recent Poetry



WITH a poet the mayor of San Francisco, a novelist the mayor of Toledo, an historian one of the United States Senators from Massachusetts, another novelist a member of the legislature (until a few years ago) of Indiana, still another (Owen Wister) trying valiantly to break into the board of aldermen of Philadelphia, and a fourth nursing gubernatorial hopes in New Hampshire, who shall say a great gulf still yawns between literature and life?

A volume of the "Selected Poems" of Edward Robeson Taylor, the worthy successor of the unworthy Schmitz, has appeared (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco). It contains the best, or what the author considers the best, poems in his two previous volumes, one of which, despite its title ("Into the Light and Other Verse"), never saw the light, practically the whole edition having been destroyed in the San Francisco fire one week after it was published. Mr. Taylor is enamored of the sonnet, and far the larger number of his poems are cast in that stiff and stately form. Their quality is academic. They are studied exercises rather than passionate outpourings of the mind and heart; but they have excellence of form and technique, and excellence of any kind is too rare, at all times, not to command respect. The following poem, suggestive of Milton—the lyrical not the epical Milton—seems to us to make a wider appeal than is made by any of the other poems in the volume:

FANCY'S CHILDREN

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

Where do Fancy's children nest,
Breeding thoughts we love the best?—
In the leaves with freshness gay
When the Spring is on her way,
Sweetly breathing balm and song
As she lightly skips along;
In the heart of daffodils
Beating as some fairy wills;
Honeysuckle giving sweets
To the trellis it entreats;
Poppies that for sunbeams hold
Most appealing cups of gold;
Pansies whose irradiant eyes
Watch the jasmine's envied vine
Near the maiden's casement twine;
Dandelion's stars that glow
In the meadow's emerald skies;
Lilacs of the long ago,
Tremulous with memory's sighs;
Roses grand in gorgeous show,
Marguerites that lovers know,

And in every kindred one
Drinking joys of dew and sun;
Sooth, in least that decks the ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the merry-hearted stream
Where some naiads rest in dream,
While the crystal waters make
Lulling music lest they wake;
In the peaceful pools that lie
Where the umbrage veils the sky,
And no voice on us may call
Save the beat of waterfall;
And in nook of secret dell
Where an oread from her cell
Deeply hid is wont to spy
Lovers' raptures throbbing nigh;
Here with all that's beauteous crowned
Fancy's children may be found.

In the verdure-spreading tree,
'Neath whose bark dear Dryope
Hopes that she may yet be free,
Whose sequestered, cooling shade
Only dreams and we invade;
And in cloud of snowy fleece
Floating swanlike overhead
On its azure sea of peace,
By the zephyrs gently sped;
While the hours with muffled wing
Pass unknown to any sense,
And each soul-disturbing thing
Vanishes in impotence;
Here by Revery gently bound
Fancy's children may be found.

In the horses of the surge
Rearing high upon its verge
So to leap upon the shore
With impetuous, deafening roar,
While from out their mouths the spume
Seethes and hisses as it flies;
In the ships that faintly loom
Under rainbow-tinted skies,
Sailing safe on sapphire seas
To the golden port of Ease,
There unlading costly bales
For the hope that never fails;
In the chambers of the deep
Where unnumbered thousands keep
Eyeless gaze on goals unwon,
Lighted not by moon or sun;
And where mermaids in their bowers
Fill with sport the endless hours,
Saving when they seek the air,
Some poor mariner to snare,
Who with them through love or fright
Plunges to eternal night;
In all such enchanted ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the dawn's wide-opening rose
Which in sudden beauty blows
On the east's enraptured breast,
As it beams upon the bed

Where some lady's lovely head,
Filled with him she loves the best,
Gently stirs within its nest;
In the visions flitting by
When the day is fain to lie,
Wearied out, in final rest,
On the bosom of the west;
In the stars that bless the night
With magnificence of light,
As the moon, like any ghost,
Glides amid their countless host,
Weaving with her silvery beams
Love's eternal, magic dreams;
In this wonder-breathing round
Fancy's children may be found.

In the memories floating up
From the long-erased time,
When with joy in every cup
All the moments rang in chime,
As with her, death would not spare,
Hand in hand we silent strayed
In the perfume-laden air,
Till a glory round us played,
And the beauty of her eyes,
Newly lit with love's surprise,
Told the story that still lies
In the heart where, wet with tears,
It shall grieve through all the years;
Ah, in this all-hallowed ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the Garden of Delight
Boyhood's feet alone can know,
Where all wonders fill the sight,
And all fadeless blossoms grow;
Sooth, where fairies love to be
Fancy's children you may see;
But the maiden's guileless breast
Is by them beloved the best,
Where to every rapturing sound
Are they alway to be found.

Mr. George Sterling's much talked of poem, "The Wine of Wizardry," so far from being the best poem written by an American (as one writer maintained), is not even the best work of Mr. Sterling himself. A third edition has just appeared (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco) of "The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems," and the title poem, while it is twice as long and thrice as obscure as it ought to be, contains passages of exalted feeling and cosmic thought that nearly sweep one off his feet at times. Briefly put, the testimony of the suns is to the effect that man's life is but a passing incident in the universe and that personal immortality is a vain dream. The following passage gives an idea of the quality of the poem, which fills forty-two pages of the book:

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SUNS

BY GEORGE STERLING

The winter sunset fronts the North. . . .
The light deserts the quiet sky. . . .
From their far gates how silently
The stars of evening tremble forth!

Time, to thy sight what peace they share
On Night's inviolable breast!
Remote in solitudes of rest,
Afar from human change or care.

Eternity, unto thine eyes
In war's unrest their legions surge,
Foam of the cosmic tides that urge
The battle of contending skies,

The war whose waves of onslaught, met
Where night's abysses storm afar,
Break on the high, tremendous bar
Athwart that central ocean set—

From seas whose cyclic ebb and sweep,
Unseen to Life's oblivious hours,
Are ostent of the changeless Pow'rs
That hold dominion of the Deep.

O armies of eternal night,
How flame your guidons on the dark!
Silent we turn from Time to hark
What final Orders sway your might.

Cold from colossal ramparts gleam,
At their insuperable posts,
The seven princes of the hosts
Who guard the holy North supreme;

Who watch the phalanxes remote
That, gathered in opposing skies,
Far on the southern wastes arise,
Marshaled by flaming Fomanhaut.

Altair, what captains compass thee?
What foes, Aldebaran, are thine?
Red with what blood of wars divine
Glow that immortal panoply?

What music from Capella runs?
How hold the Pleiades their bond?
How storms the hidden war beyond
Orion's dreadful sword of suns?

When, on what hostile firmament,
Shall stars unnamed contend our gyre,
'Mid councils of Boötes' fire,
Or night of Vega's fury spent?

What tidings of the heavenly fray?
These, as our sages nightward turn
To gaze within the gulfs where burn
The helms of that sublime array:

Splendors of elemental strife;
Smit suns that startle back the gloom;
New light whose tale of stellar doom
Fares to uncomprehending life;

Profounds of fire whose maelstroms froth
To gathered armies of offense;
Cohorts unwearable, immense,
And bulks wherewith the Dark is wroth;

Reserves and urgencies of light
That flame upon the battle's path,
And allied suns that brave the wrath
Of systems leagued athwart the night;

Menace of silent ranks that sweep
 Unto irrevocable wars,
 And onset of titanic cars
 In Armageddons of the Deep!

O Night, what legions serve thy wars!
 Lo! thy terrific battle-line—
 The rayless bulk, the blazing Sign,
 The leagued infinity of stars!

Remote they burn whose dread array
 Glows from the dark a dust of fire;
 Unheard the storm of Rigel's ire,
 A grain of light Arcturus' day.

Unheard their antiphon of death
 Who gleam Capella's cosmic foes;
 Unseen the war whose causal throes
 Perturb gigantic Algol's breath—

Whom from afar we mete and name
 Ere Light and Life their doom fulfill,
 Spawn of the Power whose cons still
 The suns of Taurus armed with flame.

What sound shall pass the gulfs where groan
 Their sullen axles on the night?
 What thunder from the strands of light
 Whence Vega glares on worlds unknown?

O Deep whose very silence stuns!
 Where Light is powerless to illumine
 Lost in immensities of gloom
 That dwarf to motes the flaring suns.

O Night where Time and Sorrow cease!
 Eternal magnitude of dark
 Wherein Aldebaran drifts a spark,
 And Sirius is hushed to peace!

O Tides that foam on strands untrod,
 From seas in everlasting prime,
 To light where Life looks forth on Time,
 And Pain, unanswered, questions God!

We have not run across anything in the magazines this month that seems to us more felicitous than this in *The Craftsman*:

ENGLAND'S FIELDS ARE GREEN

By LLOYD ROBERTS

England's cliffs are white like milk,
 But England's fields are green;
 The grey fogs creep across the moors,
 But warm suns stand between.
 And not so far from London Town beyond the
 brimming street
 A thousand little summer winds are singing in
 the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
 The hedges are aglow;
 The daisies climb the windy hills
 Till all grow white like snow.
 And when the slim pale moon slides up and
 dreamy night is near
 There's a whisper in the beaches for lonely hearts
 to hear.

Poppies burn in Italy
 And suns grow round and high;
 The black pines of Posilipo
 Are gaunt upon the sky—
 And yet I know an English elm beside an Eng-
 lish lane
 That calls me through the twilight and the miles
 of misty rain.

Tell me why the meadow-lands
 Become so warm in June;
 Why the tangled roses breathe
 So softly to the moon;
 And when the sunset bars come down to pass
 the feet of day
 Why the singing thrushes slide between the
 sprigs of May.

Weary, we have wandered back—
 And we have traveled far—
 Above the storms and over seas
 Gleamed ever one bright star—
 O, England, when our hearts grow cold and will
 no longer roam,
 We see beyond your milk-white cliffs the round
 green fields of home.

To what a contrast with the scene above de-
 scribed does this very up-to-date poem in *The
 Atlantic Monthly* invite us:

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

By CHESTER FIRKIN

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
 For chilling pave and cheerless light,
 Have made my meeting-place with God
 A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills
 Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these
 Atone me for my reverend hills
 And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
 Where men sit muted by the roar,
 I ride upon the whirring Spark
 Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars
 Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
 Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
 Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
 Flash silver where the headlight gleams,
 As when on lakes the Moon impales
 The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
 Outgazing on majestic Power;
 Death rides with me, on either hand,
 In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
 Scoff not at me—the city clod;—
 My only respite of the Day
 Is this wild ride—with God.

Our younger poets are, indeed, nothing if not
 up-to-date. If Mr. Firkins hymns the subway,
 Mr. Viereck hymns the phonograph.

THE PRISONING OF SONG

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

There lay one weeping at Apollo's feet
Whose tuneful throat was like a golden well;
Her tears unutterably sweet
Made music as they fell.

"Thee have I served, O Father, all my days,
Yea, ere thy hand had made the lute-string
and the lyre,
Out of my heart I snatched the terror and the
fire,
And with my body wrought thy perfect praise.

"I am the rapture of the nightingale
Heavenward winging,
The song in singing,
Beauty audible.

"With rumbling thunder and discordance hideous
The gods and stars shall tumble from the sky,
But beauty's curve enmarbled lives in Phidias,
And Homer's numbers cannot die.

"To them that are my sisters thou hast given
Eternity of bronze and script and stone;
I, only I, must perish tempest-driven
In the great stillness where no moan
Is heard, wind stirs, or reed is blown."

Apollo wept. "Most sweet, most delicate,
Death fears that he might tarry at thy gate
Too fond, too long,
And that, in listening, he forget the throng
That call upon him with their piteous cries:
Thy sweetness, hence, in every song
Lives, and in each song dies."

He paused, and impotent grief made dark
His shining countenance, when, mark!
There rose the proud Promethean race
Unto whose voice the thunders hark,
Who sailing in a fragile bark
Behold the heavens face to face.

Their arms both lands and oceans span,
They hold the lightning in a vise,
Yea, by incredible device,
They prisoned sound in curious shells,
And by these signs and miracles
Proclaimed the masterhood of man.

O listen, all men, and rejoice,
For lo, Caruso's argent voice
Endures as granite, even so,
And Melba's song like Plato's thought
Or like a mighty structure wrought
By Michael Angelo.

And when the land is perished, yea,
When life forsakes us and the rust
Has eaten bard and roundelay,
Still from the silence of the dust
Shall rise the song of yesterday!

We fear that Alfred Noyes has become self-conscious, and is no longer writing without a

fatal feeling of deep responsibility for a reputation to be sustained. His new volume, "The Golden Hynde and Other Poems," gives us the impression that the author is endeavoring to communicate much more than he really does communicate, and as we read we alternate between the disposition to blame ourselves for deficiency and the disposition to blame the author for a certain degree of futility. As in "The Flower of Old Japan," so in this volume, tho to a less degree, he seems to himself to be saying much more than he seems to us to be saying. Nevertheless what he does say is well worth while, or at least the manner of the saying makes it worth while. Here is the title poem:

THE GOLDEN HYNDE

BY ALFRED NOYES

With the fruit of Aladdin's Garden clustering
thick in her hold,
With rubies a-wash in her scuppers and her bilge
a-blaze with gold,
A world in arms behind her to sever her heart
from home,
The *Golden Hynde* drove onward, over the glittering foam.

If we go, as we came, by the Southward, we
meet wi' the fleets of Spain!
'Tis a thousand to one against us; we'll turn to
the West again;
We have captured a China pilot, his charts and
his golden keys;
We'll sail to the golden Gateway, over the golden seas.

What shall we see as we sail there? Clusters
of coral and palm,
Oceans of silken slumber, measureless leagues
of calm,
Islands of purple story, lit with the Westering
gleam,
Washed by the unknown whisper, dreaming the
world-wide dream.

There will be shores of sirens, with arms that
beckon us near,
As they stand knee-deep in the foam-flowers,
with perilous breasts and hair;
Sweet is the rest they proffer; but what shall we
gain of these
When we gaze on the golden Gateway that
shines on the golden seas?

Wound in their white embraces, couched in the
lustrous gloom,
Gazing ever to seaward thro' the broad magnolia bloom,
We should weary of all their kisses when, under
the first white star,
Over the limitless ocean, the golden Gates unbar.

White arms will strive to hold us; but we shall
rise and go
Down to the salt sea-beaches where the waves
are whispering low:

White arms will plead in anguish as the sails fill
out to the breeze,
And we turn to the Golden Gateway that burns
on the golden seas!

We shall put out from shore then, out to the
Western skies,
With the old despairing rapture and the sunset
in our eyes!
What shall we gain of our going, what of the
fading gleam,
What of the gathering darkness, what of the
dying dream?

Only the unknown glory, only the hope deferred,
Only the wondrous whisper, only the unknown
Word,
Voice of the God that gave us billow and beam
and breeze,
As we sail to the golden Gateway, over the gold-
en seas.

The true ballad ring is in these stanzas which
we take from the *New York Times*

WASHINGTON AT TWENTY-ONE

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"Tie the moccasin, bind the pack,
Sling your rifle across your back,
Up! and follow the mountain track—
Tread the Indian Trail.
See! the light of the Westward Star
Shows the way to the streams afar!
Ours are tidings of Peace or War—
Life and Death in the scale.

"The leaves of October are dry on the ground;
The sheaves of Virginia are gathered and bound,
Her fallows are glad with the cry of the hound,
The partridges whirr in the fern;
But deep are the forests and crafty the foes
Where troubled Ohio in wilderness flows;
We've perils to conquer and torrents and snows
To traverse before we return.

"Hall and council-room, farm and chase,
Coat of scarlet with frill of lace—
All are excellent things, in place;
Joy in these if ye can.
Ours be hunting-shirt, knife and gun,
Camp aglow in the sheltered run,
Friend and foe in the checkered sun—
That's the life for a man!"

The interest attaching to the poem that follows
is a literary rather than a poetic interest. The
poem was found among some letters dating from
Lady Byron's time, and, being sent by the Duke
of Argyll to *The Pall Mall Magazine*, were pub-
lished in its January number. The inference evi-
dently drawn by the Duke and positively stated
by the editor of the magazine is that the poem is
a genuine but heretofore unpublished product of
Lady Byron's pen.

LINES FROM LADY BYRON TO HER LORD

And was it well, no shame revealing,
To breathe the strain of mimic woe?
How when thy heart is dead to feeling
Can thus thy magic numbers flow?

No grief is thine, no moody madness
In that mysterious bosom found;
'Tis but the cry of savage gladness
That strikes, then revels o'er the wound.

I heard thy tale, and fond, believing,
I looked, I loved, nay, I adored;
Thou whispered that thou wert deceiving,
My soul revolted at the word.

Too late convinced, betrayed, forsaken,
Each phase and form of hate to prove,
My patience served but to awaken
Thy cold disdain for all my love.

To stranger eyes thou mild thy seeming,
Thou well the lover's part was played,
Yet privacy, the pledge redeeming,
The debt of checked unkindness paid.

If, then, one fonder look was given
That bade me all my hopes resume,
A meteor in the wintry heaven,
It marked the deepness of the gloom.

Then like a reptile wouldst thou spurn me,
That crossed thy path with blighting power;
Nor smiles nor tears availed to turn thee—
'Twas then the bitter cup ran o'er.

Nay, more than bitter was that chalice
Thy stern resolve had doomed to fill—
'Twas drugged with all inventive malice
Could fabricate of human ill.

For this my early faith was plighted,
For this I left a mother's care;
When scarce the bridal torch was lighted,
It sank, extinguished by despair.

And dost thou deem no placid slumber
Again will soothe my aching sense?
No guilty dreams my breast encumber,
And sweet the sleep of innocence.

Then fare thee well! Tho unrelenting,
I'll still remember thou wert mine,
Nor even my widowed love repenting,
For once my brightest joys were thine.

And when our child, in young devotion,
Her infant orisons shall pay,
My bursting tears, my deep emotion,
Shall teach her for what boon to pray.

Farewell! to meet on earth—no, never
May that unhallowed wish be prest;
But let the memory pass for ever
Of that fond heart that loved thee best.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

DIVERGENT critical opinions with regard to a book are almost invariably a proof that the author has presented a vital human document. Ellen Glasgow's new novel* is one of the most widely reviewed books of the season. Discounting newspaper puffery, there are three strongly discernible attitudes of the critics. The most favorable is that adopted by Louise Collier Willcox in *The North American Review*, who places the author of "The Ancient Law" above Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Wharton. *The Independent*, in its review, dwells at length on the disappointing character of her books previous to the present, but recognizes strength and sincerity in the latter. Finally H. W. Boynton, in *The Bookman*, utters the dictum that Miss Glasgow's book is "a mediocre effort at best." In his opinion, she is a type of author taken seriously by a great many persons who ought to know better. "No one," he says, "whose business it is to follow the whole main stream of contemporary fiction in England and America and who is able to take it seriously can help being a little disappointed, even aggrieved, at the blandness with which the ordinary compatriot of the better class is wont to accept as representative or extraordinary what is mere pretentious commonplace." This applies, we are told, to "The Ancient Law," tho the latter is better in workmanship than the average American novel. Above all, the book lacks a sense of humor, which, strange as it may seem, is the last thing demanded of our novelists by the public. We regret, in Miss Glasgow's book, so Mr. Boynton affirms, "its lack of proportion, of perspective, of that indefinable circumambient atmosphere, of insight and sympathy with which true humor surrounds its material."

Miss Glasgow's book tells the story of regeneration and self-sacrifice; and the "ancient law" is the law of love. The hero, Daniel Ordway, is a young banker of good family, who has speculated in trust funds and been "found out" and convicted. His wife, for whom he had committed the crime, disowns him, and for a while he lives the life of a tramp. He finally lands where all Miss Glasgow's characters end—in Virginia. In an agricultural district he rises to esteem, becomes a prohibitionist and a preacher, and is

finally nominated for the office of mayor. At this time his past is resurrected and he leaves the town and Emily, a young woman to whom he is purely and Platonically devoted, to join his upright but cold-hearted uncle, his unsympathetic wife and his frivolous daughter. The latter commits a forgery which he takes upon himself; but the matter is hushed up. Ordway returns to Virginia with a vague feeling that he has a message and a mission in the world, "for all places where there were men and women working and suffering and going into prison and coming out." There the story is ended, and the reader is left in the air.

Daniel Ordway, as *The Independent* points out, is the second convict who, after serving his time in prison for forgery, serves his next term in the year's fiction. Mr. Leroy Scott presented the other in his novel "To Him That Hath." Miss Glasgow, the writer goes on to say, was recognized several years ago as one of the popular novelists, and few of her discerning critics expected her to become anything better. "Until the appearance of this last book, her stories have been marked by the peculiar weaknesses to be observed in plays, fiction and all forms of art produced merely to please the imagination of the populace—a crude bedlam faculty that should be disciplined, not humored. The scenes were always laid in Virginia, and to lay the scenes of a story in Virginia, if you know *how*, is to give it a sort of romantic diploma at the start with the cavalier seal upon it." To quote further:

"It was her custom to spend a chapter in hanging family portraits and in discussing the hero's pedigree until the reader was properly humbled (for the average reader still likes to be humbled by his author, and to feel that he is receiving confidences about grander folk). Having effaced the reader, she would begin the story. And we all remember what the character of the story was—always a decayed gentility struggling to rise again. Nothing could be more futile. That kind of gentility never rises again unless it is lost in the blood of the common people, as the kernel of corn must fall into the earth and die before it shall live again. . . . Also her novels were moral. It is a mistake to suppose that a book must be immoral to be among the 'best sellers.' The distinction is in how morality is used, and Miss Glasgow grasped it as a sort of quirt with which to belabor insolent parvenues. Nothing could be more popular than a quirt in a modern story, no matter by what name you call it. The populace require an element of cruelty in their entertainment, and if it can be given in the name of righteousness, so much the better.

*THE ANCIENT LAW. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Company.

"Now, these are some of the reasons for Miss Glasgow's success; also they show why many believed she would never do anything better."

In the new book, the reviewer goes on to say, she has omitted family portraits and most of the pedigrees. She has made ready for a long wide sweep of the wings. Without parting company with the populace, she has assumed a nobler attitude toward it. "Her telepathy is no longer with the past or with some small sectional sense of the present, but it is with the Spirit of Time, not of the times." Mrs. Willcox recalls, in *The North American Review*, that Miss Glasgow, with seven largely constructed novels behind her, is still on the earthward side of thirty-five. "When," she says, "we see how steadily and surely her art has grown from 'The Descendant' to 'The Ancient Law,' we realize that we have a born novelist to cope with; not, as one might have feared from the emotional intensity of 'The Descendant' and 'Phases of an Interior Planet,' merely a writer of one strong imaginative im-

pulse, like Olive Schreiner, or a cultured craftsman looking about for a story to tell, like Mrs. Wharton. Miss Glasgow is a story teller, first and foremost, with a keen insight into life; a mind still plastic, broadening and growing in ability to note the detail of life and to fathom meanings and relations and weave them into a whole."

Mrs. Willcox calls attention also to the fact that the all-pervading question of love and marriage plays less part here than in any of Miss Glasgow's earlier novels. She says on this point:

"A thread of emotional interest there undoubtedly is between Emily and Daniel; but both natures seem by suffering and discipline too detached to let passion become a compelling motive. Mr. James says somewhere that it is characteristic of the feminine hand, as distinguished from the masculine hand, that in any portrait of a corner of human affairs the love-story will be the dominant theme. This does not hold good in any of Miss Glasgow's novels; but this one is a drama of repentance, reparation and regeneration."

It would be an obvious remark to make that "Somehow Good"* strikes us as somehow bad; but it would not be the truth.

SOMEHOW Mr. De Morgan seems to have
GOOD stopped the mouths of the British critical Cerberus with his three books, "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short" and the novel under discussion. The voice of criticism is silenced, for, as the London *Times* remarks, Mr. William De Morgan is becoming a national institution, and as such is beyond criticism. "We do not criticize Somerset House, or Madame Tussaud's or the Bank. And so it is with the author of 'Somehow Good.'" The London daily goes on to say:

"He is here, and we cannot do without him. The fastidious stranger gazing upon Somerset House for the first time might hint that it had a certain monotony and was undoubtedly long; he might suggest of Madame Tussaud's that her flesh tints were too uniformly happy, or of the Bank that it is richer than any other building. But such remarks would not matter; these historic and necessary institutions would remain to fulfil their functions. Mr. De Morgan similarly remains; and, short tho the time is since he first appeared, it is difficult to remember what life was like before that advent. What did we read in that dark period? How did we manage at all? Was there not once talk of 'art for art's sake'? Did not the priests and prophets have such catchwords as 'reticence' and 'form'? Well, they are all discredited, and Mr. De Morgan reigns instead, and we are at his feet. He has no form and no reticence, and no care for art. He is

simply an elderly, wise, humorous, loving observer of life, with a sense of character and a fluent pen, who apparently can reel off a novel of five hundred crowded pages as easily as not. He cares so little for plot that he takes just as it comes the most threadbare commonplace of the melodramatic stage; so little for veracity that he covers the floor of a Twopenny Tube carriage with live wires and makes the train stop at a station that does not exist. But what of that? It does not matter a pin. The only thing that matters is the mind of Mr. De Morgan, and that is entirely right and delightful, so that you care nothing for his story, but everything for his puppets and his kindness and shrewdness and incorrigibly charming mannerisms."

The story in its baldest form is ugly. A young innocent English girl quarrels with her mother and departs for India to marry the lad she loves. Before she is able to join him, she is compelled to spend a month in the hands of a couple who join in conspiring against her virtue. The wife is complaisant, and the girl falls prey to the wiles of the husband. When the lover arrives, the girl cannot summon her courage to tell him and the marriage takes place. Soon, however, the young wife perceives that she must pay—unjustly in this case—the penalty of her sex. She now tells the husband everything and he leaves her after an unsuccessful attempt at divorce. The forsaken wife and her little daughter live in England in the home of an uncle. Twenty years have passed when the husband, having made a fortune in Yukon, returns to England. There he meets with an incredible accident that deprives him of memory and the author constrains the threads of

* *SOMEHOW GOOD*. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt and Company.

fate so that he is found by his wife's daughter. His wife alone recognizes him; her affection for him is reborn; they marry again, and when at last the husband's memory is again restored, he realizes that whatever has happened may have been "somehow good."

No imagination is needed to see how morbid and repulsive this theme would grow in the hands of the ordinary novelist. "Let the reader ask himself," *The Evening Post* remarks, "what would happen to it even in the hands of a Hardy, a James, or a Meredith. The fact we have to record," it goes on to say, "is that on this theme Mr. De Morgan has written a book as sound, as sweet, as wholesome, as wise as any in the range of fiction."

What, then, is the secret of Mr. De Morgan's magic? His success is certainly achieved by unorthodox means. There are examples of such successes in all departments of life. "Thus," observes the *London Spectator*, "to take an illustration from the tyrannously popular pastime of golf, there is the notorious case of a Scots amateur who for many years has been in the first flight, altho he systematically violates all the rules followed by orthodox players in the matter of stance, grip address, and swing. Instances might be multiplied from other pastimes and callings, but for the moment we are not likely to find a happier example of successful heresy than Mr. William De Morgan." To quote further:

"His deviations from the rules of the game of fiction are so numerous that we hardly know where to begin. For half a lifetime he devoted himself to a profession entirely dis severed from the 'honorable corporation of the goosequill,' and then, when on the verge of old age, without any preparation or warning, he suddenly exploded with a novel which disarmed criticism by its excellence, and has followed up the achievement by writing two more of equal merit. This in itself would stamp him as an unusual personage; but what renders his success all the more remarkable is his systematic disregard of all the home-truths which critics and experts have been dinning into our ears for the last ten years. For example, Dickens was a great genius, but his is

an *exemplum vitii imitabile*, and, whatever you do, you must avoid the exuberant mannerism of the Dickensian formula. Mr. De Morgan is no plagiarist, but he reminds us at every turn of Dickens, and nobody—certainly not Mr. De Morgan—is a penny the worse for this deliberate retrogression. Stevenson preached and practiced the gospel of 'elbow-grease' in the matter of style, and it is a commonplace of contemporary criticism that a return to the lax and unpolished periods of Scott is impossible for any self-respecting literary craftsman of to-day. Mr. De Morgan is never preoccupied about the choice of the sovereign word. Like Shelley's skylark, his are the 'profuse strains of unpremeditated art.' He diverges and digresses as the humor seizes him, and so far from practicing the self-effacement which we are taught to hold the highest form of art, his attitude is that of a genial showman who is constantly taking the audience into his confidence."

Some of the American reviewers seem to be less strongly under Mr. De Morgan's spell, and still dare to raise now and then a faltering objection to the Englishman's garrulous genius. The *New York Sun* speaks of the writer's aversion to relative clauses. The result of his mannerisms, it says, is a strange twisting about of prepositions, which turns out to be perfectly good English when read a second time but is rather startling at first glance. And a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, while bestowing praise on Mr. De Morgan's genuine human qualities, confesses his inability to read his books to the end. He says:

"Of technical skill as a novel writer he has nothing. Of knowledge of human kind he has everything. If we are not convinced of that by reading 'Joseph Vance' or 'Alice-for-Short,' we may surely be at the end of our scepticism when we have completed reading 'Somehow Good.' It may be possible that we cannot pursue its course to the bitter-sweet end. One reader at least must make that confession, but he is able to understand it and appreciate its worth nevertheless."

If it is any comfort to this critic's conscience, we are willing to admit that we, too, charmed as we have been by Mr. De Morgan's good humor, have found ourselves in the same plight.

The question of female suffrage has been attracting no little attention of late on both sides of the ocean. Miss Elisabeth THE CONVERT Robins is the author of a play, "Votes for Women," which she has now turned into a novel.* Never before, remarks the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books*, has Miss Robins put so much of herself into a book. But that, the reviewer adds, is

* THE CONVERT. By Elisabeth Robins. Macmillan Company.

not tantamount to saying that it is her best novel. To quote further:

"The romancer who writes for a purpose and who uses the art of fiction merely as a medium for political propaganda cannot expect work so produced to measure up to standards set by the impartial canons of literature. The 'novel with a purpose' is, of course, not an uncommon thing in fiction. But the writer who would make his fiction do service as a tract, who would bend his art to the advocacy of some great idea, merges the creative sense of the artist too far in

the rhetorical enthusiasm of the doctrinaire, forgetting that art requires the characters he is delineating to be from real life, complex and oftentimes contradictory, and not a set of puppets who have learned by rote to repeat the ethical or political message which he has at heart.

"It is this fact which just robs 'The Convert' of being a really great novel, in spite of the many and varied claims to this distinction which it otherwise offers. It is a strong book in many senses of the word, filled with vivid pictures of the London of hoodlums and mob violence, and eloquent in its plea for the radical enlargement of woman's sphere in the affairs of national government. Probably not since Mary Wollstonecraft's 'Vindication of the Rights of Woman,' written more than a century ago, has the subject been dealt with so forcefully by one of her sex. Indeed one cannot leave the perusal of its pages without something of the contagious belief of the author in the dawn in the civilized world to-day of 'the New Spirit,' out of which will be evolved a political revolution resulting in a wiser and more perfect adjustment of the relations between the sexes. This is the reform which Miss Robins sees on the immediate horizon of political events, and to hasten the coming of which she devotes in this book her very considerable talents as a writer of fiction."

The plot of the novel is extraordinarily dull; for Pegasus must always suffer when hitched to some social or ethical hobby. "The Convert" is a young woman from the inner circle of society who has been betrayed in love by a man and compelled to sacrifice her unborn child to social prejudice. She becomes interested in the cry for woman's rights and begins to realize that suffragettes described by her set as mænads and pétroleuses are brave and honest workers for a great cause. When she again meets the man who has deceived her she forgives him and even furthers his affection for another girl on the con-

dition that, by helping the movement, he will expiate his offense.

The London *Spectator*, in reviewing the book, designates it as not a novel but as a tract with a purpose. "Such being the case," the reviewer remarks, "it is impossible for the reader to complain, as he otherwise would do, of the extreme monotony of having set before him accounts of successive meetings in which the speeches bear a strong resemblance to each other." He goes on to say:

"Miss Robins's arguments in favor of woman's suffrage are emotional rather than intellectual, and she fails to give us what would have been really interesting—a wisely reasoned and logical piece of argument from the point of view of the woman suffragist. Successful as a story it is not, and it may be doubted whether it makes any serious contribution to the literature of the struggle. To an accusation of fault of taste in allusions to certain facts alleged by one of the characters, Miss Robins would probably answer that as facts exist they should be spoken of. That, of course, is quite true if the book is to be considered as a piece of argument. In a book, however, purporting to be a work of fiction these faults of taste are blemishes which it is difficult to overlook."

The Saturday Review (London) maintains that the defect of the book as an argument comes from the tacit assumption that if women had votes it would be less easy than it is for a man of good position to seduce and desert a friendless girl, while its weakness as a novel lies in the fact that the heroine had such an extraordinary past that she is not a typical figure. Miss Robins failed in producing a second "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—such, we take it, was her intention—because her book makes no sufficient emotional appeal.

The "Pals"—A Realistic Romance

Georg Busse-Palma, the author of this romantic story so realistically told, and which is translated for CURRENT LITERATURE by Newell Dunbar, is the member of a distinguished literary family in Germany, and ranks high among writers of modern verse. There is a touch of Gorky in his tale of two tramps, but where the great Russian might have given us a radical tract, Mr. Busse-Palma, like a true artist, places before us a tragedy of the human heart universal in its appeal.



HE darkness was so dense that the outlines of the highway were scarcely any longer perceptible even to the practised eyes of the two tramps. Nevertheless, they were running as hard as if Satan were at their heels. When, once, they stopped and listened behind them, they heard the sound of the hoof of the pandour's* horse alarmingly close in their rear. And

immediately, as if in answer to the ceasing of their footfalls, sounded through the late evening air the hoarse call they knew so well: "Halt! or I'll shoot!"

"In this darkness and the whole length of the road!" jeered the fugitives. The obscurity was their protection and they knew it. So insolence, even, invaded the heart of one of them, and in a husky voice he addressed an obscene request to the "well-born" *gendarme*.

"Now up the mountain into the woods," whispered his mate.

* A Hungarian bailiff entrusted with making arrests.

At the selfsame moment cracked a carbine shot. The pine forest standing out black overhead threw back reverberatingly the far rolling sound. It had probably been merely a "scare" shot discharged at the starless sky; but, with a protracted leap, the vagabonds sprang like hares into the deep roadside ditch, then clambered hastily up on the other side, and began scaling the steep slope of the mountain-range.

They had just got well up, when one of the pair uttered a suppressed, low cry of pain and his knees gave way beneath him. He jumped up again, but at the first step fell back upon the grass.

"What's the matter with you?" asked his companion, frightened.

"Go chase yourself! How do I know? My leg's like torn to pieces round the ankle."

"S-s-sh!"

Quick as lightning, the other threw himself by the one who had fallen. Side by side, flattened to the ground, they lay motionless, with bated breath.

A horse's snorting sounded up to them. The pandour was riding by them below upon a white steed, the glimmering of whose form the tramps could distinctly perceive. Suddenly he reined in his mount and listened.

As he heard no other sound than the distant piping of a night bird, he blackguarded at a venture: "Just wait, you scum! I'll be back in a jiffy!" Then, with a cut of the whip on its neck, he started his nag into a trot again.

The sound of the hoofs died away. One of the tramps rose up and began to laugh. His great, white teeth gleamed in the dark.

"That 'un be back! He's ridin' now to bed or the next *tscharda*!* But say, pal, what's happened to you?"

"A cord must be broke," replied the questioned one slowly. "Every movement hurts me like hell-fire."

"It'll only be strained, Dani! And a good night's sleep is a great restorer. Sleep—yes—but where? You can't walk. *Bassama*! We've got to camp in the woods."

The intense dark broke all at once. The thick, black clouds rolled apart and a section of the moon's disk appeared, dazzlingly bright like burnished metal. The wood, which till now had stretched away like a gigantic black wall, resolved itself into individual trunks with dusky tops that a cool, high breeze was slowly waving.

The one lying on the ground pointed with his finger to the luminary, whose light made them, too, visible at a distance.

"Lucky for us that 'un didn't come sooner!"

They were both young, muscular men in heavy felt cloaks and sheepskin caps, which they wore summer and winter. They addressed each other as "Dani" and "Jennö"; but the tramps and poor fellows of the *pusst*† do not like to give their true names, even to each other. Their names are just what they call themselves, and their certificate of baptism has mutually no interest for them.

"The moon's like us," replied Jennö low. "Always alone, and hidden by day. Like poor chaps. She likes us. She's comin' now, and now that's

good for us—good, 'cause we must look for a bed."

"It's cool, pal," was Dani's opinion. "If we could start a fire . . ."

The other reflectively grasped his scrubby beard.

"You stay quietly here with your little foot," he then declared. "I'll go 'n' look for a hollow where we can sleep. When I've found something, I'll come back for you."

Swinging his blackthorn, he disappeared with clumsy steps into the woods.

Dani, wrapped in his cloak, remained lying, alone. Propped on his elbow, he looked up at the swaying pine-tree tops.

Out of the depths of the forest the wind brought him a hollow call—the haunting "who—whoo—whoo-o-o!" of the eagle owl. Then there was a rustling somewhere above him among the branches—perhaps a crow startled from its slumber. Dani thought that owl and crow had a nest and a home, while for many years he had been a restless vagrant and guest of the roads. And he thought, further, that even *he* had once had a nest till grief, and a thirst for revenge on the stranger who murdered his lass, had burned up his heart and made him homeless. He who today was himself the game of the pandours had been picked out to hunt the same game as they. His hate had lain in him for years ready to spring, with green eyes like a crouching wolf;—until he heard that his prey had escaped him, that it had been run to ground and he not there!

Then he might have returned to the life of the resident. But he who has once for years roamed forests and moors can no longer find home. He still kept on going in a dull, restless search that had no object. Only at night, when the woods creaked or the wind blew howling over the *pusst*, he often saw his goal in dreams. Then the veins of his forehead would swell well-nigh to bursting and his hand would tug at the bread-knife in his belt.

A dark shadow glided silently over Dani's head. The little wood-owl's cry came down: "Tuwhit, tuwhit!"

Dani heard it every night that he passed in the woods, and each time he was compelled again to think how the peasants name it the bird of death and declare that it calls to those who are about to die.

"We must all die," he thought mournfully, "that's very true." But that the other one had died without his assistance, ah! that would hurt him even in his coffin!

The sharp signal whistle of his comrade struck on his ear. He placed his hands, trumpet fashion, on his bearded mouth and whistled in reply. Whereupon Jennö at once appeared among the trunks.

"I've found a good place, pal," he called from a distance. "We could burn a fire there for weeks without anyone seein' us."

Dani rose painfully and, leaning heavily upon his staff, hobbled a few steps toward him. Then he stopped short, breathing hard.

"The devil take your foot!" growled Jennö. "At this rate you'll be two hours gettin' there. Hold still!"

He hung his staff upon the cord that held his cloak together over his chest; without more ado,

* Roadhouse.

† Steppe, or moor.

flung his powerful arms round the cripple; and lifted him.

"I'll carry you, you molly-coddle," at the same time he growled.

"Carry me!" reviled Dani. "Am I a child, then, you lunatic?"

Struggling with hands and feet, he fought against the indignity. But Jennö held fast, although he could advance with the unwieldy burden but slowly and panting. Finally, however, the borne one quieted down. They were friends, indeed, had been keeping company for many weeks, and sharing bread and whiskey just as fairly as warmth and cold. Why, then, should not he let himself be carried for once; since after all it was really quicker going so, and he felt no pain, into the bargain!

Once, though, Jennö was obliged to let him down and recover his breath, before they reached the spot.

The camping-ground discovered by the vagabond was a very deep basin, the sloping sides of which were overgrown in places with bramble-bushes. On one sandy wall were a number of rabbit-burrows. Everything gave evidence that men's footsteps very seldom strayed that way; and the complete protection from the wind it offered, as well as the certainty that no high-dancing flame even could be perceived from without, made the place appear as if created for secret goings. In this hollow Jennö set his pal carefully down; then climbed out again, and brought back armfuls of dry wood, with which he kindled a bright, warm fire.

When they had made things comfortable for themselves, they unstrapped the shabby leather bags from their drapery, and took out the good things they had begged or stolen in the course of the day. Great slices of dirt-colored coarse bread, a lean side of bacon, and a big-bellied bottle filled with *zweitschen*, as clear as water.

Dani uncorked it and drank first.

"That warms! even better than the fire!" he said, reaching it over to Jennö.

"Yes, it's cool this October! Cooler even than usual. Ten years ago, when I came back to my village from the army, 'twas warmer. I was warm on the road; I got *hot*, when I reached there. But 'she' was as cold as a dog's snout, 'n' that's why I made her still colder!"

He gave a short laugh and cut himself properly a slice of bacon with his long bowie-knife.

The twain had never yet gossiped over their past. Still Dani showed no surprise. He merely wagged his head discreetly to and fro.

"That happens in life," he then asserted. "It's often the trouble, that one's too warm 'n' the other too cold."

Both sighed.

For a while they sat opposite to each other in silence with munching jaws. The glare of the fire had lured hither the little wood-owl. With a shrill cry it flew over their heads. Then it perched itself upon a pine bough and, motionless, looked down on the two with great, round eyes.

"We shan't travel together much longer, brother! Jennö began again. The time's come when I must go back to my *comitat*.* It's dangerous for me there, but every year I return 'n' listen

among the shepherds 'n' poor folks—to see if they've heard anything of him I'm lookin' for."

"I'm no longer lookin'," said Dani ruefully. "My man's dead!"

The eyes of his companion flamed up wildly, and his hand went round his knife-hilt hard.

"May God have mercy upon mine 'n' let him stii be on earth. For else—if the Holy Virgin is just—I'll meet him Over There 'n' kill him in purgatory, so his soul 'll stay dead to all eternity!"

"That's what I want, too!" said Dani.

The teeth of his companion ground savagely together and his whole countenance was distorted. Then he reached his hand over to Dani. They now felt themselves brothers through a like hate; though neither knew, in the other's case, whom the hate was for.

"He played me too dirty a trick," Jennö went on. "When after three years I'd got away from the soldiers 'n' was goin' along the road to my village, I kept seein' her before me, the way she used to rock herself in her broad hips, 'n' then my heart beat like a little sledgehammer so warm 'n' quick. To no other lass had I given a look, all that time. 'N' when I steps into the house to her 'n' open my arms wide, then she looks at me like a stranger, 'n' pushes me away. She has another! Another, who has taken advantage o' my wearin' the green coat 'n' bein' away. I tell you, brother, then my heart beat *again* like a sledgehammer—but no longer like a little 'un. Then it pounded so there was a roarin' in my ears, 'n' my head was like a glowin' coal. 'Who is it?' I asked her. But she only said: 'A fellow, just like you!'"

During Jennö's narrative Dani had looked up uneasily.

"Were you in the jaegers?" he asked, low.

Sunk in his thoughts, his mate was staring into the dying fire.

The blood-curdling call of the eagle-owl sounded again hollow through the forest. The little wood-owl, which still kept sitting motionless on the bough, opened wide its bill and cried as if in answer, wailingly and long drawn out, three times.

Jennö gave himself a shake, at the same time uttering a groan.

"What happened afterwards—I hardly know, myself, brother. All at once she was lyin' on the mud floor 'n' I had an axe in my hand, with a bloody blade. 'N' then I sprang like a stag over stubble, 'n' fell down in a thick woods, 'n' slept so long there were many days I never knew what became of 'em. Oh! it's no good thinkin' o' that! But I'm anxious today—myself, I don't know why. Pass me the bottle, brother!"

Dani handed the bottle over to him and remained sitting, with bent back, observing him with strangely uneasy glances. His face was twitching.

"Did you slay her with the axe?" he then asked low, as before.

Jennö wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Yes, with the axe. 'N' if I'd killed the scoundrel that took her from me, to boot, 'twould 'a' been right. But I didn't so much as know who it was—'n' still had to know. The whole country was huntin' for me, 'n' yet all the time I kept

* Country.

comin' back again, till I learned from a *juhass** his name, at least. 'Twas a stranger who hadn't come there till after I was in the army. And more'n his name I haven't found out to this day, for he himself was gone 'n' nobody knew where to. But he'll probably come back, or the people there'll know about him. That's why I go 'n' ask every year. He owes me my life 'n' her blood."

Dani was looking at him with staring, unnaturally large eyes. He had pressed both hands to his temples, and was cradling his head uncannily this way and that. Then he let his arms fall down again slackly.

"He's surely dead," he muttered, as he did so.

"Who?" cried Jennö.

"Mine!" answered Dani, hoarsely. "The one I'm lookin' for."

"Very likely, brother. But mine must be alive. What haven't I already been through to find him! Once they surrounded the woods where I was lyin', 'n' for three days I had to squat up in an oak-tree without sleep 'n' acorns for fodder, till they cudged the plowboy who'd betrayed me, 'n' went home again. 'N' that time in the old mill! Hey, little brother, 'twas a close shave then! They knew I was in it 'n' came by night. But I was foxier 'n' they, 'n' when I smelt 'em then everything I could find in the way o' paper 'n' chips flew into the four corners of the shanty, 'n' then fire to it. I just heard it crackle, then off I crawled like a rat on the ground the few steps to the well, 'n' in I went. Not head over heels! God forbid! With all due caution, feeling for the projectin' stones with hands 'n' feet, till my head was at the bottom o' the curb. I'd just a finger's breadth for foot 'n' hand! The sky was glowin' red—the thing must 'a' burned like tinder. And above me the pandours were runnin' 'n' cursin', 'n' peasants were makin' a well-bucket clank up 'n' down, till it almost tore the scalp off my head. 'He'd rather burn to death than let himself be caught,' I heard 'em sayin'. 'N', at that very moment, I was standin' up to my knees in the water 'n' wet from head to foot. Oh, brother, 'twas funny 'n', in spite of everything, I laughed. It sounded quite hollow in the shaft, 'n' a toad was frightened 'n' almost jumped in my mouth. But those overhead heard nothin' in the uproar, 'n' when the mill had burned down to the last post, they said: 'God have mercy on his soul,' 'n' set me down for dead. But I'm still livin' 'n' want *him first*!"

He had been speaking boastfully. But here his eye fell upon Dani, and he gave a start.

"What's the matter with y'?" he cried startled. "Are you sick?"

The face of his companion was ashen-pale. His eyes, starting out of his head, were fastened on him like glowing leeches. He was supporting himself with the knuckles of his right hand upon the ground, while the fingers clasped the knife.

* Shepherd.

The left hand was deeply burrowed into the sand.

"Sick?"

Dani laughed aloud, and it sounded as if a hundred strings had snapped in a single shrill discord. After the laugh a stream of dark blood flowed into his still pale cheeks and his forehead, till the veins in it began to swell. He sprang up, threw his arms high over his head, and the knife flashed bright in the radiant moonshine.

"Thank God you're alive!" he cried exultingly. "Czattos Martin, thou art the one I'm lookin' for, 'n' I'm the Dani Molnár you're lookin' for. Thou'rt still alive—*still*!"

He seemed to feel no more pain in the ailing foot. Erect and strong he stood in the thick felt cloak, the fur cap pressed down half over his ears, and the dagger in his hand.

For a moment the other looked at him as if disheartened. His lips quivered and all the blood retreated from his face. Then he raised himself slowly, and he too clasped his knife.

"Brother, thou wast the only one I still was fond of!" he said feebly. "But, after all, it's well we met!"

He unloosed the cord of his cloak and with a quick movement of the shoulders threw it over behind. Dani Molnár did likewise. Then Jennö uttered a short cry and jumped into the fire; the sparks flew up on him. In the same second they had grappled, and their passion was panting out of the hollow to the cool, solemnly rustling tree-tops.

When Dani Molnár regained consciousness, the morn was breaking. Overhead, between the tree-tops, already shone bright light. Below, by him, it was still twilight. His head was lying upon the breast of his pal, in which his knife still stuck. And when he tried to raise himself, heavy drops ran from his hair down the nape of his neck. He felt there and stained his finger-tips red.

He was so weak that he was compelled to remain lying in the blood. But he saw how the dawn kept on spreading, and pondered where he could go at noon. He remembered that his foot had been injured. Moreover, his pal, too, was certainly dead and lying under him as pillow. And as he thought this, a light like that of the sun itself stole suddenly over his face. Now he no longer needed to kill him in the Hereafter. No, they would be friends there!

But Anschä! What would become of the *girl* up there? He turned over, panting. And suddenly a stream of blood gushed from his mouth. It did not hurt, but he was growing so desperately weary that all his thoughts melted away.

About his mouth there was a quivering like the beginning of a smile. And then from a distance sounded a sweet, deep warbling of birds. On the other side of the rugged mountain-range, was perhaps a pond in whose shrubby nightingales had their nest.

Humor of Life



THINGS THAT AGE ONE

"Provoking, isn't it? I've really forgotten whether I should let this boil before I put the water in or not."

—Arkansas Traveler.

NOT ENLIGHTENING

Doctor Blank, for about twenty years a professor at the University of Virginia, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. He made a farewell address to his class after his last lecture, and in pathetic but, to the class, rather harrowing tones, said in closing:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Many happy years have I spent with you, but I must now leave for a brief period. Would, my dear boys, that there was a window in my breast, that you might see the inmost recesses of my heart."

A stripling in the rear of the room, nervous from the harrowing recital preceding these remarks, piped out in a shrill voice:

"Professor, would a pain in the stomach do?"—*Lippincott's*.

GOT THE WRONG DOOR

They were newly married, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, and a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, tapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in," she whispered.

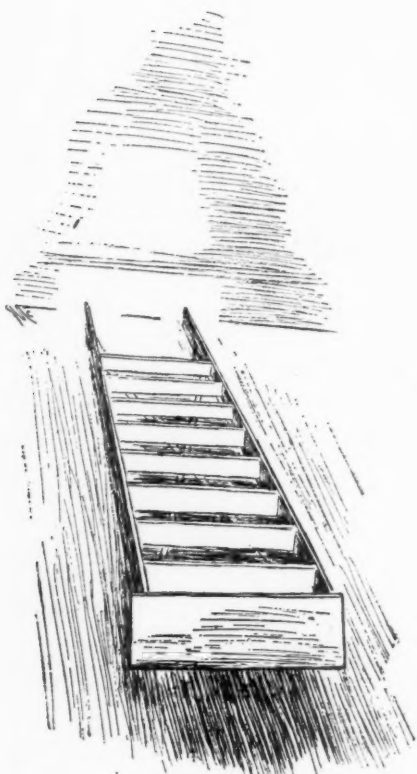
There was a silence and still no answer. After several seconds a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madame, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."



A SORE MISHAP

—Harper's Magazine.



THE PORTRAIT SAVED HIM

"Jones always said that some day I would be glad I had his portrait of Maria."

—Judge.

IT ALL DEPENDS

John and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting, each one trying to out-wit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat, quickly.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."—*Tid-Bits*.

WISHED HIS MILKMAN KEPT A COW

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm, near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."—*Sis Hopkins*.

WHAT HE KNEW

He was a choleric old colonel (retired), and he was discussing India, which to him seemed to mean only the British Army there, very vehemently. "I know the native army," he said, excitedly, "and I know the British soldiers there. You say that the British soldiers are pale-faced. Pah! Depend upon it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian Army."—*Tid-Bits*.

ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM

HER HUSBAND—My dear, how did you happen to employ such a pretty nurse girl?

HIS WIFE—I didn't happen to do it. I did it because I wanted the children to have police protection when they are in the park or on the street.—*Chicago News*.

KITTY'S SYMPATHY

In her very early youth Mrs. Smith had been a pretty child. Her friends did not believe this was possible, and even she had forgotten all about it till one day she unearthed a painting of herself at that period from among some old lumber.

"There, Kitty," said Mrs. Smith, proudly exhibiting the picture to the servant maid, "that is a portrait of me, painted when I was a child."

Kitty gazed open-mouthed at the production. "Lor', mum," she said, after some moments, "what a pity it is we have to grow up, ain't it?"

HER GARDEN DRESS

ADAM—What are you crying for?

EVE—A caterpillar has gone and eaten my new dress.—*The Circle*.

GOING SOME

Pat had just been reading about the circus that was to come. Mike requested information on the subject and Pat told him. "Faith," said he, "there is wan fellow who beats all the rest. He balances a ladder on his nose, climbs up to the top round, and then pulls the ladder up after him."—*Harper's*.

A SECOND LOOK NECESSARY

A Southern lady who had been frequently annoyed by her dark cook's having company in the kitchen, remonstrated with the girl, telling her that she must entertain her friends in her own quarters after working hours.

One evening soon after this the lady left the girl arranging the dinner-table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking darky was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the lady hurried back to the dining-room.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beaux in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the lady went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Law bless yo', no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lotion 'tall to her. I's jes' keepin' comp'ny wif her."

The lady, angry through and through, sought out Cindy again.

"Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation to you."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minute an' lemme go look ag'in!"—*Everybody's*.

A DREAM

Wishing to learn what his nephew would say, Uncle Charles asked little Fred, "What would you do if you stood at the root of a tree with your foot on the head of a live rattlesnake, a tiger was crouching on a branch above ready to spring, and you saw a wild Indian running at you with uplifted tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the unexpected reply.—*The Circle*.

TOO MUCH FOR ONE

"I am looking for my son," said a sharp featured woman, recently, entering an office building in Washington, where she found the janitor sitting at the entrance, tipped back in a chair. "Have you seen him? He's a tall, slim boy."

"Very tall, was he?" asked the janitor.

"Very—and slender."

"I think I saw him here a minute ago."

"Where was he?" demanded the woman.

"Well, madam," replied the janitor, "as nearly as I could make out, he was on the first and second floors."—*Lippincott's*.

BAD THING ABOUT WHISKY

"Traveling in the Scottish Highlands one summer," said the director of a woman's club, "I stopped at a farm house for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer, 'Ah, what a superb place to live in!'"

"Ou, aye," he answered, "it's a' richt; but hoo wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk fifteen mile ilka time ye wanted a bit glass o' whusky?"

"Oh, well," said I, "why don't you get a gallon of whisky and keep it in the house?"

"He shook his head sadly."

"Whusky," he said, "won't keep!"—*Exchange*.

SECOND CHOICE

There is a Washington lad who, it would appear, assents to the old proposition that it is well to have more than one string to one's bow.

The boy was being catechized one day by a well-meaning visitor to the house.

"Well, Harry," said the lady, "don't you think you have a chance to be President of the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Harry carelessly. "Maybe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a pitcher."—*Lippincott's*.

A QUICK COUNT

The expert bridge-player's little daughter was a model Sunday-school scholar. Toward the close of the year her teacher said, "Susie, if you continue to know your lessons so well you will have a Good Conduct card for every Sunday in this year."

"My!" said Susie. "That'll be a whole deck, won't it?"—*Lippincott's*.

HARD ON THE HORSE

An extreme specimen of a dandy alighted from a four-wheeler and went round to pay the driver. The poor old bag-o'-bones mare turned her head to gaze at him.

"Yes," said the driver confidentially to the horse, as the passenger moved away, "that's the blessed hobject you've been a-drawin' of!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

A certain nobleman well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time, he said:

"Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy; "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage!"

A MATTER OF WONDER

"To-morrow," announced five-year-old Sidney proudly to his kindergarten teacher, "is my birt-day."

"Why," returned she, "it is mine, too."

The boy's face clouded with perplexity, and, after a brief silence, he exclaimed: "How did you get so much bigger 'n me?"—*Lippincott's*.

A FIRM ANSWER

The Rev. Mr. Freuder, of Philadelphia, tells this story of himself.

Some time ago he was invited to dine at the house of a friend, whose wife went into her kitchen to give some final orders. Incidentally, she added to the servant, "We are to have a Jewish rabbi for dinner to-day."

For a moment the maid surveyed her mistress in grim silence. Then she spoke with decision. "All I have to say is," she announced, "if you have a Jewish rabbi for dinner, you'll cook it yourself."—*Lippincott's*.

VERY POPULAR WITH THE LADIES

HE: You don't appear to care much for music. Don't you even like the popular airs?

SHE: No. The only popular air with me is the millionaire.—*Illustrated Bits*.

HAD THE BIRTH-RATE PAT

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people.

"Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin, who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'

"Only once," the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WITH MINT SAUCE

Mary had a little lamb—

You've heard this fact before;

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

—*Lippincott's*.

HIS PROFESSION

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found out that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by his heels and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to git it out. Air you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger; "I'm a Collector of Internal Revenue."—*Lippincott's*.

REPORTER: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

OLDEST INHABITANT: "I bain't sure yet, sir. There be several o' them patent med'cine companies as is bargainin' with me."—*London Punch*.

HE TOOK IT ALONG

An old colored man entered a Washington drug store and began carefully to scrutinize the contents of a case given over to soap.

"Gimme a cake, boss," said the dusky one to the clerk who came forward, "a cake jes' like dat," indicating a particular variety.

"Certainly," responded the clerk. "Will you have it scented or unscented?"

"I'll take it with me, boss," said the customer. —*Success*.

NOT SATISFIED

An American, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—*London Tit Bits*.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house, and the voice of the mistress called out:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM

Harry Laughlin, the famous billiard player, tells a capital story.

"Once, when I had my own saloon in Columbus," he said, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper, 'Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim; I'm no millionaire.'

"I know the gents wot pockets the chalk, Mr. Laughlin," Jim said, 'but they're regular customers. I guess you wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?'

"Well, no," said I, 'I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy.'

"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons, who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?'

"Yes; why?" the patron asked.

"I thought so," said Jim, 'from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome.'—*Exchange*.

AN EARNEST PRAYER

BUB: "I'm going to pray that it'll be a fine day to-morrow for our picnic."

SIS: "So am I. Let's wash ourselves first, an' don't forget to say 'Please.'"—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE GIRLS WERE STILL ONE AHEAD

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school and made to work some difficult problems as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll-call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A's name was called, she rose, and, looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated: "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was: "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE LATEST FROM IRELAND

PAT (to English traveler): "And have you heard the latest?"

E. T.: "No. What is it?"

PAT: "Shure, in Ireland they can't hang a man with a wooden leg."

E. T.: "Never! What do they do, then?"

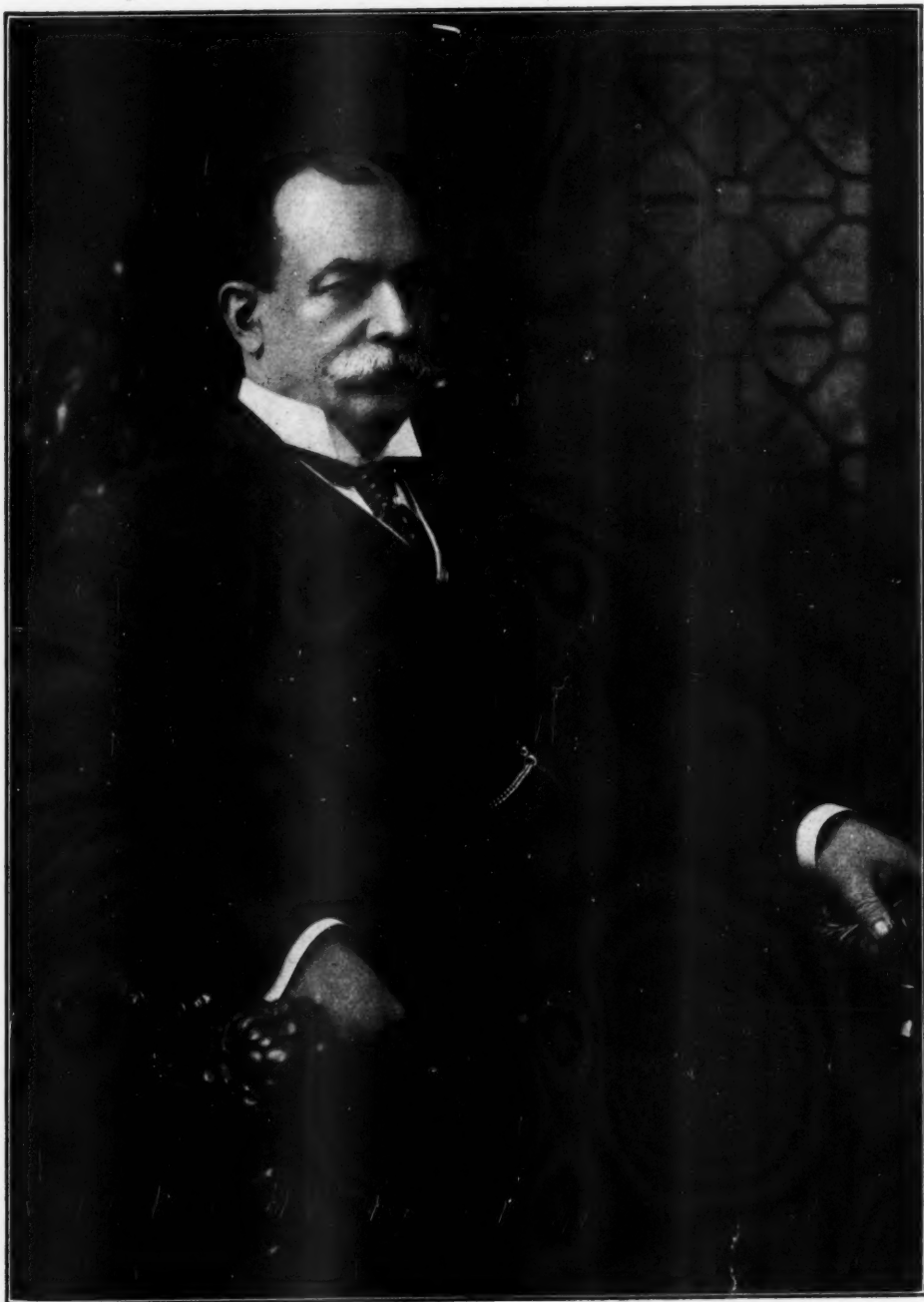
PAT: "Ach, shure, they just hang him with a rope."

A SHARP WIFE

HAVEN: "I tell you what, Young, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, the other day I gave her just barely enough money to go out and buy one dress, and if you'll believe it she came home with two."

YOUNG: "That is sharp. How did she manage it?"

HAVEN: "Why, she bought one, and the other she had on when she went out."



Photograph by Marceau.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A LIVELY INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

David Jayne Hill, LL.D., has in the last few weeks shown admirable ability to keep silent in several languages under trying circumstances. His appointment as ambassador to Germany was made months ago. The belated objection of the Kaiser, presumably on the ground of his moderate wealth, made an embarrassing situation in two capitals last month, relieved at last by the withdrawal of the objection. Dr. Hill was assistant secretary of state under Hay, and is a man of varied learning.